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Charles James Fox, and
THE Osgood
Samuel

NEW HAMPSHIRE BOOK.

BEING

SPECIMENS OF THE LITERATURE

OF THE

GRANITE STATE.

~~~~~  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!  
Thou hast made thy children mighty,  
By the touch of the mountain sod.  
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge  
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod:  
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

~~~~~

NASHUA:
PUBLISHED BY DAVID MARSHALL,
(AGENT.)
BOSTON:
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

1842.

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Mrs Henry Draper
to the
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TO
THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS
OF
New Hampshire,

AT HOME AND ABROAD,

THESE SPECIMENS OF NATIVE LITERATURE

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THE EDITORS.



Charles James Fox, and
Samuel THE Osgood

NEW HAMPSHIRE BOOK.

BEING

SPECIMENS OF THE LITERATURE

OF THE

GRANITE STATE.

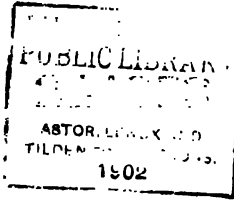
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CHARLES J. FOX AND SAMUEL OSGOOD,
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BOSTON.
PRINTED BY S. N. DICKINSON,
WASHINGTON STREET.

TO
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OF
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AT HOME AND ABROAD,

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BY THE EDITORS.



P R E F A C E .

It is needless to make an apology for gathering into a volume these specimens of literature, that have no common tie except an origin in our own State. There is doubtless sufficient value in this selection to make it worthy the attention of the public, and sufficient State feeling among us to render it peculiarly interesting to the sons and daughters of New Hampshire.

It is of course impossible in one small volume like this, to do justice to the literature and talent of our State. New Hampshire has been called the Scotland of America, and her sons, like the Scotch, have visited every region, and left monuments of their enterprise and ability wherever they have gone. The literature of almost all the States in our Union must be thoroughly scrutinized, before we can do justice to our own State. Referring our readers to the list of authors contained in the present work, and to the various posts and professions which they adorn, we would present these merely as specimens of our literary wealth, without in the least pretending to give an idea of its whole extent. Many writers have been omitted, whose works we would gladly have noticed. It has not been always possible to find the older and rarer works of our citizens; and moreover it has been very difficult to represent some whole departments of literature, for instance, the theological and legal. Many of our prominent clergymen have put forth no productions that might not be considered as too much of a denominational character; and most of the learned arguments of our lawyers are far better adapted to persuade a jury or convince a judge than to give charm to a pleasant volume like this. Many able and distinguished men among us have published nothing, that has come to our knowledge; and we have doubtless overlooked the claims of many young men of high talent, who have gone from us and settled in distant places, and the place of whose birth it is not easy to ascertain. In the different colleges in the South and West, about forty natives of our State are employed as professors or presiding officers.

We have tried to represent all classes, professions and interests fairly in our selections, and if we have erred in any respect, it has



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been rather from ignorance or inadvertence than from any conscious partialities.

It has been our aim to give specimens of the writings only of natives of the State. In a very few cases we have departed from this rule in regard to individuals, who have lived so long among us, as to have become identified with the State.

It will be observed, that a considerable proportion of the authors in our collection have not spent their lives in the State, but have sought their fortunes in other regions. But their writings may be considered as none the less native and characteristic ; for it is the land of one's birth and early breeding, that forms the character and develops the powers. A sufficient reason for the departure of so many citizens from our State, may be found in the want of those large cities, which alone are able to reward brilliant talents.

This collection is by no means meagre in poetry. We are able to give a satisfactory answer to the query of a writer in the North American Review some ten years ago, who marvelled that a State, so rich in beautiful and sublime scenery as our own, had given no considerable indication of poetic talent. We refer to our pages for satisfactory proof, that the Muses have dwelt among our mountains, lakes and rivers, and that not only in sturdy enterprise, but in other respects, New Hampshire is not unworthy of her name,—the Scotland of America.

With these few suggestions, we present our work to the reader, asking for ourselves but the humble credit of compilation, and of course with no claim to the reputation of authorship.

Nashua, Dec. 11, 1841.

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THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE BOOK.





THE
NEW-HAMPSHIRE BOOK.



THE FIRST SETTLERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED AT PORTSMOUTH, MAY 21, 1823, ON THE SECOND CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF ITS SETTLEMENT.

BY NATHANIEL APPLETON HAVEN.

[Born at Portsmouth, Jan. 14, 1790. Died at Portsmouth, June 3, 1826.]

Two hundred years ago, the place on which we stand was an uncultivated forest. The rough and vigorous soil was still covered with the stately trees, which had been, for ages, intermingling their branches and deepening the shade. The river, which now bears on its bright and pure waters the treasures of distant climates, and whose rapid current is stemmed and vexed by the arts and enterprise of man, then only rippled against the rocks, and reflected back the wild and grotesque thickets which overhung its banks. The mountain which now swells on our left, and raises its verdant side "shade above shade," was then almost concealed by the lofty growth which covered the intervening plains. Behind us, a deep morass, extending across to the northern creek, almost enclosed the little "Bank," which is now the seat of so much life and industry. It was then a wild and tangled thicket, interspersed with venerable trees and moss-grown rocks, and presenting, here and there, a sunny space covered with the blossoms and early fruit of the little plant that gave it its name. This "Bank," so

wild and rude, two hundred years ago was first impressed with the step of civilized man.

The influence of local association is strong and universal. There is no one who has not felt it; and if it were possible, it would be useless to withdraw the mind from its effects. We owe many of our deepest emotions, our highest and most ennobling feelings, to the suggestions of external nature. The place which has been distinguished by the residence of one whom we love and admire, kindles in our minds a thousand conceptions, which we can scarcely analyze or describe. The moral beauty of character and sentiment is insensibly blended with the beauty of natural scenery; memory and fancy, alike excited, pass from one object to another, and form combinations of beauty and grandeur, softened and shaded by time and distance, but having enough of life and freshness to awaken our feelings and hold undisputed dominion of our hearts. Here, then, let us indulge our emotions. On this spot our forefathers trod. Here their energy and perseverance, their calm self-possession and practical vigor, were first called into action. Here they met and overcame difficulties, which would have overpowered the imagination or subdued the fortitude of ordinary men. All that we see around us are memorials of their worth. It was their enterprise that opened a path for us over the waters. It was their energy that subdued the forest. They founded our institutions. They communicated to us our love of freedom. They gave us the impulse that made us what we are. It cannot then be useless to live along the generations that have passed, and endeavor to identify ourselves with those who have gone before us. *Who* and *what* were they, who thus fill our imaginations, and as they rise before us, bring to our minds so many recollections of high sentiment, and steady fortitude, and sober enthusiasm? In what school were they formed? and what favorable circumstances impressed upon them that character of enduring energy, which even their present descendants may claim as their best inheritance? The an-

swer to these questions is the subject to which your attention will be directed.

The character of individuals is always influenced, in a greater or less degree, by that of the nation in which they live. Sometimes indeed a great genius appears, who seems not to belong either to his age or country; as a sunny day in winter will sometimes swell the buds and call forth the early flowers, as if it belonged to a milder season or happier climate. But in general, to form an accurate opinion of the character of an individual, it becomes necessary to estimate that of his nation at the time in which he lived. Our ancestors were Englishmen; were Merchant-adventurers; were Puritans. The elements of their character are therefore to be found in the national character of England, modified in the individuals by the pursuits of commerce, and the profession of an austere but ennobling form of religion.

Such were the men from whom we derive our origin; and such were the circumstances which impressed upon them that peculiar character, which it is hoped the lapse of two centuries has not yet obliterated. We may justly be proud of such a descent; for no ancestry in the world is half so illustrious, as the Puritan founders of New England. It is not merely that they were good men, and religious men, exhibiting in their lives an example of purity and temperance and active virtue, such as no other community in the world could present; but they possessed the dazzling qualities of human greatness. Do we love to dwell upon scenes of romantic adventure? Does our imagination kindle at the thought of distant enterprise, among a strange people, exposed to constant and unusual peril? Do we turn with delight to those bold and heroic achievements which call forth the energy of our nature, and by that deep excitement which belongs to the hopes and hazards of war, awaken us to a new consciousness of existence? All this is found in the history of our ancestors. They were heroes as well as pilgrims, and nothing is wanting but the pen of

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Such were the men from whom we derive our origin ; and such were the circumstances which impressed upon them that peculiar character, which it is hoped the lapse of two centuries has not yet obliterated. We may justly be proud of such a descent ; for no ancestry in the world is half so illustrious, as the Puritan founders of New England. It is not merely that they were good men, and religious men, exhibiting in their lives an example of purity and temperance and active virtue, such as no other community in the world could present ; but they possessed the dazzling qualities of human greatness. Do we love to dwell upon scenes of romantic adventure ? Does our imagination kindle at the thought of distant enterprise, among a strange people, exposed to constant and unusual peril ? Do we turn with delight to those bold and heroic achievements which call forth the energy of our nature, and by that deep excitement which belongs to the hopes and hazards of war, awaken us to a new consciousness of existence ? All this is found in the history of our ancestors. They were heroes as well as pilgrims, and nothing is wanting but the pen of

genius to make their prowess and adventures the theme of a world's admiration.

But here was the scene of their earthly toils. This spot was consecrated by their labors and sufferings. Perhaps their spirits still linger among us. Perhaps they are here, conscious beings ministering to our progress, and rejoicing in our gladness. Could they now be made visible to mortal eye, and stand among us ; engaged with us in reviewing the past, and tracing along the progress of time and events to the present hour, how would they describe our present condition and character ? With what wonder would they speak of the progress of improvement ! Even those merchant-adventurers, who two hundred years ago came from London, just then beginning to assume its rank as the commercial capital of the world, would speak with surprise and delight of those glorious monuments of human art — those lofty ships, which almost every breeze wafts to our river ; but to what admiration would their feelings be exalted in viewing those stupendous vessels, which are designed to carry our nation's strength to the remotest seas, and which impress England herself, in the pride of her naval glory, with respect for our power and skill ! If they passed up the river to the fertile spot which Hilton and Waldron selected for their settlement, and inquired if the descendants of those West-Country adventurers retained the knowledge of arts and manufactures which their ancestors must have learned in England, could their astonishment be expressed in witnessing the triumph of human ingenuity and the wonders of mechanical skill, which would there be shown them ? When they cast their eyes over the country which, even at their deaths, they left rough and unsubdued, scarcely yielding to them a scanty subsistence, and beheld the picture of human comfort and human happiness which it every where presents, would they confess that their brightest anticipations of the fortune of their descendants exceeded the reality ? But they would inquire of our character, of our moral and intellectual improvement. They would ask if our prog-

ress had been equal to our advantages? And here, though we might dwell with just pride upon many circumstances in our character as a people, there are others which we should wish, if possible, to conceal from their view. We could speak with confidence of the liberality of our institutions, of our freedom from the superstitions and prejudices of former ages. We could in enterprise, and hardihood, and manliness of spirit, claim to be the equals of our fathers. We could point to our public schools, as a noble monument of public spirit and liberality. We could present our college and our numerous academies to their scrutiny, and fearlessly challenge their approbation. We could produce examples of literary and professional exertion, which would prove that we had not faltered in intellectual improvement, behind the progress of the age. But if they questioned us of our puritan habits, of our temperance, of our zeal to avail ourselves of the advantages of education, we should be obliged reluctantly to confess that our virtues had not equalled the virtues of our fathers.

Yet with all her faults — and I would neither extenuate nor deny them — we may rejoice that we are natives of New Hampshire. I would not yield precedence for my native State, in all that constitutes the worth of political associations, to the proudest realm that ever advanced its pretensions in the great community of nations. Nay more: I would not yield precedence for New Hampshire, in enterprise and manly virtue, in love of liberty, in talents, in the wisdom and liberality of her institutions, in every thing that constitutes the peculiar excellence of the American character, to the most exalted of her sister states. Let me not be thought arrogant in assuming firmly this ground. While we *yield* precedence to none, we *claim* it from none. The very character of our soil and climate must make our people hardy, athletic, and brave. It is a country of labor; of constant, unceasing exertion. The bounties of nature are indeed scattered around us with a liberal hand; but they are offered only to *labor*. Hence the very necessities

of our situation impress us with a character of mental energy. From the first occupation of the country to the present time, we have had an unbroken succession of resolute and undaunted men, devoted to their country, proud of their privileges, and zealous in their defence. The zeal which animated Pickering, Waldron, and Vaughan, in their contests with Mason, continued long after to glow in the hearts of Weare, Bartlett, Langdon, and Gilman, when exerted in a nobler cause. The chivalrous spirit and martial gallantry which made Lovewell and Bickford so formidable to the Indians, burned with new vigor in Cilley, M'Clary, and Scammel; in Reid and Poor; in Sullivan and Stark. The devotion to the interests of the Province, which distinguished Wentworth and Sherburne, Penhallow and Rindge, has been found in thousands of others, who, like them, were ready to devote their time and labor to the service of the State. In the pursuits of science and professional skill, New Hampshire has at least kept on the level of the age. We still hear of the classical erudition of Parker, the judicial knowledge of Pickering, the finished eloquence of West. Jackson, and Bracket, and Cutter were familiar with the whole of medical science, as it existed in their times; and in the pulpit a long line of pious and learned and eloquent men, from Moody to Buckminster, have at once enforced the doctrines and illustrated the spirit of christianity. The venerated name which I have last pronounced can scarcely be uttered from this place without exciting deep emotion; and it is connected with another, that at once calls to our remembrance all that is delicate and refined in taste, that is graceful and engaging in manners, that is generous and elevated in sentiment. When we have named *him*, we have no apprehensions for our literary fame.

If it were still necessary to assert our just claims to distinction, we could point to living examples of merit, which would at once produce conviction. The sons of New Hampshire are scattered through every state of the Union. They are found in the judicial tribunals, the literary institutions,

the halls of legislation, the military and naval establishments of our country ; and in all these various situations, we can safely hold them up to public view, and with honest pride claim them for our own.

I have already alluded to the force of local association ; and I would again advert to it in considering the ties which ought to bind us to our native land. Other countries may possess a richer soil and a gentler sky ; but where shall we find the rude magnificence of nature so blended with scenes of enchanting beauty, as among our mountains and lakes ? Believe me, it is because our country is yet unexplored, that her scenes of beauty and grandeur, her bright waters and swelling hills, her rich pasturage of living green, mingled with fresh flowers, and skirted with deep and shady forests ; her fields teeming with life and vegetation ; her mountains rising into the dark blue sky, and blending their summits with the purple clouds ; her streams rushing from the hill side, and hastening to mingle with the sea, or lingering in the solitude of her valleys, and sparkling in the glorious sunshine ;— it is because these are unexplored, that they are unsung. The time is not far distant, when the poet will kindle into rapture, and the painter glow with emotion, in delineating our romantic scenery.

But it is our moral associations that must bind us forever to the land of our fathers. It is a land of equal rights ; its soil is not polluted by a slave. It is a land of religious freedom ; no hierarchy can here exalt its head, no pontiff can hurl his thunders over a trembling and prostrate multitude. It is a land of industry and toil ; affording in this a constant pledge of the manly virtues. It is a land of knowledge and progressive improvement. In no part of the world is so liberal a provision made by law for public instruction. It is a land whose inhabitants have already fulfilled the high duties to which they have been called. Other nations have gathered more laurels in the field of blood ; other nations have twined more garlands and sung louder praise for their poets and orators and philosophers ; but where has romantic

courage and adventurous skill been more strikingly exhibited? Where has practical wisdom been better displayed? In the hour of danger, her sons have been foremost in the battle. In every contest for the rights of mankind, her voice has always been raised on the side of freedom. And now that she stands possessed of every thing which civil and political liberty can bestow, she is vigilant and jealous for the preservation of her rights, and is among the first to resist encroachment.

But we are connected with the future, as well as with the past. We are but a link in the vast chain of being, which is to bind our remotest descendants with our earliest ancestors; and it is one of the advantages of a celebration like this, that it reminds us of our duties, as well as our privileges. A new century is opening upon us, which none of us will live to complete. Our children are about to take our places. When another century has passed away, the events of this day will be the subject of historical research. Our character and conduct will then be examined. It will be asked, what *we* did to perpetuate the blessings we received; what exertions *we* made to enlighten and purify and bless mankind; what measures *we* devised to secure at once the rights of the people, and the stability and dignity of the government; what zeal *we* displayed for our religious institutions; what sacrifices *we* made in the cause of human virtue and human happiness. We are living, even the humblest of us, not for ourselves only; but for society, for posterity, for the human race. Whatever we *can* do for ourselves, or for them, becomes at once our imperious *duty* to do. There is no escape from the obligation. There should be no delay in the performance — no hesitation. These questions will be asked. The answer is yet in our own power.

SONG OF THE PILGRIMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SECOND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT DOVER, 1823.

BY THOMAS C. UPHAM.

THE breeze has swelled the whitening sail,
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,
And, bounding with the wave and wind,
We leave Old England's shores behind :
 Leave behind our native shore,
 Homes, and all we loved before.

The deep may dash, the winds may blow,
The storm spread out its wings of wo,
Till sailors' eyes can see a shroud
Hung in the folds of every cloud ;
 Still, as long as life shall last,
 From that shore we 'll speed us fast.

For we would rather never be,
Than dwell where mind cannot be free,
But bows beneath a despot's rod,
Even where it seeks to worship God.
 Blasts of heaven, onward sweep !
 Bear us o'er the troubled deep !

O see what wonders meet our eyes !
Another land, and other skies !
Columbian hills have met our view !
Adieu ! Old England's shores, adieu !
 Here at length our feet shall rest,
 Hearts be free, and homes be blest.

As long as yonder firs shall spread
Their green arms o'er the mountain's head ;
As long as yonder cliffs shall stand,
Where join the ocean and the land,
 Shall those cliffs and mountains be
 Proud retreats for liberty.

Now to the King of kings we 'll raise
The pœan loud of sacred praise ;
More loud than sounds the swelling breeze,
More loud than speak the rolling seas !
 Happier lands have met our view !
 England's shores, adieu ! adieu !

SKETCH OF JOHN LANGDON.

BY JACOB B. MOORE.

THE circumstances attending the early settlement of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, though generally supposed to be similar, were in some respects widely different. The planters of the old Bay State left their native country, for the sake of enjoying here a degree of freedom in religion, of which they were deprived in the land of their fathers. The settlers of Piscataqua were actuated by a very different purpose. The pursuit of gain was uppermost in their thoughts, and they embarked at once in the fisheries and trade, which they followed with success, until many of the first settlers became men of opulence in the new country. The great importance of the fisheries seems not to have escaped the attention of Captain Smith, the discoverer of New Hampshire; for in his account of New England he thus addresses his countrymen: "Therefore, honorable and worthy countrymen, let not the meanness of the word *fish* distaste you, for it will afford you as good gold as the mines of Potosi and Guiana, with less hazard and change, and more certainty and facility."

A reverend divine, in 1690, was preaching in Portsmouth, on the depravity of the times, and said: "You have forsaken the pious habits of your forefathers, who left the ease and comfort which they possessed in their native land, and came to this howling wilderness, to enjoy, without molestation, the exercise of their pure principles of religion." One of the congregation immediately rose, and interrupted him thus: "Sir, you entirely mistake the matter; our ancestors

did not come here on account of their religion, *but to fish and trade.*" A better illustration of the pursuits of the early settlers of New Hampshire, perhaps, it would be difficult to give. The people of Portsmouth, wealthy and enterprising as they are, have followed the advice of Captain Smith, and have never suffered "the word *fish* to distaste them," but have made it indeed "a mine of gold" to that ancient and flourishing town.

Among the citizens of New Hampshire, educated as merchants, who have risen to public distinction, no one, perhaps, occupied a wider space than JOHN LANGDON of Portsmouth. He was born in 1740, and received his early education in the celebrated grammar school of Major Samuel Hale. The father of young Langdon, who was a thrifty farmer, intended his son should engage in the same occupation; but the latter, looking upon commerce as the grand highway to wealth, set his heart upon becoming a merchant, and accordingly made the necessary preparations to enter a counting-house.

One of the most extensive and successful mercantile houses at that time in Portsmouth, was that of Daniel Rindge, a counsellor under the provincial government, and to him young Langdon made application, and was admitted to his counting-house, and soon became thoroughly versed in commercial transactions. After completing his apprenticeship with Rindge, he made several successful and very profitable trading voyages, with the view of ultimately establishing a commercial house of his own, in his native town. But the dark clouds that preceded the Revolution began to skirt the horizon, and his mind was suddenly turned in a new direction. Naturally of a bold and fearless disposition, he entered at once into the feeling of the colonists; and, possessing in a remarkable degree the power to win over multitudes, he became the acknowledged leader of the "sons of liberty" in that little Province, as much so as Samuel Adams and John Hancock in Massachusetts.

Langdon was a leader exactly suited to the crisis. He took a conspicuous and active part in the struggle, and soon

became obnoxious to the government and many of the loyal citizens, who feared the total annihilation of their trade, and looked upon disloyalty as a crime of the deepest dye. In the fall of 1774, after it had become apparent that the crisis must come, Langdon gathered around him a band of choice spirits, and together they proceeded in silence to the king's fort at New Castle, seized upon all the powder and military stores, and removed their booty to a place of concealment, whence it could be called into use in case of emergency. This bold act produced at once an intense excitement. Gov. Wentworth stormed, and issued proclamations, but not a voice uttered or a thought whispered the secret. This was in December, four months before the battle of Lexington.

In the spring of the year 1775, John Langdon was chosen a delegate to Congress, and attended the session which commenced in May, at Philadelphia. In January, 1776, he was re-appointed a delegate, but was not present on the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. He commanded a company of cadets soon after the commencement of the war; and at the time of the surrender of the British army under Burgoyne, he was a volunteer at Bennington. He was also at Rhode Island with a detachment of his company, at the time the British troops had possession of the island, and when General Sullivan brought off the American troops. No man had a higher popularity with the people, at this time, than John Langdon. He was elected repeatedly to the legislature, and was for several years Speaker of the Assembly.

When the news of the fall of Ticonderoga reached New Hampshire, the provincial legislature was in session at Exeter. It was at a period when the resources of the patriots were almost exhausted, the public credit was gone, and the members of the Assembly were disheartened. The men of New Hampshire had already exerted themselves to the utmost for the good of the cause. John Langdon was Speaker of the Assembly at the time. He rose in his place, on the morning after the intelligence was received,

and addressed the house to the following effect: "My friends and fellow-citizens: I have three thousand dollars in hard money; I will pledge my plate for three thousand more. I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold for the most it will bring. These are at the service of the State. If we succeed in defending our fire-sides and homes, I may be remunerated; if we do not, the property will be of no value to me."

This noble proposal infused new life into the Assembly; and in the course of a few days, by means of the funds advanced by John Langdon, a brigade was assembled, and on its march to the frontiers, and to victory, under the gallant Stark. During the whole of the revolutionary struggle, Langdon was ever active and constant in his labors for the good cause. A man of the people, in the emphatic sense of the term, he was always popular with the great mass, whose interests he made it a point to sustain on all occasions. Possessing a handsome address, and being open, obliging, and generous in his general conduct, he was calculated to gain the public esteem, and was among the few who were fortunate enough to retain it through life. He was honored with the highest offices the people could bestow. He was twice President of the State, under its first constitution; was a member of the convention which formed the federal constitution; was twelve years Senator in Congress, and subsequently, for six years Governor of the State. In 1811, he retired from public life, although urgently pressed to accept the Vice-Presidency, an office to which he might have been elected, had he not preferred the quiet and repose of private life. In the enjoyment of domestic relations, in his family, and a wide circle of friends, he chose to pass the evening of his days remote from the cares and bustle of public life. He was religious, without being obnoxious to the charge of bigotry; and was liberal of his ample means, for charitable and benevolent purposes. He died at Portsmouth, in September, 1819, universally lamented by a people, in whose service he had spent the greater portion of his active life.

LA FAYETTE'S RETURN.

BY PHILIP CARRIGAIN.

NORTH and South, and East and West,
A cordial welcome have addressed,
Loud and warm, the Nation's Guest,
Dear son of Liberty ;
Whom tyrants cursed, when Heaven approved,
And millions long have mourned and loved,
He comes, by fond entreaties moved,
The GRANITE STATE to see.

Our mountains tower with matchless pride,
And mighty torrents from them glide,
And wintry tempests, far and wide,
Ridge deep our drifts of snow ;
Yet does our hardening climate form
Patriots with hearts as bold and warm,
At social feast, or battle storm,
As e'er met friend or foe.

Bliss domestic, rank, wealth, ease,
Our guest resigned for stormy seas,
And for war's more stormy breeze,
To make our country free ;
And potent Britain saw, dismayed,
The lightning of his virgin blade
To Freedom flash triumphant aid,
But death to Tyranny.

Now, in his life's less perilous wane,
He has re-crossed the Atlantic main,
Preserved by Heaven, to greet again
The land he bled to save,
And those who with him, hand in hand,
Fought 'neath his mighty sire's command,—
Alas ! how thinned that gallant band,
Band of the free and brave !

Angels, 't is said, at times have stood
Unseen among the great and good,
For country's rights who shed their blood,
Nor has their influence ceased ;

For party feuds far off are driven,
Foes reconciled, and wrongs forgiven,
And this green spot of earth made Heaven,
For these old heroes' feast.

They 've met in war, to toil and bleed,
They 've met in peace, their country freed;
And unborn millions will succeed
To their dower, the *Rights of Man*;
The Patriot of both hemispheres,
Though first on earth, deems all his peers,
Who joined his war-cry with their cheers,
Where raged the battle's van.

Such were the *men* our land did save,
Nor e'er can reach oblivion's wave,
(Though booming o'er the statesman's grave,
Our deep, redeemless debt.
No! Merrimack may cease to flow,
And our White Mountains sink below;
But nought can cancel what we owe
To them and La Fayette.

VINDICATION OF NEW ENGLAND.

FROM A SPEECH IN REPLY TO MR. HAYNE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that any man goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Lawrences, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions — Americans all — whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honored name the gentleman himself bears — does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright, as to produce envy in my bosom? No, increased gratification and delight rather. I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, in my place here, in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit,

because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven — if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South — and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Let me recur to pleasing recollections — let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past — let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God, that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution — hand in hand they stood round the Administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

I shall enter on no encomiums upon Massachusetts — she needs none. There she is — behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history — the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill — and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its infant voice; and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if

uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure ; it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked ; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who may gather round it ; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

But, although there are fears, there are hopes also. The people have preserved this, their own chosen Constitution, for forty years, and have seen their happiness, prosperity and renown grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. They are now, generally, strongly attached to it. Overthrown by direct assault, it cannot be ; evaded, undermined, NULLIFIED, it will not be, if we, and those who shall succeed us here, as agents and representatives of the people, shall conscientiously and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our public trust — faithfully to preserve, and wisely to administer it.

I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you much too long. I was drawn into the debate, with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes

us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proof of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this Government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies

streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* Nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first and Union afterwards*; but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

BY HUGH MOORE.

[Born at Amherst, November 19, 1808. Died at Amherst, February 13, 1837.]

Old Winter is coming again — alack !
How icy and cold is he !
He cares not a pin for a shivering back —
He 's a saucy old chap to white and black —
He whistles his chills with a wonderful *knack*,
For he comes from a cold cuntry !

A witty old fellow this Winter is —
A mighty old fellow for glee !
He cracks his jokes on the pretty, sweet miss,
The wrinkled old maiden, unfit to kiss,
And freezes the dew of their lips : for this
Is the way with old fellows like he !

Old Winter 's a frolicsome blade I wot —
He is wild in his humor, and free !
He 'll whistle along, for "the want of thought,"
And set all the warmth of our furs at nought,
And ruffle the laces by pretty girls bought —
A frolicsome fellow is he !

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,
And merrily shaking the tree !
From morning 'till night he will sing his song —
Now moaning, and short — now howling, and long,
His voice is loud — for his lungs are strong —
A merry old fellow is he !

Old Winter 's a tough old fellow for blows,
As tough as ever you see !
He will trip up our *trotters*, and rend our clothes,
And stiffen our limbs from our fingers to toes —
He minds not the cries of his friends or his foes —
A tough old fellow is he !

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,
A cunning old fellow is he !
He peeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we 're passing our time away —
And marks all our doings from grave to gay
I 'm afraid he is peeping at me !

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

OCCASIONED BY CRUSHING A NEST WITH THE PLOUGH.

BY ROBERT DINSMOOR.

[The Rustic Bard, born at Windham, October 7, 1757. Died at Windham, 1830.]

Poor innocent and hapless Sparrow !
Why should my moul-board gie thee sorrow ?
This day thou 'll chirp, an' mourn the morrow,
 Wi' anxious breast —
The plough has turn'd the mould'ring furrow
 Deep o'er thy nest.

Just in the middle o' the hill,
Thy nest was plac'd wi' curious skill ;
There I espy'd thy little bill
 Beneath the shade —
In that sweet bower secure frae ill,
 Thine eggs thou laid.

Five corns o' maize had there been drappit,
An' through the stalks thine head thou pappit ;
The drawing nowt could na' be stappit,
 I quickly foun' —
Syne frae thy cozie nest thou happit,
 An' flut'ring ran.

The sklent in stane beguil'd the sheer,
In vain I tried the plough to steer ;
A wee bit stumpie i' the rear,
 Cam' 'tween my legs —
An' to the jee side gart me veer,
 An' crush thine eggs.

Alas ! alas ! my bonnie birdie !
Thy faithfu' mate flits roun' to guard ye,
Connubial love ! a pattern wordy
 The pious priest !
What savage heart could be sae hardy,
 As wound thy breast ?

Thy ruin was nae fau't o' mine,
(It gars me greet to see thee pine ;)

It may be serves His great design,
Who governs all ;
Omniscience tents wi' eyes divine,
The sparrow's fall.

A pair more friendly ne'er were married,
Their joys an' pains were equal carried ;
But now, ah me ! to grief they 're hurried,
Without remead ;
When all their hope an' treasure's buried,
'T is sad indeed.

How much like theirs are human dools !
Their sweet wee bairns laid i' the mools,
That sovereign Pow'r who nature rules,
Has said, so be it ;
But poor blin' mortals are sic' fools,
They canna' see it.

Nae doubt, that He wha' first did mate us,
Has fixt our lot as sure as fate is,
And when he wounds, he dis na' hate us,
But only this—
He 'll gar the ills that here await us,
Yield lasting bliss.

THE BIBLE, AS A HUMAN COMPOSITION.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON.

[Born at Rindge, July 25, 1783. Died at Portland, Me., October 22, 1827.]

It is notorious that even among such as profess to venerate the Scriptures, there are not a few, who seem to regard them as deficient in those qualities which excite interest and attention. It may not be improper, therefore, to make a few remarks with a design to show, that, while the Scriptures are incalculably valuable and important, viewed as a revelation from Heaven, they are also in a very high degree interesting and deserving of attention, considered merely as *a human composition*.

Were we permitted to adduce the testimony of the Scriptures in their own favor, as a proof that their contents are highly interesting, our task would be short, and easily accomplished. But it is possible, that to this testimony some might think it a sufficient reply, to apostrophize the sacred volume in the language of the captious Jews to our Saviour: "Thou bearest record of thyself; thy record is not true." No similar objection can be urged, however, against availing ourselves of the testimony which eminent uninspired men have borne in favor of the Scriptures. From the almost innumerable testimonies of this nature, which might easily be adduced, we shall select only that of Sir William Jones, a judge of the supreme court of judicature in Bengal: a man, says his learned biographer, who by the exertion of rare intellectual talents, acquired a knowledge of arts, sciences, and languages, which has seldom been

equalled, and scarcely, if ever, surpassed. "*I have carefully and regularly perused the Scriptures,*" says this truly great man, "*and am of opinion that this volume, independent of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written.*" How well he was qualified to make this remark, and how much it implied in his lips, may be inferred from the fact, that he was acquainted with twenty-eight different languages, and with the best works which had been published in most of them. That a volume, which, in the opinion of such a man, is thus superior to all other books united, cannot be so uninteresting and insipid a composition as many seem to imagine, it must be needless to remark ; that his commendation of it, though great and unqualified, is in no respect unmerited, it would be easy, were it necessary, to prove, by appropriate quotations from the book which he so highly extols. But its morality will be more properly considered in a subsequent part of this treatise ; and its unrivalled eloquence and sublimity are too obvious, and too generally acknowledged, to require illustration. If any imagine that he has estimated too highly the historical information which this volume contains, we would only request them to peruse it with attention ; and particularly to consider the assistance which it affords, in accounting for many otherwise inexplicable phenomena in the natural, political, and moral world. A person who has never attended to the subject, will, on recollection, be surprised to find for how large a portion of his knowledge he is indebted to this neglected book. It is the only book which satisfactorily accounts, or even professes to account, for the introduction of natural and moral evil into the world, and for the consequent present situation of mankind. To this book also we are indebted for all our knowledge of the progenitors of our race, and of the early ages of the world ; for our acquaintance with the manners and customs of those ages ; for the origin and explanation of many remarkable

traditions, which have extensively prevailed ; and for almost every thing which is known of many once flourishing nations, especially of the Jews, the most singular and interesting people, perhaps, that ever existed. It is the Bible alone, which, by informing us of the Deluge, enables us to account satisfactorily for many surprising appearances in the internal structure of the earth, as well as for the existence of marine exuviæ on the summits of mountains, and in other places, far distant from the sea. By the same volume we are assisted in accounting for the multiplicity of languages which exist in the world ; for the degrading condition of the Africans ; for the origin and universal prevalence of sacrifices ; and for many other facts of an equally interesting nature. We shall only add, that, while the Scriptures throw light on the facts here alluded to, the existence of the facts powerfully tends, on the other hand, to establish the truth and authenticity of the Scriptures.

In addition to these intrinsic excellences of the Bible, which give it, considered merely as a human production, powerful claims to the attention of persons of taste and learning, there are various circumstances of an adventitious nature, which render it peculiarly interesting to a reflecting mind. Among these circumstances we may, perhaps not improperly, mention its great antiquity. Whatever may be said of its inspiration, some of the books which compose it are unquestionably the most ancient literary compositions extant, and perhaps the most ancient that ever were written ; nor is it very improbable, that letters were first employed in recording some parts of them, and that they were written in the language first spoken by man. It is also not only the most ancient book, but the most ancient monument of human exertion, the oldest offspring of human intellect, now in existence. Unlike the other works of man, it inherits not his frailty. All the contemporaries of its infancy have long since perished, and are forgotten ; yet this wonderful volume still survives. Like the fabled pillars of Seth, which are said to have bid defiance to the Deluge, it has stood for

ages, unmoved, in the midst of that flood which sweeps away men with their labors into oblivion. That these circumstances render it an interesting object of contemplation, it is needless to remark. Were there now in existence a tree which was planted, an edifice which was erected, or any monument of human ingenuity which was formed, at that early period in which some parts of the Bible were written, would it not be contemplated with the keenest interest; carefully preserved, as a precious relic; and considered as something little less than sacred? With what emotions, then, will a thoughtful mind open the Bible; and what a train of interesting reflections is it in this view calculated to excite! While we contemplate its antiquity, exceeding that of every object around us, except the works of God; and view it in anticipation, as continuing to exist unaltered until the end of time; must we not feel almost irresistibly impelled to venerate it, as proceeding originally from Him, who is yesterday, to-day, and forever the same—whose works, like his years, fail not?

The interest which this volume excites by its antiquity, will be greatly increased, if we consider the violent and persevering opposition it has encountered, and the almost innumerable enemies it has resisted and overcome. We contemplate with no ordinary degree of interest, a rock, which has braved for centuries the ocean's rage, practically saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." With still greater interest, though of a somewhat different kind, should we contemplate a fortress, which, during thousands of years, had been constantly assaulted by successive generations of enemies: around whose walls millions had perished; and to overthrow which, the utmost efforts of human force and ingenuity had been exerted in vain. Such a rock, such a fortress, we contemplate in the Bible. For thousands of years this volume has withstood, not only the iron tooth of time, which devours men and their works together, but all the physical and intellectual strength of man. Pretended

friends have endeavored to corrupt and betray it ; kings and princes have perseveringly sought to banish it from the world ; the civil and military powers of the greatest empires have been leagued for its destruction ; the fires of persecution have been often lighted, to consume it and its friends together ; and, at many seasons, death in some horrid form has been the almost certain consequence of affording it an asylum from the fury of its enemies. It has also been almost incessantly assailed by weapons of a different kind, which, to any other book, would be far more dangerous than fire or sword. In these assaults, wit and ridicule have wasted all their shafts ; misguided Reason has been compelled, though reluctantly, to lend her aid, and, after repeated defeats, has again been dragged to the field ; the arsenals of learning have been emptied, to arm her for the contest ; and in search of means to prosecute it with success, recourse has been had, not only to remote ages and distant lands, but even to the bowels of the earth, and the region of the stars. Yet still the object of all these attacks remains uninjured, while one army of its assailants after another has melted away. Though it has been ridiculed more bitterly, misrepresented more grossly, opposed more rancorously, and burned more frequently, than any other book, and perhaps than all other books united ; it is so far from sinking under the efforts of its enemies, that the probability of its surviving until the final consummation of all things is now evidently much greater than ever. The rain has descended ; the floods have come ; the storm has arisen and beaten upon it ; but it falls not, for it is founded upon a rock. Like the burning bush, it has ever been in the flames, yet it is still unconsumed ; a sufficient proof, was there no other, that He, who dwelt in the bush, preserves the Bible.

If the opposition which this volume has successfully encountered, renders it an interesting object of contemplation, the veneration which has been paid to it, the use which has been made of it, and the benefits which have been de-

rived from it by the wise and good in all ages, make it still more so. Who would not esteem it a most delightful privilege, to see and converse with a man who had lived through as many centuries as the Bible has existed; who had conversed with all the successive generations of men, and been intimately acquainted with their motives, characters, and conduct; who had been the chosen friend and companion of the wise and good in every age—the venerated monitor, to whose example and instructions the wise had ascribed their wisdom, and the virtuous their virtue? What could be more interesting than the sight; what more pleasing and instructive, than the society of such a man? Yet such society we may in effect enjoy, whenever we choose to open the Bible. In this volume we see the chosen companion, the most intimate friend of the prophets, the apostles, the martyrs, and their pious contemporaries; the guide, whose directions they implicitly followed; the monitor, to whose faithful warnings and instructions they ascribed their wisdom, their virtues, and their happiness. In this volume we see the Book, in which the deliverer, the king, the sweet Psalmist of Israel delighted to meditate day and night: whose counsels made him wiser than all his teachers; and which he describes, as sweeter than honey, and more precious than gold. This too is the book, for the sake of which many a persecuted believer has forsaken his native land and taken up his dwelling in the wilderness; bringing it with him as his most valuable treasure, and at death bequeathing it to his posterity as the richest bequest in his power to make. From this source, millions now in heaven have derived the strongest and purest consolation; and scarcely can we fix our attention on a single passage in this wonderful book, which has not afforded comfort or instruction to thousands, and been wet with tears of penitential sorrow or grateful joy, drawn from eyes that will weep no more. There is probably not an individual in this christian land, some of whose ancestors did not, while on earth, prize this volume more than life; and breathe many

fervent prayers to Heaven, that all their descendants, to the latest generation, might be induced to prize it in a similar manner. Thousands too have sealed their belief of its truth with their blood; rejoicing to shed it in defence of a book which, while it led them to the stake, enabled them to triumph over its tortures. Nor have its effects been confined to individuals. Nations have participated largely in its benefits. Armed with this volume, which is at once sword and shield, the first heralds of christianity went forth conquering and to conquer. No less powerful than the wonder-working rod of Moses, its touch crumbled into dust the temples of paganism, and overthrew, as in a moment, the immense fabric of superstition and idolatry which had been for ages erecting. To this volume alone it is owing, that we do not assemble on our appointed days to offer our worship in the temple of an idol; that stocks and stones are not our deities; that cruelty, intemperance, and impurity do not constitute our religion; and that our children are not burnt as sacrifices at the shrine of Moloch. To this volume we are also indebted for the reformation in the days of Luther: for the consequent revival and progress of learning; and for our present freedom from papal tyranny. Nor are these benefits, great as they are, all which it has been the means of conferring on man. Wherever it comes, blessings follow in its train. Like the stream which diffuses itself, and is apparently lost among the herbage, it betrays its course by its effects. Wherever its influence is felt, temperance, industry, and contentment prevail; natural and moral evils are banished, or mitigated; and churches, hospitals, and asylums for almost every species of wretchedness arise, to adorn the landscape, and cheer the eye of benevolence. Such are the temporal benefits which even infidelity itself, if it would for once be candid, must acknowledge that the Bible has bestowed on man. Almost coeval with the sun, its fittest emblem, it has, like that luminary, from the commencement of its existence, shed an unceasing flood of light on a benighted and wretched world. Who then can

doubt that He, who formed the sun, gave the Bible to be "a light unto our feet, and a lamp to our path?" Who, that contemplates this fountain, still full and overflowing, notwithstanding the millions that have drunk of its waters, can doubt that it has a real though invisible connexion with that river of life, which flows for ever at the right hand of God?

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou must go ; — but never when there
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray ;
Like the meteor's flash it will deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as the vestal fire ;
'T will burn, 't will burn, forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam,
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home.

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright,
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quench'd its holy light.

The sun of fame, 't will gild the name,
But the heart ne'er feels its ray ;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,
Are like beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams would be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come :
But my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

THE ROYAL PENITENT.

2 SAMUEL, CHAPTER XII.

BY SARAH PORTER.

[1791.]

DEATH'S angel now, commission'd by the Lord,
O'er the fond infant holds the fatal sword ;
From the dread sight the frantic father turns,
And, clad in sackcloth, in his chamber mourns ;
The monitor, within the royal breast,
That long had slept, now roused at length from rest,
Holds forth a mirror to the aching sight,
Seizes the mind that fain would take its flight,
Bids it look in :—and first, Uriah stood,
Arm'd for the fight, as yet unstain'd with blood ;
Courage and care were on his brow combined,
To show the hero and the patriot join'd :
Next, pale and lifeless, on his warlike shield,
The soldiers bore him from the bloody field.
“And is it thus ?” the Royal mourner said,
“And has my hand perform'd the dreadful deed ?
Was I the wretch that gave thee to the foe,
And bade thee sink beneath the impending blow ?
Bade every friend and hero leave thy side ?
Open, O earth ! and in thy bosom hide
A guilty wretch who wishes not to live ;
Who cannot, dares not, ask for a reprieve ;
So black a crime just Heaven will not forgive !
Justice arrests thy coming mercy, Lord ;
Strike then, O strike, unsheath thy dreadful sword :
Accursed forever be the hated day,
That led my soul from innocence astray ;
O may the stars, on that detested hour,
Shed all their influence with malignant power,
Darkness and sorrows jointly hold their reign,
When time, revolving, brings it round again.
Unhappy man !—ah ! whither shall I turn ?
Like Cain, accurst, must I forever mourn ?
On beds of silk in vain I seek repose,
Uriah's shade forbids my eyes to close ;
No bars exclude him—to no place confined,
Eager he still pursues my flying mind :

Not all the crowd that bow at my approach,
 Nor guards that thicken round the gilded couch,
 Can with their arms, or martial air, affright,
 Or drive the phantom from my wearied sight.
 O happy day! when, blest with Eglah's charms,
 I woo'd no other beauty to my arms;
 No court's licentious joys did then molest
 My peaceful mind, nor haunt my tranquil breast.
 A glitt'ring crown! thou poor, fantastic thing!
 What solid satisfaction canst thou bring?
 Once, far removed from all the toils of state,
 In groves I slept — no guards around me wait:
 Oh! how delicious was the calm retreat!
 Sweet groves! with birds and various flowers stored,
 Where nature furnished out my frugal board;
 The pure, unstained spring, my thirst allayed;
 No poisoned draught, in golden cups conveyed,
 Was there to dread. — Return, ye happy hours,
 Ye verdant shades, kind nature's pleasing bowers,
 Inglorious solitude, again return,
 And heal the breast with pain and anguish torn.

God! let thy mercy, like the solar ray,
 Break forth and drive these dismal clouds away;
 Oh! send its kind enlivening warmth on one
 Who sinks, who dies, beneath thy dreadful frown:
 Thus fares the wretch at sea, by tempests tost,
 Sands, hurricanes, and rocks, proclaim him lost;
 With eager eyes he views the peaceful shore,
 And longs to rest where billows cease to roar:
 Of wanton winds and waves I've been the sport,
 Oh! when shall I attain the wished-for port?
 Or might I bear the punishment alone,
 Nor hear the lovely infant's piteous moan;
 My sins upon the dying child impressed,
 The dreadful thought forbids my soul to rest.
 In mercy, Lord, thy humble suppliant hear,
 Oh! give the darling to my ardent prayer!
 Cleanse me from sin — oh! graciously forgive;
 Blest with thy love, oh! let thy servant live:
 Thy smiles withdrawn, what is the world to me?
 My hopes, my joys, are placed alone on thee:
 Oh! let thy love, to this desponding heart,
 One ray, at least, of heavenly love impart."

AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE.

BY REV. JOSEPH S. BUCKMINSTER.

[Born at Portsmouth, May 28, 1784. Died at Boston, June 9, 1812.]

No situation in life is so favorable to established habits of virtue, and to powerful sentiments of devotion, as a residence in the country, and rural occupations. I am not speaking of a condition of peasantry of which in this country we know little, who are mere vassals of an absent lord, or the hired laborers of an intendant, and who are, therefore, interested in nothing but the regular receipt of their daily wages; but I refer to the honorable character of an owner of the soil, whose comforts, whose weight in the community, and whose very existence depend upon his personal labors, and the regular returns of abundance from the soil which he cultivates. No man, one would think, would feel so sensibly his immediate dependence upon God, as the husbandman. For all his peculiar blessings, he is invited to look immediately to the bounty of Heaven. No secondary cause stands between him and his Maker. To him are essential the regular succession of the seasons, and the timely fall of the rain, the genial warmth of the sun, the sure productiveness of the soil, and the certain operations of those laws of nature, which must appear to him nothing less than the varied exertions of omnipresent energy. In the country, we seem to stand in the midst of the great theatre of God's power, and we feel an unusual proximity to our Creator. His blue and tranquil sky spreads itself over our heads, and we acknowledge the intrusion of

Not all the crowd that bow at my approach,
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AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE.

BY REV. JOSEPH S. BUCKMINSTER.

[Born at Portsmouth, May 26, 1784. Died at Boston, June 9, 1812.]

No situation in life is so favorable to established habits of virtue, and to powerful sentiments of devotion, as a residence in the country, and rural occupations. I am not speaking of a condition of peasantry of which in this country we know little, who are mere vassals of an absent lord, or the hired laborers of an intendant, and who are, therefore, interested in nothing but the regular receipt of their daily wages; but I refer to the honorable character of an owner of the soil, whose comforts, whose weight in the community, and whose very existence depend upon his personal labors, and the regular returns of abundance from the soil which he cultivates. No man, one would think, would feel so sensibly his immediate dependence upon God, as the husbandman. For all his peculiar blessings, he is invited to look immediately to the bounty of Heaven. No secondary cause stands between him and his Maker. To him are essential the regular succession of the seasons, and the timely fall of the rain, the genial warmth of the sun, the sure productiveness of the soil, and the certain operations of those laws of nature, which must appear to him nothing less than the varied exertions of omnipresent energy. In the country, we seem to stand in the midst of the great theatre of God's power, and we feel an unusual proximity to our Creator. His blue and tranquil sky spreads itself over our heads, and we acknowledge the intrusion of

no secondary agent in unfolding this vast expanse. Nothing but omnipotence can work up the dark horrors of the tempest, dart the flashes of the lightning, and roll the long-resounding rumor of the thunder. The breeze wafts to his senses the odors of God's beneficence; the voice of God's power is heard in the rustling of the forest; and the varied forms of life, activity, and pleasure, which he observes at every step in the fields, lead him irresistibly, one would think, to the source of being and beauty and joy. How auspicious such a life to the noble sentiments of devotion! Besides, the situation of the husbandman is peculiarly favorable, it should seem, to purity and simplicity of moral sentiment. He is brought acquainted, chiefly, with the real and native wants of mankind. Employed solely in bringing food out of the earth, he is not liable to be fascinated with the fictitious pleasures, the unnatural wants, the fashionable follies and tyrannical vices of more busy and splendid life.

Still more favorable to the religious character of the husbandman is the circumstance, that, from the nature of agricultural pursuits, they do not so completely engross the attention as other occupations. They leave much time for contemplation, for reading, and intellectual pleasures; and these are peculiarly grateful to the resident in the country. Especially does the institution of the Sabbath discover all its value to the tiller of the earth, whose fatigue it solaces, whose hard labors it interrupts, and who feels on that day the worth of his moral nature, which cannot be understood by the busy man, who considers the repose of this day as interfering with his hopes of gain, or professional employments. If, then, this institution is of any moral and religious value, it is to the country we must look for the continuance of that respect and observance which it merits. My friends, those of you especially who retire annually into the country, let these periodical retreats from business or dissipation bring you nearer to your God; let them restore the clearness of your judgment on the objects of hu-

man pursuits, invigorate your moral perceptions, exalt your sentiments, and regulate your habits of devotion; and if there be any virtue or simplicity remaining in rural life, let them never be impaired by the influence of your presence and example.

After what we have now said upon the virtuous and devotional tendency of a country life, it may, perhaps, be considered as inconsistent, or even paradoxical, to place our commercial character among our moral, much less our religious advantages. But let it be considered, whatever be the influence of traffic upon the personal worth of some of those who are engaged in it, its intrinsic value to the community, and its kind influence upon certain parts of the moral character are not to be disputed. Hence I do not scruple to state it as one of our great national distinctions, which call for our grateful acknowledgments. Tell me not of Tyre, and Sidon, and Corinth, and Carthage. I know they were commercial, and corrupt. But let it be remembered, that they flourished long before the true principles of honorable trade were understood; before the introduction of christianity had given any stability to those virtues of conscientious integrity, and strict fidelity in trusts, which are now indispensable to commercial prosperity. They have passed away, it is true; and so has Sparta, where no commerce was allowed; and Judea, though mostly agricultural, is known no more, except for its national ingratitude and corruption. Besides, when the choice of a nation lies, as, from the present state of the world, it appears long destined to lie, between a commercial and a military character, surely there can be little hesitation about the comparative influence of the peaceful activity of trade, though it may tend to enervate some of the energies of the human character, and that deplorable activity of a mere warlike nation, where plunder is the ruling passion of the great, and destruction, the trade of the small; where every new conquest tends only to concentrate, in still fewer hands, the wealth of kingdoms, and to inspire the common people with an un-

distinguishing ferocity. Surely, we cannot hesitate, whether to prefer that warlike state of a nation, which poisons at once the sources and security of domestic happiness—a state, in which the lives, as well as the virtues of mankind, sink into objects of insignificant importance—or that commercial situation of a people, which rouses and develops all the powers of all classes of the population, which gives a perpetual spring to industry, and which, by showing every man, how completely he is dependent upon every other man, makes it his interest to promote the prosperity, to consult the happiness, and to maintain the peace, the health, and the security of the millions, with whom he is connected. Surely, that state of a people cannot be unfavorable to virtue, which provides such facilities of intellectual communication between the remotest regions, so that not a bright idea can spring up in the brain of a foreign philosopher, but it darts, like lightning, across the Atlantic; not an improvement obtains in the condition of one society, but it is instantly propagated to every other. By this perpetual interchange of thought, and this active diffusion of understanding, the most favorable opportunities are afforded for the dissemination of useful knowledge, especially for the extension of that most precious of gifts, the gospel of Jesus. I need not add, that the wide intercourse, we are keeping up with foreign nations, ought to enlarge the sphere of our intelligence, liberalize our sentiments of mankind, polish the manners of the community, and introduce courteousness and urbanity of deportment. Merchants! if I may be permitted to suggest to you any considerations on the value of your order to the community, I would say, that upon your personal character depends much of these favorable influences of commerce. I would beg you to beware of an engrossing love of profit, which invariably narrows the capacity, and debases the noblest tendencies of the human character. I would persuade you to cultivate habits of mental activity, to indulge enlarged views of your connexion with mankind, to consider yourselves as forming part of the vast chain of

mutual supports and dependencies, by which the activity, the improvement and the pleasure of the inhabitants of every part of the world are secured and promoted. Above all, forget not, that you are instruments in the hands of Providence, by which he diffuses his blessings, and promotes his grand purposes in the cultivation, the civilization, and thus the moral and religious advancement, of this wide creation. God grant, that you may never feel the remorse of having deliberately contributed to the introduction of a new vice into the community, or to the corruption of an old or established principle; of having aided the tyranny of a worthless fashion, or assisted the gradual encroachments of selfishness, vanity, pomp, and slavish imitation, on the freedom and dignity of social life!

TRIBUTE TO MY NATIVE STREAM.

BY NATHANIEL H. CARTER.

[Born at Concord, 1788. Died at Marseilles, France, January 2, 1830.]

HAIL ! hail again my native stream,
Scene of my boyhood's earliest dream !
With solitary step once more
I tread thy wild and silvan shore,
And pause at every turn and gaze
Upon thy dark meandering maze.
What though obscure thy woody source,
What though unsung thy humble course,
What if no lofty classic name
Give to thy peaceful waters fame ;
Still can thy rural haunts impart
A solace to this saddened heart.

Since last with thee I parted, Time
Has borne me on through many a clime,
Far from my native roof that stood
Secluded by thy murmuring flood ;
And I in distant lands have roamed,
Where rolled new streams, new oceans foamed.
Along the Shannon, Doon, and Tay,
I've sauntered many a happy day,
And sought beside the Cam and Thames,
Memorials of immortal names ;
Or mingled in the polished train
Of fashion, on the banks of Seine.
And I have seen the azure Rhone
Rush headlong from his Alpine throne ;
Green Mincius and the silver Po
Through vine-clad vales meandering flow ;
Sweet Arno wreath'd in summer flowers,
Linger amidst Etrurian bowers ;
And the swoln Tiber's yellow tide
Roll to the sea in sullen pride.

In climes beneath the burning zone,
Mid tangled forests, deep and lone,
Where fervid skies forever glow,
And the soft trade-winds whispering blow.

My roving footsteps too have press'd
 The loveliest island of the West.
 There Yumuri winds deep and calm,
 Through groves of citron and of palm;
 And on the sluggish wave of Juan,*
 My little boat hath borne me on,
 Or up Canimar's silent floods,
 Strown with the blossoms of its woods.†

Yet not the less, my native stream,
 Art thou to me a grateful theme,
 Than when in heedless boyhood's prime
 I wove for thee the rustic rhyme,
 Ere other realms, beyond the sea,
 Had spread their fairest charms for me.
 E'en now, alone I sit me down
 Amidst thy woods, with autumn brown,
 And on the rustling leaves recline,
 Beneath a copse of whispering pine,
 To watch thy amber current run,
 Bright with November's parting sun.
 Around, with eager eye I trace
 The charms of each remembered place;
 Some fountain gushing from the bank,
 At which, in youth, I knelt and drank;
 Yon oak its hoary arms that rears,
 Scene of my sports in boyish years.

Farewell! farewell! though I no more
 May ramble on thy rural shore,
 Still shall thy quiet wave glide on
 When he who watched its flow is gone,
 And his sole epitaph shall be
 Inscribed upon some aged tree.

*This word is pronounced in Spanish as if written *Whon*.

†The author in rowing up the river Canimar, near Matanzas, in January, 1828, found its current covered with the blossoms of forest trees growing upon its banks.

MONADNOCK.

BY WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY.

UPON the far-off mountain's brow
The angry storm has ceased to beat,
And broken clouds are gathering now,
In lowly reverence round his feet.
I saw their dark and crowded banks
On his firm head in wrath descending,
But there once more redeemed he stands,
And heaven's clear arch is o'er him bending.

I've seen him when the rising sun
Shone like a watch-fire on the height,
I've seen him when the day was done,
Bathed in the evening's crimson light;
I've seen him in the midnight hour,
When all around were calmly sleeping,
Like some lone sentry in his tower,
His patient watch in silence keeping.

And there, as ever, steep and clear,
That pyramid of Nature springs!
He owns no rival turret near,
No sovereign, but the King of kings.
While many a nation hath passed by,
And many an age, unknown in story,
His walls and battlements on high
He rears, in melancholy glory.

And let a world of human pride,
With all its grandeur, melt away,
And spread around his rocky side
The broken fragments of decay.
Serene his hoary head will tower,
Untroubled by one thought of sorrow;
He numbers not the weary hour,
He welcomes not nor fears to-morrow.

Farewell! I go my distant way;
Perhaps not far in future years,
The eyes that glow with smiles to-day,
May gaze upon thee, dim with tears.

Then let me learn from thee to rise,
All time and chance and change defying ;
Still pointing upward to the skies,
And on the inward strength relying.

If life before my weary eye
Grows fearful as the angry sea,
Thy memory shall suppress the sigh
For that which never more can be.
Inspiring all within the heart
With firm resolve and strong endeavor,
To act a brave and faithful part,
Till life's short warfare ends for ever.

SOLEMN REVIEW OF WAR.

BY REV. NOAH WORCESTER, D. D.

[Born at Hollis, 1759. Died at Brighton, Mass., 1837.]

WE regard with horror the custom of the ancient heathens, in offering their children in sacrifice to idols. We are shocked with the customs of the Hindoos, in prostrating themselves before the car of an idol to be crushed to death; in burning women alive on the funeral piles of their husbands; in offering a monthly sacrifice, by casting living children into the Ganges to be drowned. We read with astonishment of the sacrifices made in the Papal crusades, and in the Mahometan and Hindoo pilgrimages. We wonder at the blindness of christian nations, who have esteemed it right and honorable to buy and sell Africans as property, and reduce them to bondage for life. But that which is fashionable and popular in any country is esteemed right and honorable, whatever may be its nature in the views of men better informed.

But while we look back with a mixture of wonder, indignation, and pity on many of the customs of former ages, are we careful to inquire whether some customs which we deem honorable, are not the effect of popular delusion? and whether they will not be so regarded by future generations? Is it not a fact, that one of the most horrid customs of savage men, is now popular in every nation in Christendom? What custom of the most barbarous nations is more repugnant to the feelings of piety, humanity and justice, than that of deciding controversies between nations by the edge of the sword, by powder and ball, or the point of the bayonet? What other savage custom has occasioned half the desola-

tion and misery to the human race? And what, but the grossest infatuation, could render such a custom popular among rational beings?

When we consider how great a part of mankind have perished by the hands of each other, and how large a portion of human calamity has resulted from war, it surely cannot appear indifferent whether this custom is or is not the effect of delusion. Certainly there is no custom which deserves a more thorough examination, than that which has occasioned more slaughter and misery than all the other abominable customs of the heathen world.

War has been so long fashionable amongst all nations, that its enormity is but little regarded; or when thought of at all, it is usually considered as an evil necessary and unavoidable. But the question to be considered is this: cannot the state of society and the views of civilized men be so changed as to abolish so barbarous a custom, and render wars unnecessary and avoidable?

If this question may be answered in the affirmative, then we may hope that "the sword will not devour for ever."

Some may be ready to exclaim, "None but God can produce such an effect as the abolition of war, and we must wait for the millennial day." We admit that God only can produce the necessary change in the state of society, and the views of men; but God works by human agency and human means. None but God could have produced such a change in the views of the British nation, as to abolish the slave trade; yet the event was brought about by a long course of persevering and honorable exertions of benevolent men.

When the thing was first proposed, it probably appeared to the majority of the people, as an unavailing and chimerical project. But God raised up powerful advocates, gave them the spirit of perseverance, and finally crowned their efforts with glorious success. Now, it is probable, thousands of people are wondering how such an abominable traffic ever had existence in a nation which had the least

pretensions to christianity or civilization. In, a similar manner God can put an end to war, and fill the world with astonishment, that rational beings ever thought of such a mode of settling controversies.

As to waiting for the millennium to put an end to war, without any exertions on our own part, it is like the sinner's waiting God's time for conversion, while he pursues his course of vice and impiety. If ever there shall be a millennium, in which the sword will cease to devour, it will probably be effected by the blessing of God on the benevolent exertions of enlightened men. Perhaps no one thing is now a greater obstacle in the way of the wished-for state of the church, than the spirit and custom of war which is maintained by christians themselves. Is it not then time that efforts should be made to enlighten the minds of christians on a subject of such infinite importance to the happiness of the human race?

That such a state of things is desirable, no enlightened christian can deny. That it can be produced without expensive and persevering efforts is not imagined. But are not such efforts to exclude the miseries of war from the world as laudable as those which have for their object the support of such a malignant and desolating custom?

The whole amount of property in the United States is probably of far less value than what has been expended and destroyed within two centuries by wars in Christendom. Suppose then, that one fifth of this amount had been judiciously laid out by peace associations in the different states and nations, in cultivating the spirit and art of peace, and in exciting a just abhorrence of war; would not the other four fifths have been in a great measure saved, besides many millions of lives, and an immense portion of misery? Had the whole value of what has been expended in wars, been appropriated to the purpose of peace, how laudable would have been the appropriation and how blessed the consequences!

It will perhaps be pleaded, that mankind are not yet suf-

ficiently enlightened to apply the principles of the gospel for the abolition of war ; and that we must wait for a more improved state of society. Improved in what ? in the science of blood ? Are such improvements to prepare the way for peace ? Why not wait a few centuries, until the natives of India become more improved in their idolatrous customs, before we attempt to convert them to christianity ? Do we expect that by continuing in the practice of idolatry, their minds will be prepared to receive the gospel ? If not, let us be consistent, and while we use means for the conversion of heathens, let means also be used for the conversion of christians. For war is in fact a heathenish and savage custom of the most malignant, most desolating, and most horrible character. It is the greatest curse, and results from the grossest delusions, that ever afflicted a guilty world.

THE LYRE.

BY MILTON WARD.

THERE was a Lyre, 't is said, that hung
High waving in the summer air ;
An angel hand its chords had strung,
And left to breathe its music there.
Each wandering breeze, that o'er it flew,
Awoke a wilder, sweeter strain,
Than ever shell of mermaid blew
In coral grottoes of the main.
When, springing from the rose's bell,
Where all night he had sweetly slept,
The zephyr left the flowery dell
Bright with the tears that morning wept,
He rose, and o'er the trembling lyre,
Waved lightly his soft azure wing ;
What touch such music could inspire !
What harp such lays of joy could sing !
The murmurs of the shaded rills,
The birds, that sweetly warbled by,
And the soft echo from the hills,
Were heard not where that harp was nigh.
When the last light of fading day
Along the bosom of the west,
In colors softly mingled lay
While night had darken'd all the rest,
THEN, softer than that fading light,
And sweeter than the lay, that rung
Wild through the silence of the night,
As solemn Philomela sung,
That harp its plaintive murmurs sighed
Along the dewy breeze of even ;
So clear and soft they swelled and died,
They seemed the echoed songs of heaven.
Sometimes, when all the air was still,
And not the poplar's foliage trembled,
That harp was nightly heard to thrill
With tones, no earthly tones resembled.
And then, upon the moon's pale beams,
Unearthly forms were seen to stray,
Whose starry pinions' trembling gleams
Would oft around the wild harp play.

But soon the bloom of summer fled,
In earth and air it shone no more ;
Each flower and leaf fell pale and dead,
While skies their wintry sternness wore.
One day, loud blew the northern blast,
The tempest's fury raged along ;
Oh ! for some angel, as they passed,
To shield the harp of heavenly song !
It shrieked — how could it bear the touch,
The cold rude touch of such a storm,
When e'en the zephyr seemed too much
Sometimes, though always light and warm !
It loudly shrieked — but ah ! in vain ;
The savage wind more fiercely blew ;
Once more — it never shrieked again,
For every chord was torn in two.
It never thrilled with anguish more,
Though beaten by the wildest blast ;
The pang, that thus its bosom tore,
Was dreadful — but it was the last.
And though the smiles of summer played
Gently upon its shattered form,
And the light zephyrs o'er it strayed,
That Lyre they could not wake or warm.

SONG OF THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY MRS. EUNICE T. DANIELS.

[Born at Plainfield, 1807. Died at Plainfield, June 16, 1841.]

NEW-ENGLAND'S soil, our happy home,
The land of hardy worth,
Where plenty crowns the social board,
And love lights up the hearth ;
The land of rock, and mount, and glen,
Of noble streams that sweep,
Through valleys rich with verdure,
In gladness to the deep ;—
Blue are the arching skies above,
And green the fields below,
And autumn fruits and summer flowers
In wild profusion grow.

The towering oak and ancient pine
Our noble forests bear ;
The maple bough its blossoms
Flings on the scented air ;
And flock and herd and waving grain
Each slope and upland crown ;
And autumn winds from laden bough
The mellow fruits shake down ;
The fragrant clover tempts the bee,
Its blushing sweets to pry,
And in tall ranks the glossy maize
Points upward to the sky.

No tyrant landlord wrings our soil,
Or rends its fruit away ;
The flocks upon our own green hills,
Secure from plunder stray ;
No bigot's scourge or martyr's fires
A barbarous creed fulfil,
For the spirit of our stern old sires
Is with their children still.
And pure to heaven our altars rise,
Upon a bloodless sod,
Where man with free unfettered faith
Bows down and worships God.

No midnight revel wastes our strength,
Or prints our brows with care ;
We shun the noisy wassail,
The serpents coiling there ;
But childhood's ringing tones of mirth,
And love's refined caress,
With the pure page of knowledge,
Our peaceful evenings bless.
And underneath our pillow
There 's a spell for slumber's hour,
And for the sons of toil alone
That magic spell hath power.

Our homes ! our dear New-England homes !
Where sweet affections meet ;
Where the cool poplar spreads its shade,
And flowers our senses greet ;
The lily rears her polished cup,
The rose as freshly springs,
And to the sky looks gaily up,
As in the courts of kings ;
And the vine that climbs the window,
Hangs drooping from above,
And sends its grateful odors in
With messages of love.

Then hail to thee ! New England !
Thou cherished land of ours ;
Our sons are like the granite rocks,
Our daughters like the flowers.
We quail to none, of none we crave,
Nor bend the servile knee ;
The life-blood that our fathers gave,
Still warms the firm and free.
Free as our eagle spreads his wings,
We own no tyrant's rod,
No master but the King of kings,
No monarch but our God !

AUTUMN.

BY NATHANIEL A. HAVEN.

I LOVE the dews of night,
I love the howling wind;
I love to hear the tempests sweep
O'er the billows of the deep!
For nature's saddest scenes delight
The melancholy mind.

Autumn! I love thy bower,
With faded garlands drest;
How sweet, alone to linger there
When tempests ride the midnight air!
To snatch from mirth a fleeting hour,
The sabbath of the breast!

Autumn! I love thee well;
Though bleak thy breezes blow;
I love to see the vapors rise,
And clouds roll wildly round the skies,
Where from the plain the mountains swell,
And foaming torrents flow.

Autumn! thy fading flowers
Droop but to bloom again;
So man, though doomed to grief awhile,
To hang on Fortune's fickle smile,
Shall glow in heaven with nobler powers,
Nor sigh for peace in vain.

SKETCH OF CHIEF JUSTICE RICHARDSON.

BY JOEL PARKER, LL. D.

How often, apparently, is the world indebted to accident for the benefits received from some of the most distinguished men! The casting of a book in the way of slumbering intellect incites it to overcome all obstacles in the pursuit of knowledge. A beautiful harangue or a successful argument is sometimes the spark that lights the flame of ambition in the breast of one before destined to other pursuits, and he burns with the desire of emulation, and strikes out for himself a more brilliant, if not a more happy career. Accidental injuries in the workshop and in the field, incapacitating the party, for a greater or less period, from manual labor, have given to science some of her most persevering and successful votaries.

“We call it chance — but there is a Divinity
That shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.”

An instance is before us. WILLIAM MERCHANT RICHARDSON was born at Pelham, in this State, January 4, 1774, and labored upon his father's farm until he was about fifteen years of age, when an injury to his hand for a time incapacitated him for active exertions. During the period of leisure thus forced upon him, he indulged a taste for study, and determined to procure for himself a collegiate education. This he accomplished, and graduated at Cambridge University in 1797.

In the course of his collegiate studies, and during the time he officiated as an instructor, he became thoroughly imbued with a taste for poetry, and classical and general

literature, as is in some degree indicated by his appointment to deliver a poem upon the occasion of his graduation ; and his love for such studies and pursuits continued unabated to the close of his life.

The law is generally accounted a stern mistress, requiring of her followers an untiring devotion at her shrine, and it is rare that her servants find leisure for eminence in any other pursuit ; but with him literary acquisition was pastime — was recreation ; and long after he had taken his seat upon the bench he studied the French, Italian and Spanish languages without assistance, and could read the two former with considerable facility. The work of some Italian poet was often his companion upon the circuit, and was perused with the eagerness of youthful ardor. With the Latin classics he was familiar, and read them often ; and he urged upon others the importance of recurring to their classical studies, as the best means of acquiring and preserving a pure taste and a good style.

But it was not to foreign authors alone that he was attached. The study of the English classics was a favorite pursuit. The grave disquisitions of Milton, the sound philosophy of Bacon, and the varied richness of Shakspeare, furnished materials upon which he delighted to dwell. Nor was the lighter literature of the day proscribed. Works abounding with anecdote and humor afforded favorite sources of relaxation amid the fatigues of abstruse investigation.

Studies and amusements of this character, however, were not permitted to interfere with professional labors and official duties.

The study and practice and administration of the law was the great business of his life ; and to this he brought all the energies of a vigorous mind. He loved it as a science, and pursued it with delight as well as with diligence.

A life of professional labor furnishes but few occurrences which to the great mass of the people would seem worthy of record. There are no startling events to excite wonder. There is nothing of "pomp and circumstance" to attract

admiration. But if, on the one hand, there are no "passages of arms" to be celebrated and no victories to be sung, on the other the trophies are not stained with blood, and the notes of wailing and wo mingle not in the chorus.

The qualities required for successful exertion in the learned professions may perhaps not be inferior to those which enable their possessor to set a squadron in the field, or to direct the array of a battle; and Chief Justice Richardson exhibited them in a high degree of perfection. To an unspotted integrity and conscientious faithfulness was added great patience—a most important qualification for such a station; and a long administration attested that he possessed it in a remarkable degree. Urbane towards the gentlemen of the bar, courteous to witnesses, and extending to litigants an impartiality which often left in doubt his opinion upon contested questions of fact; a suspicion of attempted fraud, or probability of injustice, roused him to take a decided stand in favor of that side which appeared in danger of suffering wrong; and while cautious to impress upon a jury the principle that fraud and bad faith were not to be presumed, the tones of indignation with which he denounced them were the consequence of a deep love of justice, and desire that the right should prevail. But while he was thus firm in resisting whatever seemed to savor of injustice, the individual arraigned as a criminal was usually a subject of compassion, and his administration of that branch of judicature was based upon the humane principle, that it is better that many guilty should escape than that one innocent person should suffer.

Notwithstanding all the divisions of parties and sects, he commanded general confidence, and his judicial character was summed up in a single short sentence, by a highly respectable citizen, when he exclaimed, after musing upon the intelligence of his death—"Well, the good old Judge has gone!"


How full of eulogy are these few words! His had been a long judicial life. He had held the office of chief justice

nearly twenty-two years. He had lived to witness nearly two entire changes of all his associates, and he was also approaching that period — “three score years and ten” — which almost marks the limit of human activity, and with us absolutely terminates judicial labor. He might well be spoken of in connexion with the lapse of time. He was aged in the public service. And after such a period of devotion to the labors of a judicial station — after exerting the best energies of the meridian of existence in the service of his fellow men — when he is at last called upon to surrender up the trust committed to him on earth, what could any incumbent of the bench desire from those he leaves behind, more than the character of “the *good* judge?” How much is included in it! Learning, integrity, impartiality, firmness, industry, faithfulness, patience — these are all necessary to the character of the good judge. Nay, what is not necessary — what is not included in it? “Well done, good and faithful servant.” There needs nothing more of commendation.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

BY CARLOS WILCOX.

[Born at Newport, October 22, 1794. Died at Hartford, Connecticut, May 29, 1827.]

GREAT is thy goodness, Father of all life,
Fount of all joy. Thou high and holy One,
Whom not thy glorious sanctuary, heaven,
Can e'er contain; Spirit invisible,
Whose omnipresence makes creation smile,
Great is thy goodness, worthy of all praise
From all thy works. Then let earth, air, and sea;
Nature, with every season in its turn;
The firmament, with its revolving fires;
And all things living; join to give thee praise.
Thou glorious Sun, like thy Original,
A vital influence to surrounding worlds,
Forever sending forth, yet always full;
And thou, fair Queen of Night, o'er the pure sky,
Amid thy glittering company of stars,
Walking in brightness, praise the God above.
Ocean, forever rolling to and fro
In thy vast bed, o'er half the hollowed n;
Grand theatre of wonders to all lands,
And reservoir of blessings, sound his praise.
Break forth into a shout of grateful joy,
Ye mountains, covered with perennial green,
And pouring crystal torrents down your sides;
Ye lofty forests, and ye humble groves;
Ye hills, and plains, and valleys, overspread
With flocks and harvests. All ye feathered tribes,
That, taught by your Creator, a safe retreat
Find in the dead of winter, or enjoy
Sweet summer all your days by changing clime,
Warble to him all your melodious notes;
To him, who clothes you with your gay attire,
And kindles in your fluttering breasts the glow
Of love parental. Beasts that graze the fields,
Or roam the woods, give honor to the Power
That makes you swift to flee, or strong to meet
The coming foe; and rouses you to fight
In harmless mirth, or soothes to pleasant rest.
Shout to Jehovah with the voice of praise,
Ye nations, all ye continents and isles,

People of every tongue ; ye that within
The verdant shade of palm and plantain sit,
Feasting on their cool fruit, on torrid plains ;
And ye that, in the midst of pine-clad hills,
In snowy regions, grateful vigor inhale
From every breeze. Ye that inhabit lands
Where science, liberty, and plenty dwell,
Worship Jehovah in exalted strains.
But ye to whom redeeming Mercy comes,
With present peace, and promises sublime
Of future crowns, and mansions in the skies,
Imperishable, raise the loudest song.
O sing for ever, with seraphic voice,
To Him whose immortality is yours,
In the blest union of eternal love !
And join them, all ye winged hosts of heaven,
That in your Maker's glory take delight ;
And ye too, all ye bright inhabitants
Of starry worlds ; and let the universe
Above, below, around, be filled with praise !

MAUVAISE HONTE.

BY OLIVER W. B. PEABODY.

In your manhood's gravest hour,
As in childhood's season gay,
Shall the spell of fatal power
Close around you, night and day.
Wealth may throw its garlands o'er you,
Beauty's charms be bright before you ;
Yet unenvied shall you dwell,
Fettered by a magic spell.

In the ball-room you shall sigh,
Losing all your power to frisk,
As the victim of his eye
Stands before the basilisk.
When the jewelled circle glances,
Mingling in the mazy dances,
Pompey's pillar might as soon
Right-and-left or rigadon.

Every moment to your cheek
Shall the blood in torrents rush ;
Oft as you essay to speak,
You shall stammer, stare and blush
What you would have said, delaying,
What you should not, ever saying ;
While each friend in wonder sits,
Mourning your departed wits.

When in love, you shall seem cold
As the rocks on Zembla's coast :
When you labor to be bold,
Sparrows might more courage boast.
When most gay, most solemn seeming ;
When attentive, as if dreaming :
Niobé could teach you how
You might make a better bow.

Ask me not to break the chain,
Never ! slave of destiny :
Evermore you must remain
Fixed — beyond the power to fly.
Darker hours may yet attend you ;
Fate a heavier lot may send you ;
If my spells should fail to kill,
Go and marry — if you will.

MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY ISAAC HILL.

THE highest mountains within the known limits of the old thirteen United States are the cluster in New Hampshire called the White Mountains. These mountains are supposed to be older than any of the ranges of high mountains in Europe. Mont Blanc and Mont St. Bernard may peer above them, and reach their tops beyond the line of perpetual congelation; but Mount Washington had been thousands of years in existence before the internal fires upheaved the European Alps.

Of the useless things in creation, I had taught myself in early youth to consider ragged mountains and hills as least of all valuable. Fastnesses for the retreat of wild beasts, my first recollections almost identify them with the frightful catamount that tore in pieces the man whom he was able to carry into the limbs of some tree incumbent upon another half way in its fall; with the bear, who was said to carry off children with which to feed her young; or with the voracious wolf, who would slay an entire flock of sheep sometimes in a single night. If these mountains were no longer a nuisance as harbors for wild beasts, the obstacles which they presented to the making of good and easy travelled roads connecting one part of the country with another; the space which they occupied precluding that easy cultivation which we were wont to see in more level regions, gave them no better aspect than that of incumbrances which must forever be inconvenient to the population which surrounded them.

I have changed my mind entirely on this matter; and if we may be said to grow wiser as we grow older, I have just that kind of conceit of myself which might call for your re-

buke if I am now under a mistake. Perhaps you think of these mountains as I once thought of them. With me when a child stubbing my toes against the rocks or carrying some burden up the steep cliffs, having dreamed of the beauty of a level country where there was not a rock or a hill in the way, you may have been instructed into a poor opinion of our mountains.

The mountain region of New England is almost entirely free from those contagious diseases which sweep over the country at each annual return of decayed vegetation. The pure water and the clear mountain air give to her inhabitants as good if not better health than is enjoyed by any other people on earth. This is the land of iron constitutions, of noble and beautiful forms, of hearts of steel, of boundless resolution that heeds no obstacle, of enterprise and perseverance which know no discouragement. What part of the United States, what city upon the Atlantic seaboard, what district of country growing into wealth and respectability in the interior, that is not indebted to New England, to the beautiful hill country of New England, for much of that noble spirit which has hastened them on in the grand march of improvement ?

I have entirely changed my mind within the last few years in relation to the most rough country of New England. So far from looking upon the rocks, the pebbles, the gravel or the sand composing them as so much matter in the way adapted to no possible useful service, I see them as the sources of that fertility which is sooner or later destined to make the territory now composing the six New-England States capable of sustaining ten times its present population.

On the higher White Mountains no traces of the valuable and useful metals, as yet, have been discovered upon the surface or in the beds excavated by the avalanches. The Indians had a tradition that there were carbuncles and precious gems upon the open grounds of the mountains above the region of vegetation, which were kept from the possession of mortals by the enchantment which surrounded them.

The notion probably originated in the fact that travelling in the sunshine the reflection of isolated rock crystal strikes upon the eye at a distance with dazzling brightness, which entirely disappears on change of position or on approaching to the spot where it was first observed. These appearances are frequent upon the open upper grounds of these mountains, and have probably given them the name of the Crystal Hills.

The mountain streams, particularly those in the northern region of New Hampshire, are rife with salmon trout, a fish of more delicious flavor than any other that sports in American waters; as much superior to the perch and suckers and chubs that are to be found in sluggish pools and streams, as the running water of the cold mountain brook is more grateful to the parched throat than the standing liquid of a summer frog-pond. The sport of trout-fishing among the mountains has an air of romance, tempting the inhabitant of the city to journey many miles for its enjoyment. Those who by instinct or education know how to handle the fly or the minnow; who can await with patience the reached out arm long in the same position for a "glorious nibble;" who can leap over log and stump, through bush and brake, angling at the turn of an eddy, the tail of a weed-bed, or at the foot of a noisy waterfall, and enjoy the sport with the gusto of Izaak Walton one hundred and fifty years ago; such as these know how to appreciate the pleasures of trout-fishing.

The beauty and grandeur of scenery in Scotland or Switzerland, or any other country of Europe, cannot exceed that of the mountain region which I have been describing. What magnificent landscape will compare with the different views at the Notch;—with the Silver Cascade, half a mile from its entrance, issuing from the mountain eight hundred feet above the subjacent valley, passing over almost perpendicularly a series of rocks so little broken as to preserve the appearance of a uniform current, and yet so far disturbed as to be perfectly white; with the Flume, at no great distance, falling over three precipices from the height of two hundred and

fifty feet, down the two first in a single current, and over the last in three, uniting again at the bottom in a basin formed by the hand of Nature, perhaps by the wearing of the waters, in the rocks; with the impending rocks directly overhead on either side to a vast height rent asunder by that Power which first upheaved the mountains, leaving barely space for the head stream of the Saco and the road to pass; with the track of the awful avalanches at no great distance on either side, coming down from the height, throwing rocks, trees and earth across the defile, damming up the stream and forcing it to seek new channels, and covering up or carrying away clean to the surface of the hard rock the long travelled road!

If the eye is not here sated with the grandeur and beauty of the stupendous works of the Almighty, and the changes he has wrought, let the traveller pass into the Franconia Notch, near the source of the Merrimack river, twenty miles southerly of the White Mountain Notch.

The Man of the Mountain has long been personated and apostrophized: his covered head is the sure forerunner of the thunder shower or storm; and in the world of fiction he is made the main agent of the mountain genii, who bewilder and mislead the benighted traveller, and whose lodgement is in the rocky caverns hitherto unfrequented by the human tread. The Profile is perched at the height of more than a thousand feet: the solid rock presents a side view or profile of the human face, every feature of which in the due proportion is conspicuous. It is no inanimate profile; it looks the living man, as if his voice could reach to the proportionate distance of its greater size.

The Spirit of Liberty dwells upon the mountains and among the hills. Look to the Highlands; to the

“Scots who hae with Wallace bled
Scots whom Bruce had often led.”

Look to Switzerland, to William Tell, to the Tyrolese,

“Where the song of freedom soundeth;”

to the Circassians upon the Caucasus now contending for liberty against the whole power of Russian despotism. Can we find in the plain country of any nation on earth samples of a valorous, a chivalrous, an indomitable spirit such as these? Where is the district of country that can present a race of men more devoted to liberty and independence, more courageous and daring, than those who came from the hill and mountain towns of New England to fight the enemies of the country at Lexington and Bunker Hill? Such men as Rogers and Stark, in their snow-shoes, in the war of 1756, could do more with a single company of rangers, natives of New-England mountain towns, to keep at bay and annoy the French and savage foe, than Lord Howe's entire command of several thousand British troops.

The mountain region of New Hampshire has been denominated the Switzerland of America. Our scenery is surpassed in beauty by no scenery on earth. Coming down from our mountains, I would direct your attention to our beautiful lakes. The eye never traced a more splendid prospect than the view from Red Hill. The view from Mount Washington shows the high mountains around as successive dark waves of the sea at your feet, and all other objects, the villages and sea, as more indistinct from their distance. The view from Red Hill, an elevation of some twenty-five hundred feet, which is gained on horseback, brings all objects distinctly to the naked eye. On the one hand the Winnipiseogee lake, twenty-two miles in length, with its bays and islands and surrounding villages and farms of parti-colored fields, spreads out like a field of glass at the southeast. Loch Lomond with all its splendor and beauty presents no scenery that is not equalled in the environs of the Winnipiseogee. Its suite of hills and mountains serves as a contrast to increase its splendor. We stand upon the higher of the three points of Red Hill, limited every where by regular circular lines and elegant in its figure beyond most other mountains. The autumnal foliage, overspreading the ranges of mountains, in the season after vege-

tation has been arrested by the frosts, is a beauty in our scenery that has never been described by any inhabitant of Great Britain, because no such scenery ever there existed.

If Mr. Jefferson thought a single point upon the Potomac where that river breaks through the Blue Ridge to be worth to the European observer a voyage across the Atlantic; will it be deemed extravagant if I should say to the inhabitants of a town or city of the United States any where along the Atlantic ocean, that the Notch of the White Hills, the Notch of the Franconia mountains, the Cascade or the Flume, or the Face of the Old Man, or the view from Red Hill, one alone or all together, are worth ten times the expense and labor of a journey of one hundred, five hundred or one thousand miles?

FLATTERY.

FOR AN ALBUM.

BY THOMAS G. FESSENDEN.

[Born at Walpole. Died at Boston.]

MISS ANN, you are, it seems to me,
An essence all ethereal;
The brightest being that can be,
Entirely immaterial.

A pencil tipped with solar rays
Your charms could scarcely blazon;
Contrasted with your beauty's blaze
Bright Sol's a pewter basin.

Transcendent little sprig of light!
If rhymes are always true,
An angel is an ugly sprite
Compared to sylph like you.

You frowning tell me: "This indeed
Is flattery past all bearing;
I ne'er before did hear nor read
Of any quite so glaring."

Yes, this is flattery, sure enough,
And its exaggeration
May teach you how to hold such stuff
In utter detestation.

Should beaux your ladyship accost
With something like this flummery,
Tell them their labor will be lost,
For this transcends their mummery.

The man whose favor 's worth a thought,
To flattery can't descend;
The servile sycophant is not
Your lover nor your friend.

WEST'S PICTURE OF THE INFANT SAMUEL.

BY REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY.

In childhood's spring — ah! blessed spring!
(As flowers closed up at even,
Unfold in morning's earliest beam,
The heart unfolds to heaven.
Ah! blessed child! that trustingly
Adores, and loves, and fears,
And to a Father's voice replies,
Speak, Lord! thy servant hears.

When youth shall come — ah! blessed youth!
If still the pure heart glows,
And in the world and word of God,
Its Maker's language knows;
If in the night and in the day,
Midst youthful joys or fears,
The trusting heart can answer still,
Speak, Lord! thy servant hears.

When age shall come — ah! blessed age!
If in its lengthening shade,
When life grows faint, and earthly lights
Recede, and sink and fade;
Ah! blessed age! if then heaven's light
Dawns on the closing eye;
And faith unto the call of God,
Can answer, Here am I!

THE FATHER'S CHOICE.*

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

Now fly as flies the rushing wind,
Urge, urge thy lagging steed!
The savage yell is fierce behind,
And life is on thy speed;

And from those dear ones make thy choice:
The group he wildly eyed,
When "father!" burst from every voice,
And "child!" his heart replied.

There 's one that now can share his toil,
And one he meant for fame,
And one that wears her mother's smile,
And one that bears her name.

And one will prattle on his knee,
Or slumber on his breast;
And one whose joys of infancy
Are still by smiles expressed.

They feel no fear while he is near;
He 'll shield them from the foe:
But oh! his ear must thrill to hear
Their shriekings, should he go.

In vain his quivering lips would speak,
No words his thoughts allow:
There 's burning tears upon his cheek,
Death's marble on his brow.

*In the year 1697, a body of Indians attacked the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, killed and carried into captivity forty inhabitants. A party of the Indians approached the house of an individual, who was abroad at his labor, but who, on their approach, hastened to the house, sent his children out, and ordered them to fly in a course opposite to that in which danger was approaching. He then mounted his horse, and determined to snatch up the child with which he was unwilling to part, when he should overtake the little flock. When he came up to them, about two hundred yards from his house, he was unable to make a choice, or to leave any one of the number. He therefore determined to take his lot with them, and defend them from their murderers, or die by their side. A body of the Indians pursued, and came up with him; and when at a short distance, fired on him and his little company. He returned the fire, and retreated alternately; still, however, keeping a resolute face to the enemy, and so effectually sheltered his charge, that he finally lodged them all safe in a distant house.

And twice he smote his clenched hand,
Then bade his children fly!
And turned, and even that savage band
Covered at his wrathful eye.

Swift as the lightning winged with death,
Flashed forth the quivering flame!
Their fiercest warrior bows beneath
The father's deadly aim.

Not the wild cries that rend the skies,
His heart or purpose move;
He saves his children, or he dies
The sacrifice of love.

Ambition goads the conqueror on,
Hate points the murderer's brand,
But love and duty, these alone
Can nerve the good man's hand.

The hero may resign the field,
The coward murderer flee;
He cannot fear, he will not yield,
That strikes, sweet love, for thee.

They come, they come! he heeds no cry,
Save the soft childlike wail,
"O father, save!" "My children, fly!"
Were mingled on the gale.

And firmer still he drew his breath,
And sterner flashed his eye,
As fast he hurls his leaden death,
Still shouting, "Children, fly!"

No shadow on his brow appeared,
Nor tremor shook his frame,
Save when at intervals he heard
Some trembler lisp his name.

In vain the foe, those fiends unchained,
Like famished tigers chafe!
The sheltering roof is neared, is gained,
All, all the dear ones safe!

HOW THEY USED TO SPELL.

FROM 'THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AS IT WAS.'

BY REV. WARREN BURTON.

THE most extraordinary spelling and indeed reading machine in our school was a boy whom I shall call Memorus Wordwell. He was mighty and wonderful in the acquisition and remembrance of words; of signs without the ideas signified. The alphabet he acquired at home before he was two years old. What exultation of parents, what exclamation from admiring visitors. "There was never any thing like it!" He had almost accomplished his Abs before he was thought old enough for school. At an earlier age than usual however he was sent, and then he went from Ache to Abomination in half the summers and winters it took the rest of us to go over the same space. Astonishing how quickly he mastered column after column, section after section of obstinate orthographies! Those martial terms I have just used, together with our hero's celerity, put me in mind of Cæsar. So I will quote him. Memorus might have said in respect to the hosts of the spelling-book, "I came, I saw, I conquered." He generally stood at the head of a class, each one of whom was two years his elder. Poor creatures! they studied hard some of them, but it did no good; Memorus Wordwell was born to be above them, as some men are said to have been "born to command." At the public examination of his first winter, the people of the district and even the minister thought it marvellous that such monstrous great words should be mastered by "such a leetle mite of a boy!" Memorus was mighty also in saying those after-

spelling matters, the Key, the Abbreviations, the Punctuation, &c. These things were deemed of great account to be laid up in remembrance, although they were all very imperfectly understood, and some of them not understood at all.

Punctuation! how many hours, days, and even weeks have I tugged away to lift, as it were, to roll up into the store-house of my memory, the many long, heavy sentences comprehended under this title! Only survey, (we use this word when speaking of considerable space and bulk,) only survey the first sentence, a transcript of which I will endeavor to locate in these narrow bounds. I would have my readers of the rising generation know what mighty labors we little creatures of five, six and seven years old were set to perform.

“Punctuation is the art of pointing, or of dividing a discourse into periods by points, expressing the pauses to be made in the reading thereof, and regulating the cadence or elevation of the voice.”

There, I have labored weeks on that; for I always had that lamentable defect of mind not to be able to commit to memory what I did not understand. My teachers never aided me with the least explanation of the above-copied sentence, nor of other reading of a similar character, which was likewise to be committed to memory. But this and all was nothing, as it were, to Memorius Wordwell. He was a very Hercules in this wilderness of words.

Master Wordwell was a remarkable reader too. He could rattle off a word as extensive as the name of a Russian noble, when he was but five years old, as easily as the schoolmaster himself. “He can read in the hardest chapters of the Testament as fast ag’in as I can,” said his mother. “I never did see nothin’ beat it,” exclaimed his father; “he speaks up as loud as a minister.” But I have said enough about this prodigy. I have said thus much because that although he was thought so surpassingly bright, he was the most decided ninny in the school. The fact is, he did not know

what the sounds he uttered meant. It never entered his head nor the heads of his parents and most of his teachers, that words and sentences were written and should be read only to be understood. He lost some of his reputation however when he grew up toward twenty-one, and it was found that *numbers*, in more senses than one, were far above him in arithmetic.

One little anecdote about Memorus Wordwell before we let him go, and this long chapter shall be no longer.

It happened one day that the "cut and split" for the fire fell short, and Jonas Patch was out wielding the axe in school time. He had been at work about half an hour, when Memorus, who was perceived to have less to do than the rest, was sent out to take his place. He was about ten years old, and four years younger than Jonas. "Memorus, you may go out and spell Jonas." Our hero did not think of the Yankee sense in which the master used the word spell; indeed he had never attached but one meaning to it whenever it was used with reference to himself. He supposed the master was granting him a ride extraordinary on his favorite hobby. So he put his spelling-book under his arm and was out at the wood-pile with the speed of a boy rushing to play.

"Ye got yer spellin' lesson, Jonas?" was his first salutation. "Have n't looked at it yet," was the reply. "I mean to cut up this plaguy great log, spellin' or no spellin', before I go in. I had as lieve keep warm here choppin' wood, as freeze up there in that tarnal cold back seat." "Well, the master sent me out to hear you spell." "Did he? well put out the words and I'll spell." Memorus being so distinguished a speller, Jonas did not doubt but that he was really sent out on this errand. So our deputy spelling-master mounted the top of the wood-pile, just in front of Jonas, to put out words to his temporary pupil who still kept on putting out chips.

"Do you know where the lesson begins, Jonas?" "No, I don't, but I spose I shall find out now." "Well, here 't is." (They both belonged to the same class.) "Spell

A-bom-i-na-tion." Jonas spells: "A-b-o-m bom a-bom (in the mean time up goes the axe high in air,) i a-bomi (down it goes again chuck into the wood) n-a na a-bom-i-na (up it goes again) t-i-o-n tion, a-bom-i-na-tion, chuck goes the axe again, and at the same time out flies a furious chip and hits Memorus on the nose. At this moment the master appeared just at the corner of the school-house, with one foot still on the threshold. "Jonas, why don't you come in? did n't I send Memorus out to spell you?" "Yes sir, and he has been spelling me. How could I come in if he spelt me here?" At this the master's eye caught Memorus perched upon the top stick, with his book open upon his lap, rubbing his nose, and just in the act of putting out the next word of the column. Ac-com-mo-da-tion, pronounced Memorus in a broken but louder voice than before, for he caught a glimpse of the master, and he wished to let him know that he was doing his duty. This was too much for the master's gravity. He perceived the mistake, and without saying more, wheeled back into the school-room, almost bursting with the most tumultuous laugh he ever tried to suppress. The scholars wondered at his looks and grinned in sympathy. But in a few minutes Jonas came in, followed by Memorus with his spelling-book, who exclaimed, "I have heard him spell clean through the whole lesson, and he did n't spell hardly none of 'em right." The master could hold in no longer, and the scholars perceived the blunder, and there was one simultaneous roar from pedagogue and pupils; the scholars laughing twice as loud and uproariously in consequence of being permitted to laugh in school-time, and to do it with the accompaniment of the master.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY NATHANIEL H. CARTER.

In hymns of praise, eternal God!
When thy creating hand
Stretched the blue arch of heaven abroad,
And meted sea and land,
The morning stars together sung,
And shouts of joy from angels rung.

Than Earth's prime hour, more joyous far
Was the eventful morn,
When the bright beam of Bethlehem's star
Announced a Saviour born!
Then sweeter strains from heaven began,
"Glory to God—good will to man."

Babe of the manger! can it be?
Art *thou* the Son of God?
Shall subject nations bow the knee,
And kings obey thy nod?
Shall thrones and monarchs prostrate fall
Before the tenant of a stall?

'T is He! the hymning seraphs cry,
While hovering, drawn to earth;
'T is he! the shepherds' songs reply,
Hail! hail Immanuel's birth!
The rod of peace those hands shall bear,
That brow a crown of glory wear.

'T is He! the Eastern sages sing,
And spread their golden hoard;
'T is He! the hills of Sion ring
Hosanna to the Lord!
The Prince of long prophetic years
To-day in Bethlehem appears!

He comes! the Conqueror's march begins;
No blood his banner stains;
He comes to save the world from sins,
And break the captive's chains!
The poor, the sick and blind shall bless
The Prince of Peace and Righteousness.

Though now in swaddling-clothes he lies,
All hearts his power shall own,
When he, with legions of the skies,
The clouds of heaven his throne,
Shall come to judge the quick and dead,
And strike a trembling world with dread.

TRUE DIGNITY OF WOMAN.

BY SAMUEL WORCESTER, D. D.

[Born at Hollis, November 1, 1771. Died at Brainerd, Cherokee Nation, June 7, 1821.]

It has often and justly been remarked, that christianity has done more than every thing beside, to elevate woman to her proper rank and dignity. But how has this been effected? The gospel, it is obvious, places woman on an equal footing with man, in regard to God and the blessings of his kingdom. It breathes a spirit of pure and exalted benevolence, and inculcates reciprocal kindness and regard, and all the endearing and improving charities and offices of the domestic and social state. Nor is this all. The principles of christianity, cordially embraced and practiced, impart an elevation of sentiment and character, to which otherwise our fallen nature can never attain. This has been perceived and felt; and particularly in regard to the tender sex. Inspired by the gospel, women have risen to sublime intrinsic excellence. They have struck with confusion that spirit of pride, or of sensuality, which would regard them as merely subservient to the whims or the passions of men; and have showed themselves beings of the noblest endowments, impressed with the stamp of immortality, and formed for exalted purity, felicity and glory.

Look at the women present at the crucifixion, who followed the Son of God from Galilee, and ministered unto him. Are these mere forms of earth, made only for the purposes of soft amusement or voluptuous pleasure? No; they stand, acknowledged beings of an exalted rank, allied to angelic natures, and destined to ascend the scale of im-

mortal perfection. Others of the sex have been seen in the same dignified light ; and in proportion as women have been inspired with the love of God our Saviour, and influenced in their practice by the uncorrupted principles of the gospel, they have been raised from the debasement of sensual degradation to the dignity of intellectual and moral excellence. Even the most arduous virtues of the christian character, women have displayed in their highest perfection ; and in scenes of martyrdom for the name of Jesus, have shown a constancy and a courage which have never been transcended by the most renowned heroes on the field of battle.

It is thus that christianity has improved the condition of the sex. It has imparted to them intrinsic and exalted worth ; it has shown them in the unfading charms of moral beauty ; it has inspired them with a dignity and adorned them with virtues which can never fail to be regarded with esteem, with respect, with admiration.

Purity, tenderness, loveliness ; are these the distinguished attributes of female excellence ? They are also the distinguished attributes of christianity. What more pure, more tender, more lovely than true love to Christ ? And when it holds its empire in the female breast, what should be expected but the most delightful and admirable display of all that is most amiable and excellent ? It is indeed the genuine religion of the gospel only, which gives perfection to the character of woman. It is the love of the Saviour glowing in the heart, and imparting its influence to every action which gives substance and life to all, which constitutes female excellence, which adds the highest and purest lustre to female graces and charms, and which only can render woman truly "angelic."

It is no splendid fiction which I here exhibit. It is a substantial reality ; a reality which has been most extensively felt and acknowledged. Not in the scriptures only, but in history, in poetry, and even in novels, corrupt as in general they are, piety is recognized as essential to the fin-

ished female character. Men who have no religion themselves, do homage to it in the female form, and are shocked at the idea of a woman destitute of religious principle.

The desire to please has been considered as peculiarly influential in the female breast; and when duly regulated, its influence, no doubt, has been laudable and benign. But are they desirous to render themselves pleasing to their fellow mortals? Are they emulous of the esteem and the applauses of men? And can they be less concerned to render themselves pleasing to their divine Creator? Can they be less solicitous to secure the smiles and favor of Him who is infinitely good? But how shall they render themselves pleasing to God, how secure his smiles and his favor, if not by the love and service of Christ?

On the banks of the Jordan and on the Mount of glory, the voice of the Eternal Father was heard: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." By many women of Israel this voice was obeyed. They heard the Saviour; they loved and served him. In this they pleased God. For this they received assurances of his gracious approbation and favor, and their names are recorded with honor on the pages of his word, and enrolled with glory in the archives of his kingdom. The names of the affectionate Mary and her faithful companions will be had in glorious remembrance with God, when the proudest monuments of earthly renown shall have passed away with the ruins of the world.

Yes, it is when woman appears truly devoted to her Saviour, that the beneficent Father of all looks down upon her from his throne in the heavens, with infinite complacency and love. It is then that he recognizes with ineffable delight his last and loveliest workmanship, as truly a help-meet for man; and with smiles of everlasting approbation and favor, gives charge to his angels to protect her through life, and then conduct her to glory.

THE GRAVE OF PAYSON.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

I stood, in silence and alone,
Just at the Sabbath shut of day,
Where, quietly, the modest stone
Told me that PAYSON'S relics lay.
No gorgeous tale nor herald's arms
Astonished with their splendid lie,
Or hireling praise; — in Truth's meek charms
It said, "His record is on high."

I gazed around the burial spot,
That looks on Portland's spires below,
And on her thousands who are not,
Did sad yet useful thought bestow;
Here sleep they till the trumpet's tongue
Shall peal along a blazing sky;
Yet who of these — the old and young,
May read his record *then* on high!

And near, I saw the early grave
Of him who fought at Tripoli;
Who would not live, the Moslem's slave,
Who fell, a martyr with the free.
And wrapt in Freedom's starry flag,
The chief who dared to "do or die;"
And England's son, who could not lag,
Whose deeds his country wrote on high.

What glory lit their spirit's track,
When from the gory deck they flew!
Could wishes woo the heroes back?
Say, did not fame their path pursue?
Oh, gently sleep the youthful brave
Who fall where martial clarions cry,
The men, entombed in earth or wave,
Whose blood-writ record is on high!

I turned again to Payson's clay,
And recollected well how bright
The radiance, far outshining day,
That robed his soaring soul in light.

What music stole awhile from heaven,
To charm away his parting sigh !
What wings to waft him home were given,
Whose holy record was on high !

And give me — trembling, said I then,
Some place, my Saviour, where *such* dwell ;
And far above the pride of men,
And pomp of which the worldlings tell,
Will be my lot. Come, haughty kings !
And ye who pass in glitter by,
And feel that ye are abject things,
Whose record is not found on high.

DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

BY LEVI WOODBURY.

WHILE meditating upon our own astonishing progress, as developed in history, and discriminating with care the origin alike of our perils and securities as a people, does it not behoove us to weigh well the importance of our present position? Not our position merely with regard to foreign powers. From them we have, by an early start and rapid progress in the cause of equal rights, long ceased to fear much injury, or to hope for very essential aid, in our further efforts for the thorough improvement of the condition of society in all that is useful or commendable. Nor our position, however the true causes may be distorted or denied — our elevated position in prosperity and honorable estimation, both at home and abroad. But it is our position, so highly responsible, as the only country where the growth of self-government seems fully to have ripened and to have become a model or example to other nations; or, as the case may prove, their scoff and scorn.

To falter here and now, would therefore probably be to cause the experiment of such a government to fail for ever. It is not sufficient, in this position, to loathe servitude, or to love liberty with all the enthusiasm of Plutarch's heroes. But we must be warned by our history how to maintain liberty; how to grasp the substance rather than the shadow; to disregard rhetorical flourishes, unless accompanied by deeds; not to be cajoled by holyday finery, or pledges enough to carpet the polls, where integrity and burning zeal do not exist to redeem them; nor to permit ill-

vaunting ambition to volunteer and vaunt its professions of ability as well as willingness to serve the people against their own government, any more than demagogues, in a rougher mood, with a view to rob you, sacrilegiously, of those principles, or undermine with insidious pretensions, those equal institutions which your fathers bled to secure. Nor does true reform, however frequent in this position, and under those institutions, scarcely ever consist in violence, or what usually amounts to revolution, the sacred right of which, by force or rebellion, in extreme cases of oppression, being seldom necessary to be exercised here, because reform is one of the original elements of those institutions, and one of their great, peaceable, and prescribed objects. However the timid then may fear, or the wealthy denounce its progress, it is the principal safety-valve of our system, rather than an explosion to endanger or destroy it. We should also weigh well our delicate position as the sole country whither the discontented in all others resort freely, and while conforming to the laws, abide securely; and whither the tide of emigration, whether for good or evil, seems each year setting with increased force.

It behooves us to look our perils and difficulties, such as they are, in the face. Then, with the exercise of candor, calmness, and fortitude, being able to comprehend fully their character and extent, let us profit by the teachings of almost every page in our annals, that any defects under our existing system have resulted more from the manner of administering it than from its substance or form. We less need new laws, new institutions, or new powers, than we need, on all occasions, at all times and in all places, the requisite intelligence concerning the true spirit of our present ones; the high moral courage, under every hazard and against every offender, to execute with fidelity the authority already possessed; and the manly independence to abandon all supineness, irresolution, vacillation, and time-serving pusillanimity, and enforce our present mild system with that uniformity and steady vigor throughout, which alone

can supply the place of the greater severity of less free institutions. To arm and encourage us in renewed efforts to accomplish every thing on this subject which is desirable, our history constantly points her finger to a most efficient resource, and indeed to the only elixir, to secure a long life to any popular government, in increased attention to useful education and sound morals, with the wise description of equal measures and just practices they inculcate on every leaf of recorded time. Before their alliance the spirit of misrule will always in time stand rebuked, and those who worship at the shrine of unhallowed ambition must quail. Storms in the political atmosphere may occasionally happen by the encroachments of usurpers, the corruption or intrigues of demagogues, or in the expiring agonies of faction, or by the sudden fury of popular frenzy; but with the restraints and salutary influences of the allies before described, these storms will purify as healthfully as they often do in the physical world, and cause the tree of liberty, instead of falling, to strike its roots deeper. In this struggle, the enlightened and moral possess also a power, auxiliary and strong, in the spirit of the age, which is not only with them, but onward, in every thing to ameliorate or improve. When the struggle assumes the form of a contest with power in all its subtlety, or with undermining and corrupting wealth, as it sometimes may, rather than with turbulence, sedition, or open aggression, by the needy and desperate, it will be indispensable to employ still greater diligence; to cherish earnestness of purpose, resoluteness in conduct; to apply hard and constant blows to real abuses rather than milk-and-water remedies, and encourage not only bold, free, and original thinking, but determined action. In such a cause our fathers were men whose hearts were not accustomed to fail them through fear, however formidable the obstacles. Some of them were companions of Cromwell, and imbued deeply with his spirit and iron decision of character, in whatever they deemed right: "If Pope, and Spaniard, and devil, (said he,) all set themselves against us, though they

should compass us about as bees, as it is in the 18th Psalm, yet in the name of the Lord we will destroy them." We are not, it is trusted, such degenerate descendants as to prove recreant, and fail to defend, with gallantry and firmness as unflinching, all which we have either derived from them, or since added to the rich inheritance.

New means and energies can yearly be brought to bear on the farther enlightening of the public mind. Self-interest, respectability in society, official rank, wealth, superior enjoyment, are all held out as the rewards of increased intelligence and good conduct. The untaught in letters, as well as the poor in estate, cannot long close their eyes or their judgments to those great truths of daily occurrence in our history. They cannot but feel that the laws, when duly executed, insure these desirable ends in a manner even more striking to themselves and children, drudges and serfs as they may once have been, than to the learned, wealthy, or great. They see the humblest log-cabin rendered as secure a castle as the palace, and the laborer in the lowest walks of life as quickly entitled to the benefit of a *habeas corpus*, when imprisoned without warrant of law, as the highest in power, and assured of as full and ready redress for personal violence, and of indemnity as ample for injury to character or damage to property. Not a particle of his estate, though but a single ewe-lamb in the western wilderness, or the most sterile acre on the White Mountains, can be taken away with impunity, though by the most powerful, without the voluntary consent of the indigent owner, nor even be set apart for public purposes, without the same necessities and the same just compensation awarded as in case of the greatest.

It would hardly be necessary to advance any farther arguments deduced from our history in proof of the peculiar importance, or indeed vitality, of sound morals, as well as sound education, in such a government as ours, at all times, and more especially in periods of increased peril. They, indeed, always constitute a power higher than the law itself,

and possess a healthy vigor much beyond the law. Nor, under our admirable system, does the promotion of morality require any, as mere citizens, to aid it, through political favor to the cause of any particular creed of religion, however deep may be our individual convictions of its truth or importance beyond all the world can give or the world take away. Our public associations for purposes of government now wisely relate to secular concerns alone.

Surely, any of us can be the worthy descendants of the Puritans without being, after the increased lights of two hundred more years, puritanical in the indulgence of bigotry, or in placing any reliance on the dangerous and, it is hoped, exploded union of church and state for public security.

On the contrary, the progress of temperance, the improvement in household comforts, the wider diffusion of knowledge as well as of competency in property, and the association, so intimate and radical, between enlarged intelligence and the growth of moral worth and even religious principle, with the advantages all mutually confer and receive, constitute our safest dependence, and exhibit a characteristic, striking, and highly creditable to our whole country, as well as in some degree to the present age. If constantly reinforced by those exertions of the enlightened, the virtuous, and the talented, which they can well spare, and which duty, honor and safety demand, they seem to encourage strong hopes that the arm of the law will not hereafter be so often palsied by any moral indifference among the people at large, or in any quarter, as to its strength to guide as well as hold the helm.

At such a crisis, therefore, and in such a cause, yielding to neither consternation nor despair, may we not all profit by the vehement exhortations of Cicero to Atticus: "If you are asleep, awake; if you are standing, move; if you are moving, run; if you are running, fly!"

All these considerations warn us, the grave-stones of almost every former republic warn us, that a high standard of moral rectitude, as well as of intelligence, is quite as in-

dispensable to communities in their public doings as to individuals, if they would escape from either degeneracy or disgrace.

There need be no morbid delicacy in employing on this subject a tone at once plain and fearless. Much of our own history unites in admonishing all, that those public doings should be characterized, when towards the members of the same confederacy, not by exasperations or taunts, but by mutual concessions, in cases of conflicting claims, by amicable compromises where no tribunal is provided for equal arbitration, by exact justice to the smallest as well as to the largest state; and, through all irritations and rebuffs, the more bitter often because partaking of the freedom of their family origin, by an inflexible adherence to that spirit of conciliation, and to that cultivation of harmony, through mutual affection and mutual benefits rather than force, which, honorable if not always honored, formed and has hitherto sustained our happy Union.

SONG OF THE ANGELS IN 'FAUST.'

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY GEORGE W. HAVEN.

RAPHAEL.

THE Sun resounds with ancient wont,
Mid brother spheres in rival song,
And, with appointed journeyment,
Rolls in his thunder movement on.
His vision gives the angels might,
Though none to fathom him essay ;
While rest thy lofty works of light,
Lordly, as at their natal day.

GABRIEL.

And, swift incomprehensibly,
Earth speeds in splendor round,
Changing Elysian brilliancy
With shuddering night profound.
Foams on the cliff's deep-sunken basement,
In widening streams, the sea-wave hoarse :
Earth, sea, and cliff, in fearful mazement,
Speed — ceaseless, quick — their spheric course.

MICHAEL.

Fell, rival storms sweep forth amain,
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And form in wrath their potent chain,
That girds, and girds eternally.
Waste, waste and wild the lightning gleams
Before the bolted thunder's way,
Yet, Lord, thy servants praise the beams
That, softly changing, form thy day.

THE THREE TOGETHER.

Thy vision gives the angels might,
Though none thy glories fathom may,
While rest thy lofty works of light,
Lordly, as at their natal day.

THE RIVER MERRIMAC.

BY HON. WILLIAM MERCHANT RICHARDSON.

[Born at Pelham, January 4, 1774. Died at Chester, March, 1838.]

SWEET MERRIMAC ! thy gentle stream
Is fit for better poet's theme,
For rich thy waves and gentle too,
As Rome's proud Tyber ever knew ;
And thy fair current's placid swell
Would flow in classic song as well.
Yet on thy banks, so green, so sweet,
Where wood-nymphs dance and naiads meet,
E'en since creation's earliest dawn,
No son of song was ever born ;
No muses' fairy feet e'er trod
Thy modest margin's verdant sod ;
And mid Time's silent, feathery flight,
Like some coy maiden, pure as light,
Sequestered in some blest retreat,
Far from the city and the great,
Thy virgin waves the vales among
Have flowed neglected and unsung.
Yet as the sailor, raptured, hails
His native shores, his native vales,
Returning home from many a day
Of tedious absence, far away
From her whose charms alone control
The warm affections of his soul ;
Thus, from life's stormy, troubled sea,
My heart returns to visit thee.

Sweet Nymph, whose fairy footsteps press,
And viewless fingers gaily dress,
By moonlight or by Hesper's beam,
The verdant-banks of this sweet stream ;
Who oft by twilight's doubtful ray,
With wood-nymphs and with naiad gay,
Lead'st up the dance in merry mood,
To the soft murmurs of the flood ;
All hail once more ! 't is many a year
Since last I came to meet thee here,
And much it glads my heart once more
To meet thee on this pleasant shore ;
For here in youth, when hope was high,

My breast a stranger to a sigh,
 And my blood danced through every vein,
 Amid the jolly, sportive train
 Of youths and maids, who gathering round,
 Danced to the flute's entrancing sound,
 I felt thy powerful influence
 The bliss our bosoms felt, dispense ;
 Delight on all our bosoms pour,
 And make our hearts with joy brim o'er.

Thy fingers on each virgin's cheek
 Impressed the witching "dimple sleek ;"
 Bade magic smiles and blushes meet,
 In mixture ravishingly sweet,
 And many a face a charm possess,
 Which then I felt — but can't express.
 Blest days, alas ! forever past,
 Sunk in the ocean deep and vast
 Of years, whose dread profundity
 Is pierced by none but Fancy's eye,
 Your joys like gems of pearly light,
 There hallowed shine in Fancy's sight.
 What though beside this gentle flood,
 Bedewed with tears and wet with blood,
 Profusely shed by iron Mars,
 In wild Ambition's cruel wars,
 No evergreen of glory waves
 Among the fallen warriors' graves ?
 What though the battle's bloody rage,
 Where mad contending chiefs engage,
 The nymphs that rule these banks so green
 And naiads soft, have never seen ?
 What though ne'er tinged this crystal wave
 The rich blood of the fallen brave ?
 No deathless deed by hero done,
 No battle lost, no victory won ;
 Here ever waked with praise or blame,
 The loud uplifted trump of fame ?
 Here bounteous Spring profusely showers
 A wilderness of sweets and flowers.
 The stately oak of royal line,
 The spreading elm and towering pine,
 Here cast a purer, happier shade,
 Than blood-stained laurels ever made.
 No wailing ghosts of warriors slain,
 Along these peaceful shores complain ;
 No maniac virgin crazed with care,
 The mournful victim of despair ;
 While pangs unutterable swell
 Her heart, to view the spot where fell
 The youth who all her soul possessed,
 She tears her hair or beats her breast.
 Ne'er victor lords, nor conquered slaves,
 Disgraced these banks, disgraced these waves ;
 But freedom, peace, and plenty here,
 Perpetual bless the passing year.

DANGERS INCIDENT TO A REPUBLIC.

BY REV. WM. S. BALCH.

AGAINST the operation of the great practical doctrine that all men are created free and equal, two powers have been perpetually warring; the domination of physical force and the corruption of wealth. Wordly ambition has seized upon each of these in turn and wielded them against the liberties of the people. Sometimes both have been combined to keep the great mass of men in ignorance and bondage; for when all are equal, these distinctions are destroyed. Hence their struggles have been determined, hot and death-like. The conflict has been so long and severe, the triumphs of the right so temporary, and the chances so uncertain, that doubters have often given over, by scores and by thousands, to a settled despair for the success of the true, the equal, and the free, over the false, the partial, and the bound.

The first encroachment upon the rights and liberties of man was the work of deception and falsehood, and the first triumph over him was gained by physical power. From that day darkness prevailed and animal strength bore rule. Among all savages he that was mightiest in war, or swiftest in the chase, was installed chief of his tribe: and he that has been shrewdest in management has been the most successful competitor for renown amongst those a few grades elevated above the savage state. As tribes increased in numbers and the social ties were strengthened, these habits were changed from a nomad or wandering to an agricultural or fixed life, and emirs became kings of nations. Physical force, skill and bravery were then employed to conquer and make trib-

utary the surrounding clans or nations, to reduce the people to actual slavery or vassalage, and consolidate authority in the person of the monarch. Hence sprang into being great kingdoms and empires based on brute power, and propped by general ignorance, which spread wide their borders over the dwellers on the earth, the sole management of which was intrusted to kings and their counsellors. Successful in so much, rulers grew giddy in their elevation and idly dreamed of universal dominion, in attempts at which their vision was so dazzled that they could not discern the means of their own safety, and they stumbled and fell. Man, physically, has no limitless powers. Bounds are set which he cannot pass. When he attempts to transcend them he falls, and the huge fabrics of his creation crumble to pieces, and resolve into new and generally improved combinations. So rose and so fell the mightiest empires of the East. So rose into greatness and sank into ruin and faded into night, the kingdoms and glory of the kingdoms of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies; of Cyrus, Cambyses, and Xerxes; of Philip and Alexander; of the Cæsars and the Bonapartes. And so shall fall every other kingdom, nation, and state not based on the principles of eternal right and equity. Let them fall!

But the wreck and ruin which follow the overthrow of nations based on false principles, and adopting unequal and unjust practices, is no loss, but a gain; for the world, on the whole, is not made worse but better. When tyrants fall the people rise. And when thrown upon their own resources, they begin to learn that they are men, and have rights as well as kings and rulers; and they begin to task their ingenuity to find out means to defend and render them permanent. A temporary and sometimes tremendous concussion will follow the breaking up of old established orders, the tearing in sunder of party lines which have bounded the ambition of despots; and the greatest consternation will justly fill the bosom of those snugly at ease; safely, as they think, ensconced in power and privilege. The darkest scenes of

anarchy, rapine, and plunder, may mark the incursions of barbarian hordes, who issue from their mountain fastnesses and overrun and lay waste the fairest cities and stateliest monuments which kingly pride and oppression may have reared; but these are only the bursting of the deadly portions of the elements which are collected in a brief tornado, visiting ruin upon a single spot, while the whole atmosphere is rendered more pure and healthful, and true blessings are more generally and permanently diffused thereby. It was an angel of mercy that troubled the waters and gave them their healing properties. Look at it when and where you will, in the history of the past or in the nature and fitness of things, and you will find that the loosings of the power of tyranny, and the extension to the people of their just rights, have directly tended to their exaltation and improvement in knowledge, virtue, and happiness. Temporary confusion will necessarily follow revolution; but from the mass the heterogeneous materials will become gradually fused and amalgamated into new and improved systems, which will more completely develop the latent resources of man's true greatness.

Ignorance is the most efficient weapon in the hands of monarchs, by which to hold their subjects in bondage. Knowledge, distributed among the people, is the only successful implement by which to repel the invasion of their rights, to assert their liberties and maintain them. It is the battle-axe of Omnipotence by which to slay sin, death, and hell, and gain universal freedom to the world. And he who wields it *now* in a good cause is sure of a glorious issue.

But another power, more secret and more humble in pretensions, but equally sure in its operations, insinuated itself into the systems of government and sapped the foundation of popular liberty and equal rights. I mean the corruption of wealth. What authority based on blood and brute force could not accomplish, being obliged to act openly, became the easy work of wealth, operating under fair pretences, or on private promises for the benevolent administration of

government, or the advancement of personal interest. No sooner was this power permitted to corrupt the minds than the distinction of patrician and plebian was created, and favors and chains were apportioned to each. At first the favors were dealt out with a chary hand; and the fetters were forged carefully, so as to set easy upon the limbs, and cause no sudden or loud complaint. But the force of habit is strong, almost supreme, especially if its growth is gradual. Soon as the mind became inured to the distinctions, the breach widened, and the restraints grew less, till the great body of the people found themselves corrupted and enslaved by those revelling in luxury, but more corrupt and depraved than themselves. Tyrant power saw the occasion, seized the opportunity, built its throne on the lives and liberties of the slain; for the living had none; and again performed its deeds of darkness and guilt for a season.

The free spirit was then shorn of its strength; the wings of its heavenward flight were clipped; and, through the long night of moral and intellectual darkness, wandered forlorn, an outcast from the courts of kings, the castles of feudal lords, and the bosoms of the poor; till at length it found a home in the lodges of Germany and Scandinavia, among the glaziers of the Alps, along the banks of the Rhine, among the Vaudois of France, and in many large souls in the British Isles. Being of spontaneous growth, it only needed a natural soil and an opportunity to carry it to a rapid maturity. Taking religion to its aid, it appealed to higher than human courts for the *right*; to the God of all right, and justice, and truth; and attired itself for a new and determined conquest; resolved on victory or extinction. The tocsin of war sounded from the Vatican, then mistress of tyrants, and spread the alarm through all the borders of oppressors. But to the utter astonishment of all, the sparks of freedom seemed wide scattered over all Europe, and, when fanned by oppression, burst into flames and radiated more terrifically because of surrounding darkness. Then ecclesiastics and civilians, rich men and poor, old men and

young, in whose bosoms burned the sacred love of liberty, uprose in the greatness of their strength, arrayed themselves for the contest, and marched boldly forth to mingle in the holy strife for equal rights. Wealth, royalty, and absolution were spurned, and principles of eternal truth and freedom of the soul, guarded by free investigation, were selected as the firm ground and towering bulwarks where to plant themselves for defence. They kindled their watch-fires on every tall height, a beacon-light to the oppressed, a terror to the oppressors. The assault was made; the conflict most severe. But He who rules in right gave the battle to the weak, defeat to the strong. In their weakness, the weak grew strong; in their strength the strong were made weak. Truth, long crushed, rose in triumph over error. Oppression, long successful, gave place to the right; and the justice of God's ways were distinctly revealed to man.

THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY REV. WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY.

AND this is death ! how cold and still,
And yet how lovely it appears !
Too cold to let the gazer smile,
But far too beautiful for tears.

The sparkling eye no more is bright,
The cheek hath lost its rose-like red ;
And yet it is with strange delight
I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow,
Half shaded by the silken hair,
That never looked so fair as now,
When life and health were laughing there,
I wonder not that grief should swell
So wildly upward in the breast,
And that strong passion once rebel
That need not, cannot be suppressed.

I wonder not that parents' eyes
In gazing thus grow cold and dim,
That burning tears and aching sighs
Are blended with the funeral hymn ;
The spirit hath an earthly part,
That weeps when earthly pleasure flies,
And heaven would scorn the frozen heart
That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet why mourn ? that deep repose
Shall never more be broke by pain ;
Those lips no more in sighs unclose,
Those eyes shall never weep again.
For think not that the blushing flower
Shall wither in the church-yard sod :
'T was made to gild an angel's bower
Within the paradise of God.

Once more I gaze — and swift and far
The clouds of death in sorrow fly :
I see thee like a new-born star
Move up thy pathway in the sky ;

The star hath rays serene and bright,
But cold and pale compared with thine ;
For thy orb shines with heavenly light,
With beams unfailing and divine.

Then let the burdened heart be free,
The tears of sorrow all be shed,
And parents calmly bend to see
The mournful beauty of the dead ;
Thrice happy — that their infant bears
To heaven no darkening stains of sin,
And only breathed life's morning airs
Before its evening storms begin.

Farewell ! I shall not soon forget !
Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,
My memory warmly treasures yet
Thy features calm and mildly sweet ;
But no, that look is not the last ;
We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,
Where love no more deploras the past,
Nor breathes that withering word — Farewell !

RECOLLECTIONS OF PETERBOROUGH.

FROM A SPEECH AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

BY JAMES WILSON, JR.

SIR, when I learned some few weeks ago that it was proposed to celebrate this Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of my native town, I resolved to be present; and in the expectation that I might be called on for a word, I began to search the by-places and corners of my mind, to ascertain whether any thing connected with Peterborough history had been stowed away there, that might be brought out to contribute to the interest of the occasion.

We have heard of the patriotism of our ancestors, of their unanimity in sustaining and devotion to the American cause, in her early efforts for free government. They sought for a government of equal and impartial laws. Permit me to relate to you an anecdote illustrating their profound respect for sound laws.

My grandfather, as you know Mr. President, kept a tavern in a small house, the shape of which sets all description at defiance; but its rickety remains are still to be seen upon the farm of your townsman, Captain William Wilson. A number of persons being assembled at his public house, an occurrence happened, not unusual in the town at that time, namely, a fight. There was a blow, and blood drawn. The defeated party threatened an immediate prosecution, but the spectators interposed their friendly advice, and a reference of the matter was agreed to by the parties. Five good men and true were designated as referees, who undertook to arbitrate upon the momentous matter. A solemn hearing was

gone into. Every person present was inquired of as to the fact. After a deliberate hearing of the parties, their several proofs and allegations, the referees awarded that the aggressor should pay the cost of reference, by a full treat for all the company, and give as damages to the injured man, for the blood lost, an equal quantity of cherry-rum, which they appraised at a half-pint. Ill-blood is sometimes created between the parties to a law-suit, that continues to circulate in the veins of succeeding generations. No such result followed the Peterborough law-suit above reported. The wisdom of the referees was universally commended, as manifested in their liberal award of damages, and their sagacity highly extolled for the discovery of an adequate and proper remedy for healing the wound inflicted upon "the peace and dignity of the State." The referees, the parties and their witnesses all separated perfect friends.

We have heard that one of the prominent traits of the early inhabitants was a fondness for fun. It was on all occasions sought after, and it mattered little at whose expense it was procured. The name of one has already been mentioned, famous for his singular cast of mind and his witty sarcasms — "Old Mosey Morison." I at this moment have in mind an anecdote which, by leave, I will relate; and if I omit the name of the individual upon whom the wit was perpetrated, I suppose the *chief marshal* of the day will take no exception to the relation of the story. Mosey Morison was here universally called, in common parlance, "Uncle Mosey." A young gentleman of no small pretensions to learning and high standing in this town, some forty years ago, went to the town of Nelson, then called Packersfield, to instruct a winter school. In the course of the winter "Uncle Mosey" happened to call at the store of a Mr. Melville, where a large number of the people of Packersfield were assembled, and there met the young Peterborough school-master. The school-master accosted him in the familiar salutation of "How do you do, Uncle Mosey?" The old gentleman, looking away, and manifesting no sign of

recognition, replied in a cold, disdainful tone: "*Uncle Mosey! Uncle! to be sure! I'm na uncle of yours; I claim na relationship with you, young man.*" On his return to Peterborough, Mr. Morison related the incident to his blood relations, the Smiths, who asked him why he denied the relationship of the school-master. "*Why,*" replied the old man, "*I did na wish the people of Packersfield to understand that a' the relations of the Morisons were consummate fools.*"

I fear, Mr. President, that I am taking too much time in the relation of Peterborough stories. I will detain you with only one more. At one of the stores in town, upon a cold winter's night, quite a number of the people being present, the *toddy* circulated freely, and the company became somewhat boisterous, and as usual, some of them talked a good deal of nonsense. An old Mr. Morison,* who plumed himself (and not without much reason) upon his talking talent, had made several unsuccessful attempts to get the floor, (in parliamentary phrase,) and the ear of the house. The *toddy* had done its work too effectually for him, and he gave it up as desperate, and taking a seat in a retired part of the room, he exclaimed in utter despair, "*A' weel, a' weel, here ye are, gab, gab, gab, gab,—and common-sense maun set ahind the door.*"

I have watched with intense interest, the wonderful improvements that have been carried forward in my native town within the last thirty years. When I was a boy, a weekly mail, carried upon horse-back by a very honest old man by the name of Gibbs, afforded all the mail facilities which the business of the town required. Now, Sir, we see a stage-coach pass and repass through this beautiful village every day, loaded with passengers, and transporting a heavy mail. Your highways and bridges have been astonishingly improved, showing a praiseworthy liberality on the part of the town to that important subject. Your progress

* Jonathan, the first mechanic in town, and the first male child born in Londonderry.

in agriculture, manufactures, and the mechanic arts, exhibits striking evidence of the advance of improvement. Look abroad now upon the finely-cultivated fields, the substantial fences, the comfortable, yea, elegant dwellings, the superb manufacturing buildings, the splendid churches and seminaries of learning; and in view of all these let the mind for a moment contrast it with the prospect which presented itself to the eye of the first settler, as he attained the summit of the East Mountain, one hundred years ago. Then not a human habitation for the eye to repose on over the whole extent of this basin-like township,—one unbroken forest throughout the eye's most extensive range. No sound of music or hum of cheerful industry saluted his ear. It was only the howl of the savage beast or the yell of the still more savage man, that broke the appalling stillness of the forest. What a wonderful change hath a hundred years wrought here, and what unshrinking energy of character was requisite to induce the commencement of the undertaking!

Some of the old objects of interest to me in my younger days are gone. Their places indeed have been supplied by more expensive and elegant structures: still I must say, I regret the loss. And let me ask, Mr. President, are you quite sure that the loss may not manifest itself in some future time? I allude, Sir, to the loss of the old church on the hill *there*, and the old beech-tree that stood hard by. I look, even at this period of life, upon that spot with a kind of superstitious reverence. Many are the noble resolutions that young minds have formed under the shade of the old beech-tree. Intellectual indolence is the prevailing fault of our times. Under the old beech, in my young days, the great and the talented men of this town used to assemble, and there discuss with distinguished power and ability the most important topics. Religion, politics, literature, agriculture, and various other important subjects, were there discussed. Well, distinctly well do I remember those debates carried on by the Smiths, the Morisons, the Steeles, the Holmeses, the Robbes, the Scotts, the Todds, the Millers,

and perhaps I may be excused here for adding the Wilsons and others. No absurd proposition or ridiculous idea escaped exposure for a single moment. A debater there had to draw himself up close, be nice in his logic and correct in his language, to command respectful attention. A blatter discussion was never listened to any where. Strong thought and brilliant conceptions broke forth in clear and select language. They were reading men, thinking men, forcible talking men, and sensible men. Bright intellectual sparks were constantly emanating from those great native minds, and falling upon younger minds, kindled up their slumbering energies to subsequent noble exertion. The immediate effect of those discussions could be easily traced in the beaming eye and the agitated muscles of the excited listeners. It was obvious to an acute observer that there was a powerful effort going on in many a young mind among the hearers, to seize, retain and examine some of the grand ideas that had been started by the talkers. This rousing of the young mind to manly exertion, and aiding it in arriving at a consciousness of its own mighty powers, was of great advantage where the seeds of true genius had been planted by the hand of nature. If any of the Peterborough boys, within the last thirty years, have attained to any thing like intellectual greatness, my life on it, they date the commencement of their progress from the scenes under the old beech-tree. A thousand times have I thought, Mr. President, if I had the world's wealth at my command, I would cheerfully have bartered it all for the ability to talk as well as those men talked. Antiquity may boast of her schools of philosophy; the present may point to its debating clubs and lyceums, and talk loud as it will of modern improvement: give me the sound good sense that rolled unrestrained from eloquent lips under the old beech, and it is of more worth than them all. I shall always respect the spot where it grew, and even now it grieves me to see the greensward that sheltered its roots torn too roughly by the ploughshare.

SONNETS.

BY THOMAS C. UPHAM.

THE MILLENNIAL DAY.

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters that cover the sea."—Isa. xi. 9.

UPON God's holy mountain all is peace.
Of clanging arms, and cries, and wail, no sound
Goes up to mingle with the gentle breeze,
That bears its perfumed whispers all around.
Beneath its trees, that spread their blooming light,
The spotted leopard walks; the ox is there;
The yellow lion stands in conscious might,
Breathing the dewy and illumined air.
A little child doth take him by the mane,
And leads him forth, and plays beneath his breast.
Naught breaks the quiet of that blessed domain,
Naught mars its harmony and heavenly rest:
Picture divine, and emblem of that day,
When peace on earth and truth shall hold unbroken sway.

GOD WORSHIPPED IN HIS WORKS.

"The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."—Ps. xix. 1, 2, 3.

MEN use a different speech in different climes,
But Nature hath one voice, and only one;
Her wandering moon, her stars, her golden sun,
Her woods and waters, in all lands and times,
In one deep song proclaim the wondrous story.
They tell it to each other in the sky,
Upon the winds they send it sounding high,
Jehovah's wisdom, goodness, power, and glory;
I hear it come from mountain, cliff, and tree,
Ten thousand voices in one voice united;
On every side the song encircles me,
The whole round world reveres and is delighted.
Ah! why, when heaven and earth lift up their voice,
Ah! why should man alone nor worship nor rejoice!

THE STUDIES OF AN ORATOR.

BY SAMUEL GILMAN BROWN.

HISTORY has been called the "letter of instructions which the old generations write and posthumously transmit to the new; the message which all mankind deliver to every man; the only *articulate* communication which the past can have with the present." It teaches us the wisdom and folly of our race; of ourselves; for we are only wiser or less foolish than our fathers, because we are their sons and not their progenitors. In all matters of policy, we know the effect of measures only by experiment. It is given to an age, to a nation, to develop fully the operation of certain principles, in order that the next age and other nations may be wiser. It was necessary that our fathers should have been driven from the house of bondage, in order that their sons might rejoice in the inheritance of freedom. It was needful that the privy council of Scotland should have enacted, "that, whereas the *boots* were the ordinary way to explicate matters relative to the government, and that there is now a new invention and engine, called the *thumbikins*, which will be very effectual for the purpose and intent aforesaid; the lords of his majesty's privy council do therefore ordain, that whenever any person shall be, by their order, put to the torture, the said boots and thumbikins, *both* shall be applied to them, as it shall be found fitting and convenient." This was needful in the seventeenth century, that the privy council in the nineteenth century should allow examination by the oaths of witnesses alone. It was needful, sad necessity, that a race of doubters should arise, that a whole nation should cut itself loose from religion, in order that men might feel that faith

is better than skepticism, that government cannot safely divorce itself from religion, and, it may be, in order that the same people might some time return to a firmer, wiser belief of the truth.

History is the chart of the deliberative orator. It reveals to him the quicksands and rocks where the hopes of empires have been wrecked. It reveals the sources of prosperity, the sources of misfortune. To him who can read it, it offers the suggestions of two hundred generations. It bids us beware of the follies of dead nations. To every individual it offers, somewhere among its records, encouragement to great and good deeds. Would the orator rouse the patriotic self-devotion of his countrymen? History tells him, that among the granite mountains of a small European confederacy, a man was found, who, in a perilous contest, dared to make a path for his comrades, by gathering "a sheaf of Austrian lances" into his own bosom; that, in virtue of this generous self-sacrifice, the name of Arnold of Winkelried has become famous the world over; and that for this, and other deeds like it, Switzerland is a larger country than Russia. Would he speak of the permanency and life of truth? He reads how the sun went down on Egypt and the East, and men slept, while it arose on awakening nations, in Italy and England; he reads the oft-told story, how the Philosopher recanted with tears, and the world moved still. Would he tell of the direful effects of oppression? He recollects how the pent-up elements lay simmering together for a thousand years, till they burst off the incumbent mass, and overwhelmed nations. Would he show that revolutions are not productive of evil alone? He recollects that sometimes the new order of things has at last proved better than the old; that the volcano is a safeguard against the more destructive earthquake; and that over the lava torrent there spreads out at length a warm and rich soil. Would he tell of liberty unrestrained by moral sentiment, unprotected by law? He reads of a great nation, recoiling from its own

frightful image, and rushing for protection, as far as possible, to the bosom of the power it had just madly hurled to air.

It is from an ignorance of what has been, that men commit so many mistakes, and that the same error, after a larger or smaller cycle, returns again, like the forgotten fashions of our fathers.

Man acts according to his belief. He believes in alchemy; and with haggard visage and wasted sinews toils in dark caverns, in the vain hope of transmuting the worthless into the precious metals. He believes in a fountain which gives perpetual youth; and straightway — such is the record of history — embarks for unexplored lands, searches with an energy which commands respect in spite of the folly, and pushes on his rugged pilgrimage with an enterprise worthy of the best cause. He believes in the insufficiency of his own judgment in matters of religion, in the divinely appointed supremacy of the priesthood, and for centuries commits his conscience and his faith to his spiritual advisers. He believes that the Bible is the only and sufficient rule of faith and practice, that he may and must examine it, and immediately he produces the Reformation.

Poetry cultivates the imagination. The province of the imagination is not to separate truth from error, but “to render all objects instinct with the inspired breath of human passion.” It does not demand if things be true independently, but if they be true in their relation to other things. It does not discover, but enliven. It melts together, into one burning mass, the discordant materials thrown into its crucible. Like the colored light of sunset, it bathes in its own hue whatever it touches. Discarding technical rules, as from its nature averse to them, it adapts means to varying circumstances, and seizing upon the *hearts* of the audience, in aid of belief or in spite of belief, binds them in willing captivity. It annihilates space and time, brings the distant near, draws together the past and the future into the present. It warms the heart of the orator. He then speaks because he feels, not in order that he may feel. The influence flows

from within, outward, — not from without, inward. It tears the orator from considerations of himself, bears him above himself, above rule, criticism, apology, audience, every thing but the subject. The orator stands like an enchanter in the midst of spirits that are too mighty for him. He alone could evoke them from the dark abyss; but even he is but half their master. He alone can demand the secrets of futurity; but then he can speak only the words that they give him. He inspires others only as he is inspired himself.

Logic is necessary for that severe form of speech which carries power in its front, and, by its very calmness and repression of earth-born passions, seems to belong to a higher sphere. It must form the bone and muscle of an extended discourse. Imagination clothes the skeleton with beauty, breathes health into the rigid muscles, lights up the eye, loosens the tongue, excites that rapid and vehement declamation which makes the speaker to be forgotten, the subject and the subject only to be thought of, betrays no presence of art, because in fact art is swallowed up in the whirlpool of excited feeling. Besides, there are truths with which logic has no concern; "truths which wake to perish never;" truths to be directly apprehended, as well as truths to be proved; feelings as well as facts. Love and passion and fear laugh at demonstration. "Logic," says one, "is good, but not the best. The irrefragable Doctor, with his chains of inductions, his corollaries, dilemmas, and other cunning logical diagrams and apparatus, will cast you a beautiful horoscope, and speak you reasonable things; nevertheless, the stolen jewel which you wanted him to find you, is not forthcoming. Often by some winged word — winged as the thunderbolt is — of a Luther, a Napoleon, a Goëthe, shall we see the difficulty split asunder, and its secret laid bare; while the Irrefragable, with all his logical roots, hews at it, and hovers round it, and finds it on all sides too hard for him."

Poetry not only offers us the language of emotion, but produces emotion, and emotion elicits thought. It has been

well remarked of the great English dramatist, that he has been true to nature, in placing the "greater number of his profoundest maxims and general truths, both political and moral, not in the mouths of men at ease, but of men under the influence of passion, when the mighty thoughts overmaster and become the tyrants of the mind which has brought them forth." Then the mind rushes, by intuition, upon the truth; scorns subtle and useless distinctions; disregards entirely the husk, seizes and appropriates the kernel. Emotion in the speaker produces emotion in the hearer. You must feel, you must sympathize with him. Your mind darts with the speaker's, right through the textures which cover up the subject, and grasps the heart of it. How deadening are the words of some passionless men! Like a dull mass of inert matter, their lifeless thought stretches across the path of your spirit. Different, indeed, are the words of another, to whom has been given some spark of ethereal fire. His words become to you a law of life. They start your sluggish spirit from its dull equilibrium, and its living wheels shall thenceforth move whithersoever the spirit that is in them moves. Rarely has been found that combination of qualities necessary to the greatest orator, — dignity, enthusiasm, wit, the power of sarcasm, the power of soothing, philosophy which does not despise imagination, imagination which does not spurn the restraints of philosophy.

Such should be the studies of the orator. The great orator must be a great man, — a severe student in broad and deep studies. He must thoroughly know his materials, his models, the history of his race, and most of all, the heart within him. Then shall he have power to struggle in the noblest contest, — that of mind with mind, for the noblest object, — the well-being of his race.

ROUSSEAU AND COWPER.

BY CARLOS WILCOX.

ROUSSEAU could weep : yes, with a heart of stone,
The impious sophist could recline beside
The pure and peaceful lake, and muse alone
On all its loveliness at eventide :
On its small running waves in purple dyed
Beneath bright clouds or all the glowing sky,
On the white sails that o'er its bosom glide,
And on surrounding mountains wild and high,
Till tears unbidden gushed from his enchanted eye.

But his were not the tears of feeling fine,
Of grief or love ; at fancy's flash they flowed,
Like burning drops from some proud lonely pine
By lightning fired ; his heart with passion glowed
Till it consumed his life, and yet he showed
A chilling coldness both to friend and foe,
As Etna, with its centre an abode
Of wasting fire, chills with the icy snow
Of all its desert brow the living world below.

Was he but justly wretched from his crimes ?
Then why was Cowper's anguish oft as keen,
With all the heaven-born virtue that sublimes
Genius and feeling, and to things unseen
Lifts the pure heart through clouds that roll between
The earth and skies, to darken human hope ?
Or wherefore did those clouds thus intervene
To render vain Faith's lifted telescope,
And leave him in thick gloom his weary way to grope ?

He too could give himself to musing deep :
By the calm lake at evening he could stand,
Lonely and sad, to see the moonlight sleep
On all its breast by not an insect fanned,
And hear low voices on the far-off strand,
Or through the still and dewy atmosphere
The pipe's soft tones, waked by some gentle hand,
From fronting shore and woody island near
In echoes quick returned, more mellow and more clear.

And he could cherish wild and mournful dreams,
In the pine grove, when low the full moon fair
Shot under lofty tops her level beams,
Stretching the shades of trunks erect and bare,
In stripes drawn parallel with order rare,
As of some temple vast or colonnade,
While on green turf made smooth without his care
He wandered o'er its stripes of light and shade,
And heard the dying day-breeze all the boughs pervade.

'T was thus in nature's bloom and solitude
He nursed his grief till nothing could assuage;
'T was thus his tender spirit was subdued,
Till in life's toils it could no more engage;
And his had been a useless pilgrimage,
Had he been gifted with no sacred power,
To send his thoughts to every future age;
But he is gone where grief will not devour,
Where beauty will not fade, and skies will never lower.

THE CENTENNIAL OF PETERBOROUGH.

FROM AN ADDRESS AT THE FIRST CELEBRATION.

BY JOHN H. MORISON.

A HUNDRED years ago this whole valley, from mountain to mountain, from the extreme north to the extreme southern limit, was one unbroken forest. The light soil upon the banks of the Contocook was covered with huge and lofty pines, while the rocky hills and rich loamy lands were shaded with maple, beech and birch, interspersed with ash, elm, hemlock, fir, oak, cherry, bass, and other kinds of wood. Bogs and swamps were far more extensive then than now; and the woods in many parts, on account of the fallen timber and thick underbrush, were almost impassable. The deer and the moose roamed at large; the wolf and bear prowled about the hills; the turkey and partridge whirred with heavy flight from tree to tree, while the duck swam undisturbed upon the lonely, silent waters. The beaver and the freshet made the only dam that impeded the streams in their whole course from the highlands to the Merrimac; the trout, pickerel and salmon moved through them unmolested, while the old Monadnoc, looking down in every direction upon almost interminable forests, saw in the hazy distance the first feeble encroachments upon the dominion which he had retained over his wild subjects for more than a thousand years.

That an attempt was made to settle this town as early as 1739 there can be no doubt. The authority of the petition for incorporation as a town, of which, through the Secretary of State, we have been favored with a copy, is on this point

decisive. The town was surveyed and laid out by Joseph Hale, Jr. in 1737. Of the party that came in 1739 no memorial remains. Probably they were driven away before any considerable clearing had been made. In 1742 five men,* each with an axe and a small supply of provisions upon his shoulders, came from Lunenburg, Massachusetts, and cleared a few small patches of land near the old meeting house. They abandoned the settlement at, or more probably considerably before the alarm of war in 1744. Soon after this party, three men cut down the brush and girdled the large trees on the hill near the Ritchie-place at the south part of the town, but left before they had put in their seed. They probably returned the next year with Thomas Morison and John Swan. It could not have been later than 1744, and must have been at a period when there were no other settlers here. For it is a story often told by the children of Thomas Morison, and which cannot well be doubted, that soon after they came, several Indians called upon them just after breakfast, appeared friendly, and after tarrying a short time, went away. When the cook, however, came from chopping to prepare a dinner for the party, he found not only the pot which he had left upon the fire robbed of its contents, but all their provisions carried off; and they were obliged to go to Townsend, twenty-five miles, for a dinner; which they would not have done had there been other inhabitants here at the time.

In 1744 the town was entirely abandoned, and the settlement was not resumed till the peace of 1749. Indeed, I have found little evidence that families † had established themselves here previous to that period, and this presump-

* The traditions are by no means distinct, and it is possible that this party came as early as 1739. They may not have staid more than a single season. Their names, according to Mr. Dunbar, (see N. H. Historical Collections, Vol. I, p. 129,) were William Robbe, Alexander Scott, Hugh Gregg, William Gregg and Samuel Stinson. John Todd, senior, a high authority in the antiquities of our town, says they were William Scott, William Robbe, William Wallace, William Mitchell and Samuel Stinson. The second party were William M'Nee, John Taggart, William Ritchie.

† Catharine Gregg, mother of Gov. Miller, is said to have been baptized here in 1743.

tion is confirmed by the fact that the first male child, John Ritchie, was not born till February 22, 1751. All that was done therefore previous to the war of '44 was only to prepare the way for the future settlement, which was commenced in earnest in 1749. From that time the colony was rapidly increased by new accessions from abroad, till in '59 there were forty-five or fifty families, from Lunenburg, Londonderry, and some immediately from Ireland. They all, however, belonged to the same stock. They came to this country from the north of Ireland, and were usually called Scotch-Irish.

I have now before me a list of four hundred and eighty emigrants, who, scattered through sixteen different States, and if not greatly distinguished, yet holding a respectable place, retain these same strong features. Here, though at times we have felt as if strangers who came among us could only spy out the nakedness of the land after the fruitful gatherings of the harvest, there is still, enriched as the town has been by new accessions, enough to perpetuate the character which we have received from our fathers. Their faults were usually virtues carried too far. The strong mind sometimes became dogmatical, impatient, overbearing; their courage became rashness, their generosity extravagance, their wit levity, their piety was sometimes proud, formal, severe; and all these incongruous excesses were not seldom mingled in the same mind. Such were our fathers,—the substantial elements of their characters well deserving attention, especially in these days of timid virtue; their faults, partly belonging to the times, but more the effect of strong feelings without the advantages of early discipline. At the same time they had in them the rudiments of a real refinement, warm, kind and gentle feelings,—and specimens of politeness were found among them, worthy of the patriarchal age.

A century has gone by since the solitude of our forests was first broken by the sound of their axe; and within that century what events have successively risen upon the world!

The old French war, — our own Revolution, one of the few great events in the history of man ; Washington and his associates, — they have come and gone, and the noise of their actions is like the distant murmurings of the sea, heard inland, when the storm is over, and the waves are sinking to their repose. Then there was the French Revolution, filling the world at once with hope and terror, — the rise and fall of that wonderful man, who beginning and ending his life in a narrow island, dethroned monarchs, shook empires, ploughed through kingdoms in his bloody course. During all this while our mountain retreat remained, answering only with a faint echo to the tumults that were agitating all the great interests of the world. The common incidents of time passed over it. Our fathers sowed, and with the patience of hope waited the result of their labors ; they laughed and mourned, performed or neglected the great work that was before them, and went off one by one to their reward. All of the first, and almost all of the second generation are now gone. The few that linger with us will soon be gathered to their fathers, and no link will be left connecting us with the first settlers of our town. They are going, they are gone ; a strongly marked race — bold as the craggy summits of our mountains, generous as our richest fields ; impetuous as the torrents that come tumbling down our hills, kind and gentle as the same streams winding through the valleys, and watering the green meadows.

They, and all that they loved, hoped or feared, their intelligence and strength, their warm sympathies and strong hearts, their loud jests and solemn prayers, are gone from their old homes. Their bones repose on yonder bleak hillside, near the spot where they were wont to assemble, as a single family, to worship the God of their fathers. Blessings rest upon the spot ! The old meeting-house, as if it could not longer in its loneliness look down day and night upon the graves of those who had once filled its walls with prayer and song, has gone like them, and the ploughshare has removed every mark of the place where it stood. The grave-

yard alone remains. It is overgrown with wild bushes, briars and thistles. There let them in summer spread their shade over the ashes of the dead, and in winter let the winds whistle and howl through them, a fitting emblem of the desolation which must sooner or later strip off every earthly hope. May the blessings of heaven rest still on that spot. Fresher tears may be shed, and more sumptuous ornaments prepared for the new ground, but many are the hearts of children and brothers and parents which still cling to the old grave-yard, bleak and wild and lonely as it is. And some there are, who, when the paleness of death is creeping under their thin gray locks, shall leave the parting charge of the patriarch: "Bury me with my fathers on the old hill-side. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife; there I buried Leah, and there let my bones be laid."

A hundred years have gone by. What unlooked-for events in the great wheel of human life shall rise before another century has closed, it were vain for us to inquire. But when a remote generation shall come next to celebrate this day, not one of us, not one of our children, except as a gray and wrinkled relic from the past, shall be found among the living. The Monadnoc then, as now, will catch the first glimmerings of morning, and the last rays of evening will linger upon his bald and rugged brow; the Contocook will journey onward to the sea; but of all that our hands have wrought and our hearts have loved, not a vestige will remain as we now behold it. What future good or ill, what storms of civil violence or public war may pass over the land we know not. But so may we live, that the inheritance which we have received of freedom, truth, intelligence, virtue and faith, may be handed down unspotted to those who shall succeed; and the blessing of Almighty God will go with it, and go also with us.

THE COURSE OF CULTURE.

BY THOMAS G. FESSENDEN.

SURVEY the world, through every zone,
From Lima to Japan,
In lineaments of light 't is shown
That culture makes the man.
By manual culture one attains
What industry may claim,
Another's mental toil and pains
Attenuate his frame.

Some plough and plant the teeming soil,
Some cultivate the arts;
And some devote a life of toil
To tilling heads and hearts.
Some train the adolescent mind,
While buds of promise blow,
And see each nascent twig inclined
The way the tree should grow.

The first man, and the first of men
Were tillers of the soil,
And that was mercy's mandate then,
Which destined man to toil.
Indulgence preludes fell attacks
Of merciless disease,
And sloth extends on fiery racks
Her listless devotees.

Hail, Horticulture ! heaven-ordained,
Of every art the source,
Which man has polished, life sustained,
Since Time commenced his course.
Where waves thy wonder-working wand,
What splendid scenes disclose !
The blasted heath, the arid strand,
Out-bloom the gorgeous rose.

Even in the seraph-sex is thy
Munificence described ;
And Milton says in lady's eye
Is heaven identified.

A seedling sprung from Adam's side,
A most celestial shoot !
Became of Paradise the pride,
And bore a world of fruit.

The lily, rose, carnation, blent
By Flora's magic power,
And tulip, feebly represent
So elegant a flower :
Then surely, bachelors, ye ought
In season to transfer
Some sprig of this sweet " touch-me-not,"
To grace your own parterre.

And every gardener should be proud,
With tenderness and skill,
If haply he may be allowed
This precious plant to till.
All that man has, had, hopes, can have,
Past, promised, or possessed,
Are fruits which culture gives or gave
At industry's behest.

KNOWLEDGE OF ONE ANOTHER IN A FUTURE STATE.

BY REV. JOHN EMERY ABBOT.

[Born at Exeter, August 6, 1793. Died October 6, 1818.]

THE thought of heaven is often uninteresting from considering it as a state of solemn uniformity, in which the perfected spirits are in continual rest, or employed only in casting their crowns of glory at the foot of the throne, and celebrating, in one unwearied song, the praises of God and the Lamb. It is true, we read of a rest which remains for the people of God; but is it not a rest alone from evil and anxiety, from temptation and sorrow, from pain and sin? Is it designed to exclude all active exercise of those noble powers, with which the Father of our being has blessed us? Are the capacities of exertion, of improvement, of benefiting others, which have been formed on earth with so much care, to be formed altogether in vain? Is not this world rather a scene of education, to fit us for accomplishing with more exalted powers the will of God, and acting as ministers of his mercy in higher regions of his universe?

The cultivation of particular affections, of the affections arising from the parental, filial, and conjugal relations, is not only the dictate of nature, but the command of duty. And is the culture of this part of our character to be entirely useless hereafter? Are none of the feelings which nature and christianity have taught us to nourish, to remain? What is to destroy these affections, what to turn them to coldness and indifference? Not surely a mere passage through the grave; not our admission to the kingdom of

joy and love. When corruption is turned to incorruption, is the heart to be laid waste? are the best and purest of our social affections to be lost? and, with the weaknesses of mortality, much which now ennobles and blesses our nature, to be annihilated for ever? We think of a future state as too different in its nature from the present. Exalted, glorious, and happy indeed it is, beyond conception; exempt from frailty, freed for ever from sorrow, from trial, and from sin; but the sources of its happiness must be adapted to our nature, and will be such in kind as those which the righteous find on earth. Death does not miraculously change our characters. It only changes the mode of our existence, and introduces us to a holier and happier world; and we enter it with the dispositions which we have nourished, and the capacities of enjoyment which our care has improved. And as God has created us social beings, as much of our highest and purest delight arises from the intercourses of friendship on earth, and as the culture of our social feelings is so important a part of our present duty and of our preparation for heaven; it is surely most reasonable to believe that an exalted communion with perfected spirits will be a source of happiness hereafter, and that the friends who have been dear to us on earth, will, if we and they are worthy, be again restored to our knowledge and affection.

The idea is full of consolation, and of encouragement to duty. If we weep for the friends who have departed and who sleep in Jesus, we cannot sorrow without hope. They have only passed to their reward a little before us, and soon shall we meet them again. Though they have left us, we are not forgotten by them, nor is their interest in us destroyed. If, then, we have friends now in heaven; if our thoughts can recur to a parent on whom our infant eyes had hardly rested, or whose form has now faded from the remembrance of our youth; if there be a friend there, once dear to us as our own souls, and who left us widowed and desolate; if there be a child there, on whom all our earthly hopes had

rested, whose steps to the grave we had watched with unutterable anguish, and whose departure bowed us to the dust; if we desire to meet them again, let us strive to imitate their virtues, and follow the bright path of glory by which they have ascended. Let us cherish the sacred remembrance. Let us feel that now there is a circle which connects us with a better world, and often meditate on what they are, and what we may hereafter be.

PRAYER.

BY NATHANIEL A. HAVEN.

GREAT GOD! at midnight's solemn hour,
I own thy goodness and thy power;
But bending low before thy throne,
I pray not for myself alone.

I pray for *her*, my dearest friend,
For her my fervent prayers ascend;
And while to thee my vows I bring,
For her my warmest wishes spring.

While dark and silent rolls the night,
Protect her with thy heavenly might;
Thy curtain round her pillow spread,
And circling angels guard her bed.

Let peaceful slumbers press her eyes,
Till morning beams in splendor rise;
And pure and radiant as that beam,
Be the light vision of her dream.

Let each succeeding morn impart
New pleasures to her tranquil heart;
And richer blessings crown the night,
Than met the view at morning light.

Whate'er my swelling heart desires,
When fervent prayer to Heaven aspires,
Whate'er has warmed my fancy's glow,
May she, with tenfold richness, know.

O God! may she thy laws fulfil,
And live and die thy favorite still;
Live to enjoy thy bounteous hand,
And die to join the seraph hand.

THE MILITIA OF THE REVOLUTION.

FROM A SPEECH IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

BY HENRY HUBBARD.

I WOULD ask, on what ground shall those who served in the militia during the war of the revolution be excluded from the benefit of the pension system? Can any good reason be assigned for their exclusion, which will not apply with equal force to the Continental as well as to the State troops?

No body of troops were more patriotic, no men were more ardent in the prosecution of the war of the revolution, no men in the public service endured more or suffered more, no men were clothed less, fed less or paid less than they were. In every point of view, they have as strong claims upon the justice and gratitude of the country, as any of the surviving soldiers of the revolution.

It must be well known by every individual conversant with the history of the times, that great reliance was placed on the militia of the country, for defensive operations, for the sacred preservation of public freedom, for the maintenance of those rights and immunities dear to every true American. The men who composed the militia most richly merit the favor of the government. They were doomed to bear most *emphatically* their full share of the burdens of the war. They were owners as well as cultivators of the soil; they were tax payers of the republic. When their country called for physical means, they promptly obeyed that call. At the bidding of their government, they left the

plough for the tented field. On any emergency, they left the quiet and safety of their homes, to share in the danger of the battle. They left their own firesides, to mingle in the severer duties of the army.

From April, 1775, to October, 1781, the militia of the whole country were required to be in constant readiness for active service. They knew not at what hour, on what day, or in what week their services would be demanded. They slept upon their arms. They went forth to the field of labor with their arms by their side. Early and late, they were prepared to meet the enemies of their country. Their pecuniary means, their accumulated substance, all were offered at the altar of patriotism, to meet the exigencies of the republic. Nothing was withholden from her use, which could contribute to her advantage. The enemies at home, the foes from within, required the unremitted watchfulness of the militia. To expose the treachery of toryism demanded the exercise of all their vigilance, their firmness, their perseverance.

The peculiar services and sacrifices of the militia during the war of the revolution give to that class a powerful claim upon the justice of the common country. For these services, for these sacrifices, they could not have been paid. The debt is yet due; it still remains unsatisfied; and on every consideration, the militia are equally well entitled to the benefit of the pension system as any other class of revolutionary soldiers.

It was the pure patriotism, it was the unwavering devotion to the best interests of the republic, it was the virtue and the valor of the militia, that gave to our cause an impulse which was irresistible, an impulse which the whole physical force of England, aided by her subsidized Hessians, proved wholly incompetent to control and to vanquish.

The battles of Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, taught the enemy that the soil of freemen could not be invaded with impunity, that the spirit of freemen could never be subdued

by skill however consummate, by force however powerful. The enemy then saw and felt too much not to believe that the sacred soil of freemen might be run over, but could not be conquered. Were it necessary to advert to events to show forth the value of the militia, I would direct your attention to every great battle that was fought in the war of the revolution.

At the north, it was the militia that gave a turn to our hostile operations, which inspired confidence in the cause of America. The battle of Bennington, under the brave Stark, of my own State, with his regiments of militia, after a series of disaster and defeat had attended the army in Canada and upon the lakes, served to animate the drooping spirit of despondency, to fill the soul of patriotism with hope, with confidence, with courage.

In the south as well as in the north, the militia of the country was equally distinguished for the purity of its patriotism and the ardor of its zeal. If any invidious foe to our country has cast imputations upon the bravery and the conduct of our militia at any particular period of that war, it should be replied, that want of discipline not want of heroism subjected our militia in certain memorable battles to great disadvantages.

There was no cowardice, no treachery in the composition of the militia. In every battle fought, in every victory won they were breast to breast, side by side with State and Continental troops. When the enemy of the country cried "havoc and let slip the dogs of war," the militia came forth in their might. All the battles of 1775, before a regular army could have been organized, of Lexington, of Bunker Hill, of Ticonderoga, of St. Johns and of Norfolk, evince the most unwavering courage and conduct. If a doubt could be supposed to exist as to the value of the militia service in the war of the revolution, I would refer to the battles of Fort Moultrie, of Bennington, of Saratoga, of Long Island, of Trenton, of Germantown, and of York Town. These

engagements speak a language which cannot be mistaken and which will not be forgotten.

I will here advert to one fact, showing the general enthusiasm which pervaded the whigs of that day in favor of the cause of their country. At the great battle of Saratoga, when the hope of success had nerved the arm of every soldier, the commanding general addressed a communication to the Assembly of New Hampshire, then in session, for more men. The Assembly was under the direction of our venerated Langdon. The communication was read, and without delay the field of legislation was exchanged for the field of battle. Langdon and his friends flew to the aid of Gates and of their country. Victory followed. Burgoyne was captured, and public confidence was revived. And now, Sir, is there any man in this committee who would wish to humble that noble, proud and patriotic spirit, by withholding justice from the militia and extending it to the troops of the Continental army? I will not believe it. I cannot for a moment believe that at this day of general prosperity, the representatives of this free republic would be or could be disposed by such partial legislation to do such great injustice.

We are now happy at home, enjoying every blessing which can pertain to freemen. We are respected abroad, participating in every right guaranteed to the most honored nation. We cannot fail to realize, that every interest of our beloved country is most prosperous. Every citizen in this great republic is made secure in the enjoyment of all his rights, by the moral influence of our free institutions. How wonderful have been the practical effects of the American revolution! How great has been the advance of our general population, the march of improvement, the progress of the arts! Our extended and extending West comes forth in all her majesty, in all her physical and moral power, to bear evidence to the wondering world of the great and glorious fruits of the revolution. The cause of learning, the pure

spirit of christianity trace their astonishing advancement to the impulse received at that eventful period. The science of self-government, the free institutions of our land, rest upon a deep and enduring foundation, laid in the war of the revolution. In every latitude, in every region, in every part of Christendom, are to be found the effects of American genius, American enterprise, and of American industry.

And while we contemplate the universal prosperity and happiness which pervades our land, can we fail to take a retrospect, and bring to mind, by whose efforts and energies, by whose services and sacrifices these invaluable blessings have been secured? In the dark days of the revolution our beloved country was poor, of limited resources, little able to fulfil to the letter her engagements; her soldiers were neither fed nor clothed nor paid according to the stipulation of the government; the general currency of the country was greatly depreciated. These unfailing friends could not at such a time have received their honest, their just demands.

Nevertheless their devotion to her cause suffered no change. Through good report and through evil report, in her prosperity and in her adversity, they went for their country and for nothing but their country.

Let us then unite with one mind and with one heart to effect a satisfactory payment of this debt, a debt which we should most willingly admit, a debt which our country is now well able satisfactorily to discharge. And shall we stop, the descendants of our revolutionary fathers, the children of the patriots of that day; shall we, *freemen*, the native sons of the soil, stop to calculate the dollars and cents, the pounds and the pence which the passage of this bill may annually draw from our treasury. God forbid. I would have never entered upon any such inglorious work, had it not have been time and again reiterated, that the passage of such a bill as this would impoverish our country, bring ruin upon our republic. I would pass this bill, were I cer-

tain that the consequent exaction upon me would require the surrender of the better half of my estate. I would then have left the consolation that the claims of our revolutionary patriots had been satisfied, without whose triumphant efforts every thing here would have been valueless ; political rights and political privileges would have been any thing but political blessings.

But calculations have been made. It is true that all computations touching this subject must be founded somewhat in conjecture. It is impossible to arrive at absolute certainty.

The sum of the whole matter is, that if this bill should now pass, for a few years to come a million of dollars may be required to carry its purposes into full effect. But it can only be required for a few, a *very few* years. The surviving soldiers of the revolution have already passed that boundary which has been assigned by high authority as the duration of human existence.

If by reason of their strength they should continue until four score years, yet will their strength be labor and sorrow. They must be soon cut off ; their places will soon know them no more for ever. The day of their departure must be at hand — their years must be nearly numbered. While I am now speaking, I am forcibly reminded that even this short delay may operate to the injury of some faithful veteran of the revolution. I am reminded that, while I am staying the progress of this bill, the spirits of many of those un-failing friends of the country may have mingled with the kindred spirits of just men made perfect. I am reminded by the journals of the day, by every newspaper that I take into my hands, that here and there the brave founders of the republic are daily increasing the congregation of the dead. I am reminded by the kind letter of a reverend clergyman in this city, received since I came into this hall, that one for whose relief a bill had been prepared has been gathered to his fathers. I cannot fail to be reminded by these events

that I ought to proceed no farther. I would then most solemnly urge this committee not to delay the passage of this bill; and my fervent prayer to the Father of the faithful would be, that many may long live to enjoy its benefits; that they may be induced to call around them their children and their children's children, and by one more patriotic effort rivet their affections still stronger to the republic, by pointing out to them this act of the justice and gratitude of their beloved country.

BOCHIM.

BY MRS. ELIZA B. THORNTON.

"And they called the name of that place Bochim; (weeping;) and they sacrificed there unto the Lord."—*Judges ii. 5.*

Not in our sunny paths altars we raise,
Not where the roses bloom offer we praise;
Where the dark cypress boughs shadow our way,
Where the dark willow swings—there do we pray.

Not when the morning light opens the flowers,
Not when in glory roll day's perfect hours;
When the last rosy light fadeth away,
When the dew shuts the flower—then do we pray.

Not when the circle is whole at the hearth,
And bright faces gladden the home of their birth;
When the turf covers or seas bear away
Those we have watched over—then do we pray.

Not when the heart we love turns to us, true,
When the bright morning brings love, again new;
When the heart trusted in turneth away,
And the eye answereth not—then do we pray.

Not when the light of bliss shines on the brow,
Not when hope whispers, sweet, "ever as now;"
When the heart sinketh and hope dies away,
When the eye weepeth sore—then do we pray.

Beautiful, then, be our valley of tears,
With altars the heart in its wretchedness rears;
Nor grieve we, nor pine, that in grief we must share,
Since our valley of tears is a temple of prayer.

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL IMPROVEMENT.

FROM AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

BY JESSE APPLETON, D. D.

[Born at New Ipswich, November 17, 1772. Died at Brunswick, Me.]

IN the composition of human beings we distinguish the body, the intellect, and the heart. The cultivation of these demands our attention in proportion to their respective importance. Of bodily powers, agility and physical strength are the principal if not the only constituents. By the intellect we perceive, compare, abstract, and form conclusions. Its province extends to moral not less than to other relations. Moral ideas, together with their relations, are as truly objects of intellect, as are ideas of number or quantity. Perceiving these relations, we discern the reality of duty and the fitness of actions. But though the obligations of virtue are discerned by the understanding, the understanding is not the seat of moral virtue. There is no conceivable state of the intellect, of which we can predicate either virtue or vice. Moral dispositions or affections are distinct from the understanding; and in these consist whatever in accountable beings is worthy of praise or blame.

On this distinction are grounded those few remarks, which the present interesting occasion gives me an opportunity of addressing to you, relative to that union, which ought ever to be maintained between piety and good morals on the one hand, and literature and science on the other. Mind, however capacious, if perverted, does not raise its possessor so much above brute animals, as it leaves him inferior to the man of moral goodness.

It being certain, that the cultivation of the intellectual powers does not necessarily imply virtue, either in principle or practice, I request you to look attentively at the different effects on civil society, produced by literature and science, as they are combined or not with sentiments of religion. To whom is the cause of social order and human happiness most indebted, — to such philosophers as Boulanger, Condorcet, and Dupuis, or to Locke, Newton, and Sir William Jones? None of these distinguished characters lived without effect. The influence of their examples and writings has been discovered in families: it has been felt in deliberate assemblies, by nations, and by the whole civilized world. In regard to the latter, their wonderful powers were employed either directly or indirectly to establish those great principles which lie at the foundation of religion, both natural and revealed. Whether they investigated the laws of mind or of matter, they considered them as originating with an intelligent Lawgiver, of whose existence and agency they discovered new evidence, in proportion as they passed beyond the boundaries by which human knowledge had been previously circumscribed. In the victories which they gained over ignorance and error, they dedicated their richest spoils to the Author of nature, “the knowledge and veneration of whom,” says Mr. Locke, “is the chief end of all our thoughts, and the proper business of all our understandings.”

If you have any doubts of the effects resulting from talents and science, unconnected with moral sentiments and feelings, consider what has rendered the European continent, for the last twenty years, a scene of misery, revolution, and war. Men of depraved character, possessing that influence which strong powers, science, and an enterprising, restless temper seldom fail to bestow, diffused over Europe that spirit of atheism and misrule which has strewed with mighty ruins the fairest part of the globe. The four winds have indeed striven on the great deep: and though

the tempest is hushed, and the surges are now subsiding, we behold, on a widely-extended ocean, the fragments of scattered navies, and many human beings struggling between life and death.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Arma virum, tabuleq; et Troia gaza per undas.

The same effects, in a proportionate degree, will be produced, wherever the understanding is cultivated, and the fruits of the heart are permitted to shoot up in the wildness of nature. What infidels of uncommon powers have accomplished in the courts of princes or in the mass of a nation, others of ordinary growth may achieve in their own vicinity or village.

There is another point of view, in which the importance of uniting religion with your studies will be farther apparent. A very elegant and perspicacious inquirer into the philosophy of mind, has mentioned among the advantages derived from the reading of fictitious narratives, "that by exhibitions of characters a little elevated above the common standard, they have a tendency to cultivate the taste in life; to quicken our disgust at what is mean or offensive, and to form the mind insensibly to elegance and dignity." Now, if it tends to purify and elevate the mind to contemplate fictitious representations of human excellence, to how much greater extent, as well as more certainly and constantly, will the similar effect be produced by the habitual contemplation of an ever-present and immutable God! a character which, to use the language of a living author, "borrows splendor from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe."

Nor ought it to escape your notice, that the strongest motives to cultivate both the intellectual and moral powers, are involved in the belief that we shall exist, and become immortal beyond the grave. If you, who now possess the powers and execute the functions of intelligent agents, are

by the next fever or the next casualty to be extinguished for ever ; if there be nothing in you which the fire cannot consume nor the worm devour, there is indeed less excitement to laborious study. For who would take much pains to trim a taper which shines but for a moment, and can never be lighted again ? But if mind is capable of endless progression in knowledge, endless approximations to the Supreme Intelligence ; if, in the midst of unremitting success, objects of new interest will forever be presented, what prospects are opened to the view of man ! what strong inducements to application and research !

Few scenes of more solemn interest, I think, are ever exhibited on earth, than that which is presented in the last moments of a profligate man, possessing learning and talents. It is an obvious dictate of reason not less than of revelation, that men are accountable for what they have. In these circumstances, his mind recognizes two sources of alarm. It contemplates the things which have been done, and those which have been omitted. In that large sphere, in which minds of this description are designed to move, it finds nothing on which to repose with pleasure. Neither by precept nor example have the duties of morality and the solemnity of religion been enforced. All that influence which he might have had on the side of order and virtue and piety, has received an opposite direction. In the contemplations of those around him, ideas of a lax morality, of talents and erudition have been most unhappily associated. Many who respected him for the latter qualities have been consoled under the lashes of conscience, and confirmed in vice by the authority of his example. For the evil done and the good neglected, he is now required to account before the Eternal !

Young Gentlemen, — A very few years will now fix the character which you are to sustain through life. Those farther advanced in age are often surprised at the rapidity with which the habits and feelings of the collegian are ex-

changed for those of the citizen. We witness young men, taking leave of the places of their education, and if habits of regularity and diligence are formed, we are soon reminded of *our own* progress in years, by recognizing them in the pulpit, at the bar, or on the bench. The blossoms are scarcely fallen, before the fruit is seen swelling into ripeness.

THE WHITE CLOVER.

BY SARAH SMITH.

[Born at Hanover, 1796. Died at Hanover, August 17, 1812.]

THERE is a little perfumed flower
That well might grace the loveliest bower,
Yet poet never deigned to sing
Of such an humble, rustic thing ;
Nor is it strange, for it can show
Scarcely one tint of Iris' bow.
Nature, perchance, in careless hour,
With pencil dry might paint the flower,
Yet instant blushed her fault to see,
So gave it double fragrancy.
Rich recompense for aught denied,
Who would not homely garb abide,
If gentlest soul were breathing there
Blessings throughout its little sphere ?
Sweet flower ! the lesson thou hast taught
Shall check each proud ambitious thought ;
Teach me internal worth to prize,
Though found in lowliest, rudest guise !

A MELTING STORY.

FROM THE 'FICAYUNE.'

BY GEORGE KENDALL.

No other class of men in any country possess that facetious aptness at inflicting a good-humored revenge which seems to be innate with a Green Mountain boy. Impose upon or injure a Vermonter, and he seems the drollest and best natured fellow you ever knew in your life, until suddenly he pounces upon you with some cunningly devised offset for your duplicity; and even while he makes his victim smart to the core, there is that manly open-heartedness about him which infuses balm even while the wound is opening, and renders it quite impossible that you should hate him, however severe may have been the punishment he dealt out to you. These boys of the Green Mountains seem to possess a natural faculty of extracting fun from every vicissitude and accident that the changing hours can bring; even what are bitter vexations to others, those happy fellows treat in a manner so peculiar as completely to alter their former character, and make that seem to us agreeable, which was before in the highest degree offensive. Another man will repay an aggravation or insult by instantly returning injury, cutting the acquaintance and shutting his heart forever against the offender; but a Vermonter, with a smile upon his face, will *amuse* himself, while obtaining a far keener revenge, cracking a joke in conclusion, and making his former enemy forgive him and even love him after the chastisement.

One winter evening, a country store-keeper in the Moun-

tain State was about closing his doors for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up his window-shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain store-keeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he might have gained a premium from the old inquisition.

"I say, Seth!" said the store-keeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hand upon the door, his hat upon his head, and the roll of new butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon, now, on such a *tarnal* night as this, a leetle something warm would n't hurt a fellow. Come and sit down."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off; but the temptation of "something warm" sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation however was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulder, and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes, that while the country grocer sat before him there was no possibility of his getting out, and right in this very place sure enough the store-keeper sat down.

"Seth, we 'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove-door and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit. "Without it, you 'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and jumped up, declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth. Come, I 've

got a story to tell you, too; sit down, now;" and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh, it's darn'd hot here," said the petty thief, again attempting to rise.

"Set down; do n't be in such a plaguy hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I *must* be a-goin'," continued the persecuted chap.

"But you must n't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Set down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself *cool*: you appear to be *fidgetty*," said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum-toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a *toast* now, and you can *butter* it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's — here's a Christmas goose — (it was about Christmas time) — here's a Christmas *goose* well *roasted* and *basted*, eh? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, do n't you never use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste with. Fresh pound butter, just the same as you see on that shelf yonder, is the only proper thing in natur' to baste a goose with. Come, take your *butter* — I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as to *melt*, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red hot furnace before him.

"Darnation cold night this," said the grocer. "Why,

Seth, you seem to perspire as if you was warm! Why do n't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat; "no! I must go: let me out; I aint well, let me go!" A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermonter, "if you *will go*:" adding, as Seth got into the road, "neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth a ninepence, so I shan't charge for that *pound of butter*!"

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

I GAZED upon the mountain's top,
That pierced in twain the passing cloud,
And wondered at its giant form,
So dark, magnificent, and proud.

Can this strong mountain from its base
Be shaken by the tempest's shock ?
Can all the gathered thunders stir
This everlasting, solid rock,

And scatter forth its dust like hail ?
And fling its fragments on the air ?
Can aught created wield such strength ?
Exists such power ? — Oh, tell me *where* ?

They *may* remove ; these mountains may
Tremble, and hence for ever pass ;
These hills, that pillar up the skies,
Perish, as doth the new-mown grass.

Yea, saith the Lord, they shall depart,
The hills, and all the solid land ;
But my sure word of truth remains,
My promise shall for ever stand.

CHARACTER OF THE REV. DR. PARKER,

OF PORTSMOUTH.

BY SAMUEL E. COUES.

THE mind of Dr. Parker was characterized by vigor of conception and distinctness of thought. His course ever appeared to be regulated and directed by his practical good sense. This was exhibited in his whole life, and gave a decided practical tendency to all his efforts in his profession. It was seen in all his sermons. There was not found in them any attempt merely to please the taste of the day, or to gratify the imagination by the charms of rhetoric. In their style they were plain, simple and direct; with a strong and manly eloquence they were addressed to the conscience. The end of preaching, reformation of life, appeared never to be forgotten. The most frequent topics were the practical truths of revelation,—the plain and universally admitted doctrines; for he believed, in these consisted the power of religion over the heart. He sought not originality of ideas, but strength of illustration. He did not exert his mental strength by boldness of speculation, by treading as it were on the confines of error, in advancing new and dazzling ideas, but he used his power, directed his search, and applied his knowledge of character to enforce the great truths which are the very corner-stones and foundations of the christian's hopes. His manner was solemn and impressive. There was no attempt to set himself off, or to draw the attention to the preacher. He appeared to forget self in his interest for others, to look for the effects of his sermons on the character of his hearers, not on his own repu-

tation. He stood before his people as the ambassador of Christ, and his manner, expression, and whole appearance were such as to enforce the belief that he spoke from the heart, and was himself personally interested in the truths he illustrated, personally imbued with the spirit of the religion he preached. There was a sanctity of manner, an appearance of heart-felt reverence in his devotions. His mind seemed intently fixed in his adoration. His petitions flowed upward from the heart; the very tones of his voice, the richness and purity of his devotional language carried the mind upward from the changes of earth, from the weakness of man, to the peace and permanence of the heavens, to Him in whom is no variableness or shadow of turning.

The warmth of his feelings and his intimate knowledge of character peculiarly fitted Dr. Parker for the discharge of his parochial duties. To the mourner he was indeed the son of consolation, the guide of the wounded spirit. In whatever family he visited in times of trouble to its members, he was ever after the friend of their hearts. He came not coldly to discharge the duty of a pastor, to offer the formal words of consolation. He entered the house of mourning as the christian friend, calm and self-possessed, yet exhibiting a heart-felt commiseration. He appeared as one who personally suffered, and his deep sympathy with the afflicted enabled him to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded heart; he could thus hush the tumult of grief, and soothe the excited mind by directing it to the Star of Bethlehem, shining with mild and steady beams beyond the clouds which rested over their earthly hopes. How many tears now flow when the memory of his people carries them back to the times of their bereavements, when their dying friends reposed on his bosom, when his christian friendship, his devoted benevolence comforted and sustained them, and so often made the afflictions of life to minister to their permanent good!

He did indeed faithfully discharge the duties of a pastor. He identified himself with the sorrows of others. He came

wherever a trial was to be borne, and lightened the burden by partaking of the grief. Whoever was in trouble found a christian friend who could impart christian consolation. To the poor and sick, to the widow and to the stranger, Dr. Parker would freely give his attention. He sought all such opportunities of doing good. His time, his professional aid, his whole means of usefulness were at their service, whether they needed the consolations of religion, or that active charity which feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and sets the prisoner free. No man in private life perhaps was ever more frequently called to scenes of sorrow, no one was more familiar with human suffering, yet he never shrunk from duty, he was never deterred from attempts to alleviate distress. He found himself fully equal to every call of duty here.

“ God will take charge of the happiness of him who forgets self in his exertions for the welfare of others.” This remark, it is believed, was made with a personal conviction of its truth. The very weakness of human nature, the mutual and constant kind offices rendered necessary by the changes and vicissitudes of life, seem designed to render more intimate the connexion of mind with mind, destined perhaps to continue in a more perfect state of being. On the strength and purity of the sympathies of our nature depend our happiness. These should flow alike with sorrow and with joy; they must connect themselves with the sufferings as well as with the happiness of others. The changes of life seem designed to furnish them with their regular and strengthening exercise, that the character may be improved, and the capabilities for enjoyment enlarged. He who weeps with those who weep can rejoice with those who rejoice; the mind, purified and exalted by scenes of distress, shall turn with increased sensibilities to connect itself with all that is cheerful and happy here, and with all the brightness of the christian's future hopes.

THE VICTOR'S CROWN.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

A crown for the Victor, a crown of light !
From a land where the flowers ne'er feel a blight,
Was gathered the wreath that around it glows,
And he who o'ercometh his treacherous foes,
That radiant crown shall gain :
A king went forth on the rebel array
That arose where a beautiful hamlet lay ;
He frowned, and there 's nought save ashes and blood
And blackened bones where that hamlet stood,
Yet his treacherous foes he hath not slain.

A crown for the Victor, a crown of light !
Encircled with jewels so pure and bright,
Night never hath gloomed where their lustre glows,
And he who can conquer his proudest foes,
That glorious crown shall gain :
A hero came from the crimson field,
And low at his feet the pale captives kneeled ;
In his might he had trodden a nation down,
But he may not challenge the glorious crown,
For his proudest foe he hath not slain.

A crown for the Victor, a crown of light !
Like the morning sun, to the raptured sight
From the night of a dungeon raised, it glows :
And he who can slay his deadliest foes,
That shining crown shall gain :
With searching eye and stealthy tread,
The man of wrath sought his enemy's bed ;
Like festering wounds are the wrongs he hath borne,
And he takes the revenge his soul hath sworn,
But his deadliest foe he hath not slain.

A crown for the Victor, a crown of light !
To be worn with a robe whose spotless white
Makes darkness seem resting on Alpine snows,
And he who o'ercometh his mightiest foes
That robe and crown shall gain :
With eye upraised, and forehead bare,
A pilgrim knelt down in holy prayer ;
He hath wrestled with self and with passion striven,
And to him hath the sword of the Spirit been given,
O crown him, for his foes, his sins are slain !

NIGHT.

FROM THE 'LAY PREACHER.'

BY JOSEPH DENNIE.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

To this query of Isaiah the watchman replies, "That the morning cometh, and also the night." The brevity of this answer has left it involved in something of the obscurity of the season when it was given. I think that night, however sooty and ill-favored it may be pronounced by those who were born under a day-star, merits a more particular description. I feel peculiarly disposed to arrange some ideas in favor of this season. I know that the majority are literally *blind* to its merits; they must be prominent indeed to be discerned by the *closed* eyes of the snorer, who thinks that night was made for nothing but sleep. But the student and the sage are willing to believe that it was formed for higher purposes; and that it not only recruits exhausted spirits, but sometimes informs inquisitive and amends wicked ones.

Duty, as well as inclination, urges the Lay Preacher to sermonize, while others slumber. To read numerous volumes in the morning, and to observe various characters at noon, will leave but little time, except the night, to digest the one or speculate upon the other. The night, therefore, is often dedicated to composition, and while the light of the paly planets discovers at his desk the Preacher, more wan than they, he may be heard repeating emphatically with Dr. Young:

"Darkness has much divinity for me."

He is then alone, he is then at peace. No companions near, but the silent volumes on his shelf, no noise abroad, but the click of the village clock, or the bark of the village dog. The deacon has then smoked his sixth and *last* pipe, and asks not a question more concerning Josephus, or the church. Stillness aids study, and the sermon proceeds. Such being the obligations to night, it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge them. As my watchful eyes can discern its dim beauties, my warm heart shall feel, and my prompt pen shall describe, the uses and the pleasures of the nocturnal hour.

Watchman, what of the night? I can with propriety imagine this question addressed to myself. I am a professed lucublator, and who so well qualified to delineate the sable hours, as

“A meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin?”

However injuriously night is treated by the sleepy moderns, the vigilance of the ancients could not overlook its benefits and joys. In as early a record as the book of Genesis, I find that Isaac, though he devoted his assiduous days to action, reserved speculation till night. “He went out to meditate in the field at the eventide.” He chose that sad, that solemn hour, to reflect upon the virtues of a beloved and departed mother. The tumult and glare of day suited not with the sorrow of his soul. He had lost his most amiable, most genuine friend, and his unostentatious grief was eager for privacy and shade. Sincere sorrow rarely suffers its tears to be seen. It was natural for Isaac to select a season to weep in, which should resemble “the color of his fate.” The darkness, the solemnity, the stillness of the eve, were favorable to his melancholy purpose. He forsook, therefore, the bustling tents of his father, the pleasant “south country,” and “well of Lahairoi:” he went out and pensively meditated at the eventide.

The Grecian and Roman philosophers firmly believed that “the dead of midnight is the noon of thought.” One

of them is beautifully described by the poet, as soliciting knowledge from the skies, in private and nightly audience, and that neither his theme, nor his nightly walks were forsaken till the sun appeared and dimmed his "nobler intellectual beam." We undoubtedly owe to the studious nights of the ancients most of their elaborate and immortal productions. Among them it was necessary that every man of letters should trim the midnight lamp. The day might be given to the forum or the circus, but the night was the season for the statesman to project his schemes, and for the poet to pour his verse.

Night has likewise with great reason been considered in every age as the astronomer's day. Young observes with energy, that "*an undevout astronomer is mad.*" The privilege of contemplating those brilliant and numerous myriads of planets which bedeck our skies is peculiar to night, and it is our duty, both as lovers of moral and natural beauty, to bless that season, when we are indulged with such a gorgeous display of glittering and useful light. It must be confessed that the seclusion, calmness, and tranquillity of midnight is most friendly to serious, and even airy contemplations.

I think it treason to this sable power, who holds divided empire with day, constantly to shut our eyes at her approach. To long sleep I am decidedly a foe. As it is expressed by a quaint writer, we shall all have enough of that in the grave. Those who cannot break the silence of night by vocal throat, or eloquent tongue, may be permitted to disturb it by a *snore*. But he, among my readers, who possesses the power of fancy and strong thought, should be vigilant as a watchman. Let him sleep abundantly for health, but sparingly for sloth. It is better, sometimes, to consult a page of philosophy than the pillow.

THE SUMACH TREE.

BY MRS. ELIZA B. THORNTON.

I LOVE the rose when I am glad, it seems so joyous too ;
With what a glow it meets the sun, with what a scent the dew !
It blushes on the brow of youth, as mingling in its mirth,
And decks the bride as though it bloomed for her alone on earth.

I love the columbine that grows upon the hill-top, wild ;
It makes me dream I'm young again, a free, a blessed child ;
But youthful days and bridal ones just like the roses flee,
And sober fancy turns from these toward the Sumach Tree.

The Sumach ? why ? — its leaves are fair and beautifully green,
And fringe the brilliant stem that runs a carmine thread between ;
Its clustering fruit, a velvet cone of royal purple hue,
Peers upward midst the foliage fair, in richest splendor too.

And then the wayward fancy turns in pensive hour to thee,
And twined with melancholy thoughts art thou, proud Sumach Tree,
A deep-wrought spell of early days ; — in lone and solemn state,
Rank grew a princely Sumach Tree, *beside the grave-yard gate.*

Kindred and friends reposed below, and oft hath childish prayer
Risen from my heart that I, in death, might slumber with them there ;
That prayer, how vain ! yet still I love in fancy oft to be
Lingering within that place of graves beneath the Sumach Tree.

THREE HOURS AT SAINT CLOUD.

BY LEWIS CASS,

[Minister at that Court.]

It was a glorious evening, toward the middle of September, when we ascended the hill whose summit is crowned by the Chateau of Saint Cloud. The sun was pouring its setting rays over the beautiful valley of the Seine, and as the whole region stretched before us to the east, the flood of light was sent back, exhibiting all the prominent objects in bold relief, as they are represented in the pictures of Claude Lorraine. We stopped to gaze upon this landscape, no longer wondering that a residence which commanded such a prospect had long been a favorite habitation of Napoleon, as it now was of Louis Philippe. A broad fertile valley was before us, bounded in the distance by the elevated plateau through which the river has worn itself a passage, and where it winds from side to side, as if to adorn as well as to fertilize the domain it has conquered.

This father of the French rivers, however great his renown in Europe, would form but a feeble tributary to the magnificent streams which our country pours into the ocean. Nature has indeed spread out her works upon a more extensive scale in our favored regions, than in this older portion of the human heritage. Our lakes and rivers, plains, valleys and forests, are impressed with a character of vastness, if I may coin an abstract term, which is itself one of the attributes of true sublimity, and which produces upon the traveler who visits them, emotions which no after events in life can efface. I never felt more profoundly the weakness of man and the power of God, than when seated in a frail birch

canoe, with its ribs of cedar, and its covering of bark, descending the Mississippi in the night, and approaching the junction of this mighty river with the mightier Missouri.

I had arrived at St. Cloud an invited guest to dinner. Our party originally consisted of four Americans : the Minister, Gov. Everett of Boston, Mr. Walsh of Philadelphia, and the Secretary of Legation. Unfortunately a sudden indisposition had prevented Mr. Walsh from accompanying us. This we all regretted, for this highly intelligent gentleman conciliates the respect of all with whom he is brought into contact. In connexion with his name, I may mention an incident concerning his invitation, which proves the kind consideration of the Royal Family. Not knowing his residence with certainty, two notes had been addressed to him, one at Paris, and another at Versailles, and each had been sent by a special messenger, so as to exclude the possibility of any mistake.

The rest of our party had agreed to meet in the court of the chateau at the hour indicated, which was six o'clock. As royalty must not be intruded upon before its own time, so it must not be kept waiting after the time has arrived. Punctuality, therefore, which is always a virtue, becomes here a duty of propriety. As the Minister was at Versailles, and Gov. Everett and the Secretary at Paris, the two latter had made an arrangement to come together, and to meet the former, who was to present them. The carriage which first arrived was to await the other in the outer court of the chateau. But alas! how often are the wisest plans of life defeated by some trivial but unforeseen circumstance! The King had visited Paris, and had not returned. Being every moment expected, the established etiquette did not allow a carriage to remain in the court. Our party, which first arrived from Paris, were therefore compelled to alight, and to enter the vestibule of the Palace. Here they wished to remain, until joined by the Minister; but they had been observed by the aid-de-camp on duty, who immediately sought them, and insisted upon introducing them into the hall of

reception. From the vestibule they mounted a noble flight of marble stairs, which terminates at a landing, where the upper servants are stationed, and where a register is kept of all the visitors who enter. From here they passed into a large square apartment, decorated with some superb pictures, and then into a billiard hall, which is hung around with rich Gobelin tapestry, wrought with various scenes in the life of Henry the Fourth, and copied from the pictures of Rubens. The pictures are almost living and speaking, and it requires the evidence of feeling, to convince a person, not well acquainted with the products of this wonderful manufacture, that they are the efforts of the loom, and not of the pencil. The colors are admirable, and lights and shades are represented with a clearness of effect which is almost marvellous. Passing through this room as slowly as propriety allowed, but too rapidly to give us more than a glance at its treasures, we entered the Salon of Reception.

Here we found several ladies and officers of the court assembled; and after the usual interchange of compliments, we looked around upon this beautiful apartment. The furniture was in excellent taste; at the same time rich and comfortable, but not gorgeous in its material, nor overloaded with ornament. Two round-tables, surrounded with chairs, indicated the places where the Queen and the ladies of her family and court, as well as visitors, seat themselves habitually in the evening, and pass their time in conversation.

In a few minutes, the Queen, with her youngest daughter, the Princess Clémentine, entered the room, and after saluting the company, and conversing with the American guests, took her seat in a kind of alcove, opening into a gallery, which surmounts the court, and commands a full view of the magnificent environs. The Minister soon arrived, and then different members of the Royal Family, who were followed by the King. The manners and address of Louis Philippe are prepossessing, and he has that ease and self-possession which an early knowledge of the world and a participation in society never fail to give. Although sixty-eight years of age, his appearance is firm, and his step elastic;

and he has a perfect command of himself, which enables him to control his emotion, and to conceal from the world whatever troubles the cares of royalty, even of French royalty, bring with them. He was dressed in the ordinary style of French gentlemen, wearing a plain blue coat, ornamented on the left breast with the star of the Legion of Honor, and what is peculiar to himself, but which is his usual habit, having the chain of his watch, with several keys and seals, suspended at one of his button-holes.

The order and silence with which the domestic service of the dinner was conducted, were honorable to the interior organization of the royal household. There was no hurry nor confusion on the one hand, nor indifference nor carelessness on the other ; but the servants were alert and attentive ; and there was at least one domestic for each person at the table. Like the customary arrangements at the French dinners, there were three removes, and the dishes were changed and renewed with promptitude and regularity, being brought in by a long file of servants, each of whom delivered his charge to a superior attendant, by whom it was placed upon the table. The whole ceremony did not exceed one hour, when we returned to the Salon of Reception in the order we had left it. In French society, the practice which prevails in England, and which we have borrowed from that country, of sitting at table after the ladies have retired, and *guzzling* wine, (the epithet is a coarse one, but not so coarse as the custom,) is unknown. It is a relic of barbarism, and ought to be banished. It leads too often to orgies, and not to pleasures ; substituting for rational enjoyment excessive indulgence. I have never been at a dinner in Continental Europe, where the ladies and gentlemen did not retire from the table together. It is very seldom that the entertainment exceeds eighty or ninety minutes ; and often after returning to the salon, I have heard some experienced *eater* observe, with all the self-complacency inspired by a most satisfactory meal, " It was an excellent dinner, and we were at table but an hour ! "

But this is the sunshine of French life : it has also its deep shadows ; and if any American envies the one, let him recollect that the other does not rest upon his country. If we have no St. Cloud, neither have we any of that misery to which the inequality of condition in Europe gives birth. Here is a family, elevated by its position, estimable by its virtues, and surrounded by all those external circumstances which the world considers as the elements of true happiness : and what is better, they have also those moral qualities, without which high rank becomes the shame of its possessors, and a pernicious example to all within the sphere of its influence. And yet the head of this family, the Chief of the State, cannot pass the threshold of his door, without being exposed to the bullet of the assassin. What a reproach upon the country, where such crimes are engendered, if not applauded !

Thank God ! we have in our country "neither poverty nor riches," in the European acceptation of these terms. We have none of those overgrown fortunes, which accumulate in particular families enormous wealth, placing under their control large regions of fertile land, with all who inhabit them ; and thus rendering the mass miserable, that the few may live in luxury. I content myself with stating the facts as they exist, without comment or reproach ; neither seeking to investigate the cause, nor to suggest the remedy. As one of the phases of human life, an American may well be anxious to observe the condition and manners of high European society, and to describe them for his countrymen. But the description, if faithful, will contain much more for warning than for imitation. When contrasted with the extremity of penury and wretchedness which every where meet the eye, the present tendency of the institutions in Europe, whether continental or insular, presents a subject of painful reflection to the foreign traveller, and I should think of serious alarm to every lover of good order, and to every well-wisher of human nature. In fact, European society is a volcano, prepared at any moment for an

eruption, which may bury beneath its lava the happiness of generations. The evil, in truth, lies far deeper than mere appearances indicate. Political institutions certainly require regeneration ; a better adaptation to the present state of society, and to the prevalent opinions of the world ; a system of legislation and administration, not in the interest of the few who govern, but seeking the general welfare of the entire community. But beyond this, there are causes in operation which laws cannot reach, and which governments, if they can effect, cannot control. Property is too unequally divided ; population presses too closely upon subsistence ; employment is too often wanting, and too insufficiently paid ; and penury and misery are the consequences. Life, in advance, offers to the laboring man nothing but a perpetual struggle to procure the means of subsistence, and the prospect of early decrepitude, and of a death in some den of wretchedness, public or private. The extremity of suffering which the old world exhibits, is beyond the reach of an American imagination to conceive. I shall confine myself to a single fact. I passed the last summer at Versailles, where the commanding general put at my disposition a *sous-officer* to accompany me in my walks, and to point out the various localities worthy of particular observation, at that seat of wonders. He was a very intelligent man, and well educated ; and I owe to his conversation much knowledge of the true condition of things in the internal economy of France. He was from the neighborhood of Amiens, and his father was a small proprietor. I asked him, one day, what was the usual breakfast of the laboring people in that part of the country. He said, "Plenty of water, and a piece of ammunition bread, rubbed with an onion !"

Well may an American exclaim with the royal Psalmist, not proudly, but with all the humility of gratitude to that Providence who has given us such a country and such institutions : "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places ; yea, I have a goodly heritage !"

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

BY WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY.

BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The wind breathes low ; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'T is like the peace the christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'T is like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night
The yellow star appears ;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

WOMAN AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. JOSEPH S. BUCKMINSTER.

EVERY favorable conclusion which we have been disposed to form of the influence of christianity on the character of your sex, is confirmed by a survey of modern Europe. Notwithstanding the progress of what is called refinement in nations, wherever religion has been most corrupted, woman is yet most depraved, and shows a more sensible degradation than our sex. It would be easy to refer you to modern Italy and Spain for illustrations of this; but it will be sufficient to confine ourselves to that country, where the dregs of chivalry seem to have settled in the form of gallantry, after the pure spirit of honor had evaporated. In France the female understanding has been as highly cultivated as in any part of Christendom. There your sex has often dictated the fashions of philosophy and taste, and exercised a sensible sway over the republic of letters; and if, with this high culture of the female imagination, and this invisible influence and authority in criticism, France had also produced the best female instructors of the world, and the purest examples in the walks of domestic usefulness, we should be obliged to relinquish some of the conclusions which we have already embraced, and acknowledge that the state of christianity in a country has little to do in the formation of female perfection. But, when we look over the roll of the female writers of France, how often are we compelled to pause, and wonder at their strange union of sentiment and affectation, of moral delicacy and voluptuousness,

of philosophy and paradox, of exquisite sensibility and practical unprincipledness; so that there is hardly one of their most celebrated females, whose works you may venture to recommend without reserve, or to read without exception. It may be set down, perhaps, to the prejudices of a protestant education, or to national pride, that though I am disposed to allow the singular merit and piety of the celebrated Madame Dacier, I could wish that she had not translated Aristophanes and Anacreon; and must be allowed to prefer the severer accomplishments of the venerable Mrs. Carter, and even the curious learning and delicate ripeness of that modest prodigy, Elizabeth Smith. I have felt occasional sympathy with the devout and mystical genius of Madame Guyon, but I cannot give to her that homage which I pay to the angelic vision of Klopstock's wife. I acknowledge the enchanting sensibility of Madame de Sevigné, the practical good sense of Madame de Genlis, the Delphic inspiration of Madame de Staël, the passionate touches of Madame Cottin; but my admiration, at least of these latter writers, is often clouded with sorrow and disgust. I look in vain for one "sun, clad in perfect purity," and turn for relief to the sound philosophy of Elizabeth Hamilton, or delight myself with the exquisite elegance and hallowed fancy of Mrs. Barbauld, the exuberant diction and evangelical morality of Hannah More, the well-tempered maxims of the sensible Chapone, the practical sagacity and miraculous invention of Maria Edgeworth. These names, except perhaps the last, who has not yet authorized us to class her, all belong to christianity. They were nourished at the breast of protestantism; they are daughters of the christian family; and they have breathed, though a colder, yet a purer air, than their rivals. It is our glory to belong to the age, which they have illustrated by their genius, and our happiness to believe that they will light the way for our children to glory, honor and immortality.

With these names I finish this division of my subject;

and if you are still asked, what christianity has done for your sex, you have only to repeat these names.

You have heard us with so much patience on the past condition and character of your sex, we hope you will not be wearied with what remains of this discourse, in which we intend to explain what you may and ought to do for christianity, which has done so much for you.

Nature, when she endowed you with superior tenderness of frame and sensibility of mind, directed you to the almost instinctive exercise of the kind and compassionate duties. But christianity, by raising you to a community of rights and interests with the other sex, while it has still left you this sphere of action, has given you, in fact, the government of the world. To you is every where intrusted, in civilized Christendom, that precious deposit, the infant's mind; and thus, while it has made your example of early and everlasting effect, it has also made the culture of your understandings of infinite importance. Still, it may be doubted whether the influence you have as mothers or as wives, is greater than that which you have already exercised, and which your daughters will exercise in their turn, upon entering the world, awakening the love, and leading away the admiration of our sex. My young friends, who will hereafter give to many homes their charm, or change them into dens of horror, when you know and feel that christianity is every thing to you, you will make it every thing to us. Think then, what you may do for pure, rational, unaffected, practical christianity. Is it not worthy of your ambition, instead of countenancing, by your youthful favor, the unprincipled of our sex, to attempt to raise the tone of masculine understanding and morals, and the standard of juvenile accomplishments?

To insure these effects, is it not time that female education were generally directed to a higher mark, not of accomplishments, as they are called, for of them we have enough, even to satiety, but of intellectual furniture and vigor? Is

it not time that a race of females should be formed, who may practice with intelligence and with confidence on those rules which have been given, and those ideas which have been suggested in the immortal works on education, which we already owe to the extraordinary women of the present age? Is it not time that some plan of more liberal and extensive female education were devised to form the mothers of your children's children; an education which shall save many a ripening female mind from that feebleness to which it might otherwise be destined in this age of vanity and books; so that women may be more generally furnished with principles as well as sentiments, with logic as well as taste, with true knowledge as well as with a morbid thirst for entertainment; to all which should be superadded a religious fear and love of God and his Son, so that, as they draw toward the close of life, visions of celestial bliss may fill their minds, instead of those vanishing scenes of pleasure which are now so frequently gliding before their idle fancies?

We look to you, ladies, to raise the standard of character in our own sex; we look to you, to guard and fortify those barriers which still exist in society, against the encroachments of impudence and licentiousness. We look to you for the continuance of domestic purity, for the revival of domestic religion, for the increase of our charities and the support of what remains of religion in our private habits and public institutions.

O, you who are at the head of families, husbands and wives, you who intrust each other with your closest secrets and your most important interests, let God be admitted to share your mutual confidence. Where there is no communication of religious sentiment and affection, believe me, the richest spring of social and domestic bliss is unopened and untasted. The subject of religion is one on which the female mind feels more, perhaps, than on almost any other, a need of the most perfect confidence, in order to develope

and keep alive its feelings. The perplexed and doubting spirit loves to find a breast where it can deposite them without fear or shame ; and would to God, that next to him you might always find that confidant at home ! Husbands and wives, let not this be the only subject on which you are ignorant of each other's meditations, or destitute of each other's confidence. Venture to disdain the false maxims and tyranny of the world, and try what religion will add to your domestic felicity.

EARLY BAPTISTS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY REV. EBENEZER E. CUMMINGS.

THE events of time — fleeting, wasting time, urge us to the solemn inquiry, “ Our Fathers, where are they, and the prophets, do they live for ever ? ” They pass one after another into eternity, but we would not be so insensible of their worth as to suffer either their characters or their labors to slumber in forgetfulness. And with equal earnestness should we labor to wrest from the hand of oblivion the history of the first churches, planted in the wilderness of New Hampshire.

The first settlement within the limits of New Hampshire, was made at the mouth of Piscataqua River in 1623. No account, however, is given of any persons among the first settlers who embraced the sentiments of our denomination.

The first minister of whom we have any account, who embraced and defended the Baptist sentiment, was the Rev. Hanserd Knollys, who preached for some time to the people of Dover, about the year 1639, but his sentiments furnished his enemies with abundant occasion to oppose and persecute him, until at length he returned to Boston, where, after suffering imprisonment, he returned to England, his native country.

Nothing more is heard of our denomination until 1720, when a pious and very devoted lady moved from Rehoboth, Mass., to Stratham. She was most firmly established in her faith on the doctrines and duties of the gospel, and labored most devoutly to spread divine light around her. She did not, however, witness much fruit during her life, but it appeared in ripening harvest after her death. There might

indeed have been many at this period who were Baptists in sentiment, but when we survey the oppressive measures that were adopted to prevent the introduction of our sentiments into the State, it is not at all surprising that they were so slow in making their appearance.

It should be understood, that however mild the laws of this State may be at present, in regard to religious matters, at the time of which we are now speaking, the jurisdiction of Massachusetts extended over New Hampshire, and made provision for the due administration of justice. From eighteen years after its first settlement to the year 1679, the laws of Massachusetts operated through all the province. So that, whatever laws were imposed in one State would be in the other, if circumstances demanded it. And the merest glance at the laws in Massachusetts at this time will show that they were most severe on this subject. The laws at this period required the inflicting of corporeal punishment upon any person who should be guilty of holding a religious meeting or speaking against pedo-baptism. It is moreover very apparent these laws were prosecuted with great energy on the part of the civil authority. Public sentiment went also against the prevalence of all intruding sects, and of the number of such intruders, who, in the apprehension of the guardians of the public morals, threatened to sap the foundation of the institutions of religion, the Baptists were not the least spoken against.

Surrounded by such circumstances, it is not at all surprising that we find the cause progressing very slowly. There was indeed a gradual gaining of strength from the time of the formation of the church in Newtown, until 1770, though it was almost imperceptible.

In 1770, commenced a new era in the history of our denomination in New Hampshire.

* * * * *

It would be doing manifest injustice were I not to refer to the character and labors of our Fathers in the ministry,

who were instrumental in the hands of God, of planting the first churches in New Hampshire. They were men of God, and no one can look back upon their history without admiring the wisdom of the Great Head of the church in choosing such men, at such a time. They were called to labor in peculiar circumstances, and God gave them peculiar endowments. Their advantages were not such as are now enjoyed, to acquire an education, but they were men of great industry, and therefore were enabled to rise with the improvement of society.

But most of these devoted men have rested from their labors. We look around upon our beloved brethren and fathers, and see but here and there a hoary head which may be numbered with the first ministers of New Hampshire. They have departed, one after another, to rest with their Redeemer. We follow them. And while standing on the ground which they occupied, we would cherish their memory, and wish to copy the piety, zeal, and singleness of purpose, which was so strongly developed in their life and character.

We now occupy the place of our fathers. In turning our minds from them, and looking around us, we see the goodly heritage which they have bequeathed to us. Let us most solemnly feel that an important trust has been committed to our hands.

While, therefore, we are called upon to admire the character of the churches, and their former ministry, may we so imitate their excellences as to be followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

The circumstances upon which we are thrown, may not require of us the same kind or the same degree of sacrifices, as was required of our predecessors. Temptations, however, to forsake the right way may be spread before us, which may be equally subtle and resistless. But in the midst of such temptations, may we turn and look back at the firm and undaunted courage, portrayed in those that have gone before us, and then let us consider that every particle of truth which now

attaches to our declaration of faith and practice, is committed to us in sacred charge, to keep inviolate amid all the efforts that may be made to wrest it from our hand.

Much has been said for half a century to fix a reproach upon our faith and practice. We have met the charge of bigotry, ignorance, undue tenacity about small matters, and are even ready to meet them again; yes, we will meet them as often as they are charged upon us, for in this respect we can defend ourselves on scripture ground. We will always try to meet such unkind charges in the spirit of the gospel. May we always retain the consciousness that all such charges are unfounded, and bear fruits of our innocence to the world! May other generations, when they shall stand and survey the history of our churches, and find us on the record of her departed sons, have the assurance that we were not unworthy of a place with them on the pages of history!

CASUAL COUNSEL.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

- “WHAT read'st thou there, my fair-haired boy,
With eye so soft and blue?
What spell has chilled the tide of joy,
Which late thy veins ran through?”
Up looked he from that page of fear,
(Such dread our race inherits,)
And spoke the title, low but clear,
“The World of Evil Spirits.”
- “Hand me the book, my gentle friend,
And let me o'er it glance,
Whilst thou a patient hearing lend
To what I may advance.
“Spirits of Evil,” — ah, my child!
They are of fearful might:
’T is well thou seek'st to shun their guile;
Be sure thou seek'st aright!
- “ ‘Devils!’ — Ah yes, in this world of wo,
They throng each trodden street,
By day, by night — where the lonely go,
Or where the joyous meet;
But dread them not in shapes like *this*,
Absurd, — grotesque, — abhorred;
Ah no! they revel in forms of bliss,
And shine at the sparkling board!
- “In glossy suit, — perchance of black,
The Devil is oft arrayed;
While the dapper boot on his sinister foot
Does honor to Crispin's trade.
Ah! not by outward shape of fear
Is the cunning Devil shown;
But the gamester's wile or the scoffer's sneer
Shall make his presence known.
- “ ‘Witches!’ Ah yes, they too, abound;
But ne'er in a garb like *this*:
They rather in silks than rags are found,
And betray, as of old, with a kiss.

When the witch looks out from a wanton's eye,
Or up from the ruby bowl,
Then, if thou would'st not to Virtue die,
Stand firm in thy strength of soul !

“ ‘Ghosts !’ Ah, my child ! dread spectres they
That tell of our wasted powers ;
The short-lived elves of Folly's day ;
The ghosts of our murdered hours ;
Of friendship broken, love estranged,
Of all that our hearts condemn ;
Of good repelled to evil changed ;
Beware, my boy ! of them !”

THE MAIDEN AT CHURCH.

SUGGESTED ON SEEING A MAIDEN LADY AT CHURCH, WHOM THE AUTHOR HAS SEEN
THERE EVER SINCE HE CAN REMEMBER.

BY B. B. FRENCH.

THERE doth she sit — that same old girl
Whom I in boyhood knew ;
She seems a fixture to the church,
In that old jail-like pew !

Once she was young — a blooming Miss,
So do the aged say ;
Though e'en in youth, I think she must
Have had an *old-like* way.

How prim, and starched, and kind she looks,
And so devout and staid !
I wonder some old bachelor
Do n't wed that good old maid !

She does not look so *very* old,
Though years and years are by
Since any younger she has seemed,
E'en to my boyhood's eye.

That old straw bonnet she has on,
Tied with that bow of blue,
Seems not to feel Time's cankering hand,
'T is "near as good as new."

The old silk gown — the square-toed shoes,
Those gloves — that buckle's gleam ;
That *silver buckle* at her waist,
To me, like old friends seem.

Live on — live on — and may the years
Touch lightly on thy brow ;
As I beheld thee in my youth,
And as I see thee now ;

May I, when age its furrows deep
Have ploughed upon my cheek,
Behold thee in that pew, unchanged,
So prim, so mild, so meek !

THE HOMES OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY REV. A. A. LIVERMORE.

WAS it a chance culture, an accidental education, that developed the minds and characters of the last century, and changed one unbroken wilderness into a highly civilized land, and reared the noblest institutions in the world? No. There was a cause. And we ought to learn it and ponder upon it. I say there is a cause for the virtue, and activity, and happiness of our people. And that cause, I hesitate not to say, lies here. The people of this community have, with few exceptions, been trained up in happy, virtuous, holy homes. We sat, in infancy and youth, in heavenly places, and rich influences brooded over our pliant spirits, as dew upon the tender plant.

True, here in New England, and especially here in Wilton, Nature has lavished her fairest scenes, and breathed from the Most High the breath of life into our souls. Yes, blessed be these hills and valleys for the choice, sweet influences they have shed upon the young communities springing up here. Blessed be these granite mountains, that stand like vast citadels of safety around the blue ring of the horizon, and, gilded by the glories of the setting sun, carry up the thoughts to sublimity and God. Blessed be the fair skies which bend over us here with all their sparkling hosts of light and glory. Blessed be the pure breezes which sing from the northwestern hills, and bear health and exhilaration on their wings. But thrice blessed be our homes;—our homes, where love and happiness wove a charm and a spell for our hearts, never, never to be unloosed. There “heaven

lay about us in our infancy." The blue sky was more dear to us, because it arched proudly over the cherished roof of home. The sun and wind and rain and snow were loved because they brought their treasures and laid them at the feet of our sanctuary. The forests and vales and roaring brooks have been sweet in association from this great central attraction.

And what made our homes in this great wilderness so happy and genial — so fitted to tempt forth both heart and mind, and develop the elastic energies of a free people? I will name only two things, not because they are the only two, but because they are the most important — Woman and Religion.

Much has been said of the part woman played, or rather *worked*, in the grand drama of these settlements. But the theme is an inexhaustible one. What would have been the Pilgrim Fathers without the Pilgrim Mothers? Shaggy barbarians of the woods. But woman came to cheer and refine the rude settlers. She bravely dared the terrors of the wilderness, to plant the pleasant amenities of social life in the log cabin. She forded rivers and penetrated forests to come hither. She came to dwell under the shades of the vast and savage woods. Her employments were humble, but her aims lofty. "She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness." Through long days and sleepless nights, she watched over her tender children. And when distant labors, or still worse, the trumpet of war, summoned her husband away from her side, she steadily plied her lonely tasks, watching his return, or learned, dreadful news! that he would return no more for ever. We have often read of the horrors of the wars of that period, and got by heart the story of the labors, dangers and sufferings of our forefathers. It would be unjust to forget that those who staid at home often endured far more than those who braved the flaming lines of battle — far more in heart-sickness, hope deferred, hope destroyed, and all the nameless, haunting terrors of the deep woods, where the wild

beast and wilder Indian were their only neighbors for miles and miles. But why need I say more? The subject has already been anticipated. I will only say, let us never forget what heroic, much enduring woman has done for the happy homes of New England.

But there was yet another agent that helped to make us what we are as a people, that consecrated our homes as holy places, and nerved our fathers' and mothers' hearts to do and dare nobly. It was religion. They brought with them the word of God as the ark of their safety, the shechinah of the Divine presence and favor. Morning and evening they offered praise to heaven from their forest dwellings. The house of God gathered them, from near and far, weekly to pay their adorations to the Great Guardian of their exposed lives, and hallow their minds with the influences of the Sabbath and the sanctuary. Every thing around and within them tended to keep alive their sense of dependence on God, and their value of the gospel of Jesus. Endangered, tempted, weary, suffering, alone, they looked to the source of comfort and strength, and found rest and courage and patience unto the end. With them religion was first, religion last, and religion midst. Other lands may boast richer soils, other climates may be more bland, other mountains may yield more precious minerals, other skies may shine with softer hues, but where shall we look for homes as pure and religious, as free and happy, as in our dear New England? These have been the glory of the past century; they are the hope of the new one. Woman and religion have made them what they have been; they alone can make them what they ought to be. Guard well our homes from evil, and our nation is girded round about with a munition of rocks, and a wall of fire.

WATCH AND PRAY.

BY REV. JOHN G. ADAMS.

In the morning's glowing light,
When the noontide sun is bright,
When the day-beams fade away,
Guard thy spirit, watch and pray.

When with duty's cares perplexed,
Be not overcome nor vexed ;
Think not from thyself to stray
In thy labors — watch and pray.

When thy hopes are all fulfilled,
When each anxious thought is stilled,
Clouds of gloom all cleared away,
Then remember — watch and pray.

When in health thy pulses fly,
And the hours pass gaily by,
Then forget not, all the day,
That 't is best to watch and pray.

When temptation lurks around,
Luring to forbidden ground,
Heed not what her voice may say :
Keep thy distance — watch and pray.

When in deep affliction cast,
Deem not all thy sunshine past :
Joy will yet thy spirit sway,
If thou wilt but watch and pray.

And when sickness comes, and pain,
Deem not that their work is vain :
They will make thy darkness day,
If, resigned, thou watch and pray.

When the angel, Death, shall come,
And thy spirit bid go home,
Gladly shall it pass away,
If thou still canst watch and pray.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S ELM.

BY MRS. MARY ANN SULLIVAN.

If ever you visit my native town,
Will you seek out the vale where the mill-stream comes down?
Even the villagers' children will point you the road,
And the very old house where my grandsire abode.

But the pride of the vale which I wish you to see,
Is my grandmother's elm, the old mammoth tree:
How widely its graceful and spherical crown
Flings over the valley a shadow of brown!

When the fierce south-easter* was raging by,
Filling with clamor the gentle blue sky;
Then a lofty branch like a forest oak,
From the noble old tree by its fury was broke.

Oft my grandmother told us, as pondering we stood,
How, three-score years since, from the neighboring wood,
She carried that elm in her little right hand,
And *her father* planted it firm in the land.

Her grave is grown smooth on the green-hill side,
But the elm lives still in its towering pride,
And the spring's gayest birds have a colony there,
And they gladden with carols the mid-summer air.

And gay as the wild-bird's melody,
Are the sports I have led beneath that tree;
The old elm tree — oh, would it were mine
In the shade of that tree even now to recline!

*The September gale of 1815.

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MORALS OF THE CURRENCY.

BY NATHAN APPLETON.

SUSPENSION of specie payments, is the gentle name applied to the failure or refusal to perform the promise contained on the face of a bank note; generally accompanied with a declaration of the perfect ability to pay, and the intention to do so at some future time. Properly viewed, this refusal deprives the bank note of the only quality which gave it circulation, the power to command the metallic money which it purports to represent. It becomes simply a broken promise, and, like other broken promises, of no other value than the chance that legal coercion may compel eventual performance; or that the refusal may relax into a willingness to pay at some future time. It will be seen that its character has become totally changed; that instead of possessing the original principle which gave it currency, it becomes in the hand of each possessor subject to all the fluctuations which belong to doubtful and uncertain contingencies. It is true, that a single bank taking this ground will not be sustained — it is, a failure — the bank cannot choose but break. But let a part of the banks of one of our commercial cities proclaim this intention, all the others follow, and the public submit, not only without a murmur, but give it their commendation. The State Legislatures give it their sanction, almost as a matter of course. The example is considered so good, that it is followed by acclamation, and sustained by the general voice. Like every thing else in this free country, it is public opinion which establishes and continues this state of things, first without

or against law — afterward the law is made to bend to this opinion. It is true, all affect to consider a condition of broken promises, and a depreciated currency, as an evil, but it is acquiesced in at once, as a sort of dispensation of Providence. The real evil is in a depraved public opinion, which tolerates this state of things at all. The remedy is simple, but perhaps not very easy — the correction of this public opinion.

Money or currency is an instrument of the first necessity to a nation. No trade or commerce can be carried on without it. A nation using a currency wholly metallic may feel a scarcity of money, but cannot be drained of it, any more than a mechanic can be made to part with the tools necessary to carry on his daily business. Over-trade may take place in such a community — and excessive importation of foreign commodities may cause an exportation of the precious metals, to a degree of inconvenience. The scarcity of money resulting from such exportation reduces prices, the effect of which is to check importation, and promote the exportation of all commodities, and thus the evil soon cures itself, by the return of the coin necessary to its trade. No other considerable importation will take place until it has in this way recovered what is of all things most important to it, *its tools of trade*.

Precisely the same thing takes place under a well regulated bank currency. It seems to be the opinion of the best writers on the subject, that the most perfect bank circulation would be one which should be precisely equal in amount to what the circulation of the same country would be in the precious metals, were no other circulation permitted.

An expansion of the currency tends to an advance of prices — excites commercial enterprise, and finally speculation and over-trade. High prices encourage importation and discourage exportation, a rise in the foreign exchanges follows, which causes an export of specie, which acts as a proper corrective by compelling the banks to call in a por-

tion of their issues. This is done by lessening or suspending their usual discounts. Here is action and reaction, very beautiful, and all very agreeable to the public, except the last part of the process. A contraction of the currency causes a pressure on the money market, — reduces prices — paralyzes trade — brings out failures. This is all very disagreeable. It makes what is called hard times. But in fact it is always the return from a false position to a true one. It is never necessary to diminish a currency which has not been redundant. The violence of the pressure is in proportion to the extent of the over-trade; and generally the more violent the pressure the shorter the period.

A suspension of payment by the banks, is the alternative presented in order to avoid the pressure attending the contraction of the currency, to the degree necessary to stop the efflux of coin. But this pressure is working the cure of the body politic laboring under disease — the disease is an excess of bank circulation, producing over-trade, inflated and unnatural prices. The cure is contraction, producing a distress for money, a reduction of prices, perhaps failures. Suspension is no cure; it is merely postponement. It may be considered an opiate, which if justifiable at all, can only be justifiable where the paroxysms are so violent as to endanger life. There can be no wholesome action, until the purity of the circulation is restored. There is no escape from this necessity. It is after all a question of time. Is it better to be a long time ill with a lingering disease, or to submit to a painful remedy for immediate relief? Here lies the essential error in the case — the idea that suspension may be considered a remedy, a real relief — whereas it is almost sure to complicate the mischief. A continued suspension is sure to end in violent convulsion.

THE DEATH OF MURRAY.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

"DURING the last day of his life, his right hand was constantly in motion, and when any one approached, whatever might be the question, the answer was ready: *To Him shall the gathering of the People be, and his rest shall be glorious, GLORIOUS, GLORIOUS!*"

COME to this room! See, Death is here! With calm and solemn mien,
He stands beside the sufferer's bed, by him alone unseen;
Nay, fear him not, he has no frown, but dreaming beauty lies
In the deep quiet of his brow, and in his hazy eyes.

He is no spectre fierce and grim, with stern, un pitying dart,
But softly lays a gentle hand upon the beating heart;
And the pulses slowly wane away, the purple life-tides cease,
Till o'er each faintly quivering nerve there falls serenest peace.

He touches the dim eye, and lo! the light of earth is past,
But from the future, glorious scenes are thronging thick and fast,
Visions that toned the prophet's lyre to such triumphant strains
Their deathless echoes hallow yet Judea's arid plains.

He breathes upon the lip, and hark! that voice so faint and low,
Is full and strong with holy hope and exultation now,
And rushing floods of faith sublime, burst from that feeble tongue,
On which, for long and weary years, the chains of clay have hung.

Thou weapest; thou should'st *freely* weep, for earth is suffering loss,
A noble soul is passing now, — a soldier of the cross,
Who, with his conscience-armor on, the path of duty trod,
And when the war-cry wildly rose, heard but the voice of God.

Ay, weep! for virtue, genius, truth are passing from thee now,
And fervid eloquence, whose power the strong, fierce will could bow,
Could tame the vulture-heart of sin to purity and love,
And lift the dim, grief-blinded eye, to happier worlds above.

But look once more. — Thy tears are done! — Thou seest the grave's
pale king

But breaks the spirit's prison-bars, unbinds the fettered wing,
And gives the slumbering intellect, that long in shadows lay,
The glorious freedom of the skies, heaven's bright, perpetual day.

And thou hast put new courage on to meet earth's coming strife,
And thou wilt walk in holy calm the stormy land of life,
And meekly lift the thankful heart to him who holds thy breath,
That in his own appointed time He sends his angel, Death.

THE DEATH OF HAMILTON.

BY PHILANDER CHASE,

[Bishop of Illinois.]

THIS great man, whose death we now deplore, was distinguished for his talents and magnanimity in the early stages of his life. In more advanced periods, he shone as a *soldier*, a *statesman*, and *orator*. The walls of Yorktown can bear testimony to his military skill, intrepidity and valor, when engaged in defending his country's cause. He enjoyed the full confidence of our great Washington, the man whose deeds shall be had in everlasting remembrance. He fought by his side in the field, and assisted him by his counsel in the camp. When the din of war was over, he exchanged the coat of mail for the garb of peace and the gown of state. Our constitution was framed and carried into execution by the assistance of his discerning mind and powerful arm. Under his auspices, public credit was established and commerce poured in her treasures upon us.

As an orator in the cause of truth and private right, he shone with distinguished lustre. The friend of man, he defended the cause of the oppressed, and made the heart of the orphan and widow to sing for joy. He disdained duplicity, and was above the arts of fraud and deception. Malice and revenge dwelt not in his bosom, while his heart, with his hand, was given to his friend. In short, he was revered and beloved by all who knew his worth; he was feared by his rivals, and hated only by the wicked, the malicious and irreclaimable. On him had a grateful country already fixed her eyes, as on one in whom she could most implicitly rely in the day of trouble and extremity.

But alas! with too much truth can her sons now take up the plaintive song of the prophet, and say with him: "The joy of our heart has ceased; our dance is turned into mourning." The *great man*, whose talents we admired, whose virtues we revered, and in whom we confided as our best earthly stay in time of need, is now no more. Death has dropped the curtain which separates him forever from time. "He hath gone to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

Would to God we could stop here, and see nothing but the hand of God taking him, by a common death, to himself! But in this we are not indulged. As much as we revere his name, esteem his virtues and lament his death, yet let us not be so lost to virtue and the principles of our holy religion, as to pass over, without the most pointed disapprobation, the barbarous, the inhuman and wicked practice, by the compliance with which he was brought to an untimely end. Little did our Washington, the father of his country, think, when he refused to enter his name on the list of duellists, that the man whom he delighted to honor, who shared his warmest friendship, would so soon fall a sacrifice to this abominable practice. Were he now among us, he would cry out in the language of David, the defender of Israel, uttered at the fall of Saul and Jonathan, their king and prince: "The beauty of Israel is slain in high places! How are the mighty fallen: tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph!"

A sad comment on the dreadful consequences of duelling is now before us. You behold a man, the ornament of the age, and the pride and boast of his countrymen, snatched away by a violent death, amidst all his usefulness, and when in the full career of his greatness; torn from the arms of a tender and amiable wife and young and numerous family, who now more than ever need the counsel, the direction

and love of a husband and father. O, honor, honor! false and mistaken principle! If these are thy trophies, what but a heart of stone could cherish thee!

If we could be permitted to see at one view the dreadful effects of the practice of duelling: if we could add to the many losses which the public frequently sustains, the distresses which it occasions to private families: if we could draw aside the curtain of domestic retirement, and hear the heart-rending sighs, and feel the full weight of the agonizing sorrows of a wife and mother, weeping over her shrieking and orphan children: if we would contemplate those children, from affluence and high expectations reduced to want and penury:—On the other hand, if we could, in casting our eyes on the victorious combatant, look into the recesses of his heart, and behold it devoid of all that feeling and sensibility which designate a man from a demon, or torn to pieces and blackened with the remorse of a murderer: if we could see him, even amidst the flattery of his sycophants or the caresses of a wicked world, feeling like a second Cain, the murderer of his brother, a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth;—it could not fail of rousing every honest sentiment of our hearts, and calling forth every energy of our minds, in detesting and discountenancing the practice. Barely the mention of it would be enough to chill the heart of sensibility, and make us fly with horror from the man who would uphold it in society.

After what has been said, who can return without the most painful sensations, to the sad reflection, that the great man whose death we this day deplore, fell in the very act of giving support, by his example and compliance, to this inhuman and unchristian practice! A conscious blush must suffuse the cheek of his panegyrist when he sees that the man who, in many things, “*stood alone*” in greatness and magnanimity, bowed to the idol, and gave up his body as a victim on the altar of the bloody Moloch of this world. O,

weak and imperfect man ! how do thy laurels fade and thy honors wither, when thou treadest on forbidden ground !

Every man of principle must condemn the act, while he must acknowledge that it was attended with all the circumstances which are calculated to soothe and comfort the hearts of his friends and countrymen. The extreme reluctance which marked his every step in his progress toward this dreadful deed — the anxiety which he discovered, to have the unhappy difference amicably adjusted — his solemn declarations which accompanied his will, that he was opposed to the practice of duelling from religious principles — that he bore no enmity to his antagonist, that he meant not to injure him, let what would be the consequence ; all this, added to what passed just before his death, almost too affecting to be mentioned, seems to dispel the gloom that hangs over this bloody transaction, and to spread around the bright rays of christian hope — hope which attends the soul of the deceased through the dark valley of the shadow of death, to the radiant throne of a merciful Saviour, who died to save repenting sinners.

Blessed be God that, though the name of Hamilton be added, contrary to his heart's intentions, to the catalogue of duellists, (for which all good men lament,) it is also added to the host of martyrs and apostles who, with their last and dying breath, have borne testimony to the truth of the christian religion.

The great lesson we all have to learn is, to make use of our united efforts in discountenancing the barbarous practice by which we have been deprived of so much worth and greatness. Let us raise our voices against it ; and by every means in our power, relieve our country of its galling chain. Let us shun the man who would justify it, that our children, and the world, may know the force of that abhorrence in which we hold it. Though our country *has sinned*, perhaps irreclaimably, in that they have not opposed, by a just execution of the law, the first inroads of this practice, yet let it

not be said that we have been wanting in our duty. Let us arise like a band of patriotic christians and drive from our society the bloody Moloch. This will be doing that which our Hamilton, on his dying bed, pledged himself to God and man he would do should his life be spared. May his *intentions* be fulfilled by us and all his beloved countrymen.

FRANCONIA MOUNTAIN NOTCH.

BY HARRY HIBBARD.

THE blackening hills close round : the beetling cliff
On either hand towers to the upper sky.
I pass the lonely inn ; the yawning rift
Grows narrower still, until the passer-by
Beholds himself walled in by mountains high,
Like everlasting barriers, which frown
Around, above, in awful majesty :
Still on, the expanding chasm deepens down,
Into a vast abyss which circling mountains crown.

The summer air is cooler, fresher, here,
The breeze is hushed, and all is calm and still ;
Above, a strip of the blue heaven's clear
Cœrulean is stretched from hill to hill,
Through which the sun's short transit can distil
No breath of fainting sultriness ; the soul
Imbued with love of Nature's charms, can fill
Itself with meditation here, and hold
Communion deep with all that round it doth unfold.

Thou, reader of these lines, who dost inherit
That love of earth's own loveliness which flings
A glow of chastened feeling o'er the spirit,
And lends creation half its colorings
Of light and beauty ; who from living things
Dost love to 'scape to that beatitude
Which from converse with secret Nature springs,
Fly to this green and shady solitude,
High hills, clear streams, blue lakes, and everlasting wood.

And as thou musest mid these mountains wild,
Their grandeur thy rapt soul will penetrate,
Till with thyself thou wilt be reconciled,
If not with man ; thy thoughts will emulate
Their calm sublime, thy little passions, hate,
Envy and bitterness, if such be found
Within thy breast, these scenes will dissipate,
And lend thy mind a tone of joy profound,
An impress from the grand and mighty scenes around.

Here doth not wake that thrill of awe ; that feeling
 Of stern sublimity, which overpowers
 The mind and sense of him whose foot is scaling
 The near White Mountain Notch's giant towers ;
 Here is less grandeur, but more beauty ; bowers
 For milder, varied pleasure : in the sun
 Blue ponds and streams are glancing, fringed with flowers ;
 There, all is vast and overwhelming ; one
 Is Lafayette, the other, matchless Washington !*

Great names ! presiding spirits of each scene,
 Which here their mountain namesakes overlook ;
 'T is well to keep their memories fresh and green
 By thus inscribing them within the book
 Of earth's enduring records, where will look
 Our children's children ; till the crumbling hand
 Of Time wastes all things, every verdant nook
 And every crag of these proud hills shall stand
 Their glory's emblems, o'er our broad and happy land !

Where a tall post beside the road displays
 Its lettered arm, pointing the traveller's eye,
 Through the small opening mid the green birch trees,
 Toward yonder mountain summit towering high
 There pause : what doth thy anxious gaze espy ?
 An abrupt crag hung from the mountain's brow !
 Look closer ! scan that bare sharp cliff on high ;
 Aha ! the wondrous shape bursts on thee now !
 A perfect human face — neck, chin, mouth, nose and brow !

And full and plain those features are displayed,
 Thus profiled forth against the clear blue sky,
 As though some sculptor's chisel here had made
 This fragment of colossal Imagery,
 The compass of his plastic art to try.
 From the curved neck up to the shaggy hair
 That shoots in pine trees from the head on high,
 All, all is perfect : no illusions there
 To cheat the expecting eye with fancied forms of air !

Most wondrous vision ! the broad earth hath not
 Through all her bounds an object like to thee,
 That traveller e'er recorded, nor a spot
 More fit to stir the poet's phantasy.
 Gray Old Man of the Mountain, awfully
 There from thy wreath of clouds thou dost uprear
 Those features grand, the same eternally ;
 Lone dweller mid the hills ! with gaze austere
 Thou lookest down, methinks, on all below thee here !

And curious travellers have descried the trace
 Of the sage Franklin's physiognomy

*The names of the two highest peaks, one of the Franconia, the other of the White Hills. The two groups are about twenty miles distant from each other.

In that most grave and philosophic face ;
 If it be true, Old Man, that we do see
 Sage Franklin's countenance, thou indeed must be
 A learned philosopher most wise and staid,
 From all that thou hast had a chance to see,
 Since Earth began. Here thou, too, oft hast played
 With lightnings, glancing frequent round thy rugged head.

Thou sawest the tawny Indian's light canoe
 Glide o'er the pond that glistens at thy feet,
 And the White Hunter first emerge to view
 From up yon ravine where the mountains meet,
 To scare the Red Man from his ancient seat,
 Where he had roamed for ages, wild and free.
 The motley stream which since from every state
 And clime through this wild vale pours ceaselessly,
 Travellers, gay tourists, all have been a theme to thee !

In thee the simple-minded Indian saw
 The image of his more benignant God,
 And viewed with deep and reverential awe
 The spot where the Great Spirit made abode ;
 When storms obscured thee, and red lightnings glowed
 From the dark clouds oft gathered round thy face,
 He saw thy form in anger veiled, nor rowed
 His birchen bark, nor sought the wild-deer chase,
 Till thy dark frown had passed, and sunshine filled its place.

Oh ! that some bard would rise, true heir of glory,
 With the full power of heavenly poesy,
 To gather up each old romantic story
 That lingers round these scenes in memory,
 And consecrate to immortality ;
 Some western Scott, within whose bosom thrills
 That fire which burneth to eternity,
 To pour his spirit o'er these mighty hills,
 And make them classic ground, thrice hallowed by his spells.

But backward turn — the wondrous shape hath gone !
 The round hill towers before thee, smoothly green ;
 Pass but a few short paces farther on,
 Nought but the ragged mountain side is seen.
 Thus oft do earthly things delude, I ween,
 That in prospective glitter bright and fair,
 While time or space or labor intervene.
 Approach them, every charm dissolves to air,
 Each gorgeous hue hath fled, and all is rude and bare !

And trace yon streamlet down the expanding gorge,
 To the famed Basin close beside the way,
 Scooped from the rock by its imprisoned surge,
 For ages whirling in its foamy spray,
 Which issuing hence shoots gladly into day,

Till the broad Merrimack it proudly flows,
And into ocean pours a rival sea,
Gladdening fair meadows as it onward goes,
Where, mid the trees, rich towns their heav'nward spires disclose.

And farther down, from Garnsey's lone abode,
By a rude footpath climb the mountain side,
Leaving below the traveller's winding road,
To where the cleft hill yawns abrupt and wide,
As though some earthquake did its mass divide
In olden time ; there view the rocky Flume,
Tremendous chasm ! rising side by side,
The rocks abrupt wall in the long, high room,
Echoing the wild stream's roar, and dark with vapory gloom.

But long, too long, I've dwelt as in a dream,
Amid these scenes of high sublimity ;
Another pen must eternize the theme
Mine has essayed, though all unworthily.
Franconia ! thy wild hills are dear to me,
Would their green woods might be my spirit's home !
Oft o'er the stormy waste of memory
Shall I look back, where'er I chance to roam,
And see their shining peaks rise o'er its angry foam !

WASHINGTON.

BY BENJAMIN ORR.

IN the establishment of kingdoms and republics in the eastern continent, the struggles between liberty and usurpation, and the predominance of passion over reason and humanity, have tarnished the deeds of men in power with guilt and oppression. Those nations which have been most able in subduing the foreign foe, have found a more destructive conflict with the rage of internal ambition. While victory is obtained over invaders, or empire extended by new conquests, it is all that ambition can hope or desire; but when the potent and aspiring warrior, on completing his conquests, has failed of that aggrandizement and distinction from his country, which his vanity aimed at, his sword is unsheathed against the people, from whom his honors were derived, and his triumphs are terminated in the slaughter and subjugation of his fellow-citizens. The sovereign who personally assumes the command of his victorious army, is in danger of a subversion of his government, only from external enemies. Republics, less energetic in their sovereignty, and equally dependent, in times of hostility, on the ablest character, for the chief management of their warlike operations, are secured in the enjoyment of their rights and liberties, only by the patriotic virtues of their chief commander, in concert with their own.

If, in examining the records of nations, we survey the enlightened and magnificent dominions of the East, where shall we find a character, the first in power, and the first in public and private virtue? Or in whom shall we discover the tender sympathies of humanity and the ardor of justice, accompanying the uninterrupted successes of warfare? Is

there a conqueror on the annals of a nation in the eastern continent, whose soul was above the ambition of self-emolument? Is there one, who, regardless of the splendor of conquest, has converted his acquisitions solely to the public good? It is in vain that we extend our inquiries to the earliest date of civil government, and trace the rise and progress of kingdoms and republics throughout the world to the present time; for the character of our illustrious WASHINGTON STANDS ALONE.

His heart was a system of all the orders of virtue, regulated by the power of a superlative understanding. His mind, conscious of the imperfection of all human wisdom, was too humble to acknowledge its own excellence — it was too exalted to stoop to the degradation of earthly splendor. In scenes of the most trying perplexity, his wisdom and fortitude enabled him to surmount the storm, and his conceptions shone through all his dangers and sufferings, with invariable lustre. When he enjoyed the mighty honors of conquest, it was with a serenity which bespoke the dignity of his patriotism, and the sympathetic regret for the ravages of unbridled ambition. When seated in the high preferment of state, his disregard of aggrandizement, and the love of his country, turned the clamorous spirit of envy into silent remorse. In the tranquillity of domestic retirement, his affections continued to vibrate with the fondness of a parent for his countrymen, and the inviolable maintenance of their dear-bought rights, was still the subject of his most anxious solicitude.

Though his deeds of merit have surpassed all the human efforts of past and modern ages — though they have excited the admiration and astonishment of the world — though they have wounded the vices of the great, tarnished the glory of ambition, humbled the triumphs of conquest, and converted the imaginary virtues of crowns into dross; yet these but imperfectly represent the inestimable powers of the intellectual man. His righteous soul has exalted the hope of a happy immortality to the just, and taught the virtuous to look upon death as the last messenger of peace.

NAPOLEON AT MELUN.

BY MRS. SARAH REBECCA BARNES.

"THE glades of the forest, presenting the appearance of a deep solitude, were full in view of the royal army, encamped at Melun. At length the galloping of horse was heard, and an open carriage approached, surrounded by a few hussars, and drawn by four horses. It came on at full speed, and Napoleon, jumping from the vehicle, was in the midst of the ranks that had been sent to oppose him. There was a general shout of "*Vive Napoleon!*" The last army of the Bourbons passed from their side, and there existed no further obstruction between Napoleon and the capital."—SCOTT'S *LIFE OF BONAPARTE*.

IN all thy long career of pride, of glory and of power,
Of triumph and of victory — oh, name thy proudest hour!
That hour which o'er thy future course the rosiest promise threw,
Which from the past no omen ill or inauspicious drew.

Was it when on red Lodi's field, unshrinking, undismayed,
Defying death and dangers, thou that pass of peril made?
Or when, her ancient glory dim, her wingéd lion low,
Inglorious Venice shrank aghast and fell without a blow?

Queen of the Adriatic! — thou still lingerest round the heart,
Awakening dreams of other days, unworthy as thou art;
Romance hath cast her spell o'er thee in gorgeous memories dyed,
And the hour that saw thee in the dust was *not* an hour of pride.

Was it when like a "flaxen band," proud Austria's power was rent,
And o'er her flying myriads thou thy glance of triumph sent?
When from her ancient capital abandoned to thy power,
Thy shouts of victory went up: was that thy proudest hour?

Was it when Russia's giant force in terror and dismay,
Upon the field of Austerlitz before thee prostrate lay?
That "battle of the Emperors," with glorious memories rife,
So cherished mid each after-scene of thy eventful life?

Or when at thy sublimest height of conquest and renown,
Was placed upon thy laurelled brow the Lombard's iron crown?
The iron crown of Charlemagne — a symbol of the power
That countless thousands humbly owned: was that thy proudest hour?

Perchance upon thine inmost soul prophetic whisperings came,
Of the insecurity of thrones, the heartlessness of fame.
Perchance upon thy spirit then dark visions floated past,
To mar the triumph of that hour, its radiant promise blast.

If so, none knew : unwise it were to waken dark distrust ;
 But lo ! upon the wildered eye what bridal pageants burst !
 Imperial Hapsburgh ! fated still to feel thine iron thrall,
 Thou hero of an hundred fights, and victor in them all !

So reckless of another's claim, by mad ambition led,
 Where slept the thunder ? why forebore the bolt that should have sped
 To rive that red right hand, before the altar pledged to thee,
 Imperial victim ! offered up mid mirth and revelry ?

But why, when every breath bespeaks the triumph hour of mirth,
 Why is it mid this festal scene that darker thoughts have birth ?
 What curse is brooding in the air ? What shadow passing by ?
 What demon is abroad to mar this hour's festivity ?

There 's restlessness within that eye, repress it as thou wilt ;
 A deepening hectic on that cheek, it is the flush of guilt !
 For memory of that injured one is with thee even now,
 And crime is deepening at thy heart and darkening o'er thy brow.

A fearful vision, undefined, thy very spirit stirs,
 That doom is on thee, long foretold, *thy star declines with hers !*
 " Spoilt child of fortune ! " — fated still, and formed to move the heart ;
 So glorious as thou might'st have been ! so guilty as thou art !

A change was wrought — a mighty change ; of all thy conquests vast,
 The memory alone remained, thy day of empire past.
 An exile in a lonely isle, yet still unshrinking shone
 That spirit which no change could quell, that greatness all thine own.

Another change : thy footsteps press once more the soil of France,
 And despots madden at the thought, and bid their hosts advance.
Alone thou comest : hostile bands meet thy unstartled view,
 The soldier's eye has caught thy form ! The soldier's heart is true !

At once from countless numbers poured, a deafening shout arose,
 And ranks on ranks prolonged the sound : thy foes ! where are thy foes ?
 Like wreath of morning mist before the sun's triumphant ray,
 The Bourbon saw his power decline, his legions pass away !

And thou — not in thy proudest day of triumph and renown,
 When kings became thy suppliants, and thanked thee for a crown !
 When earth to her remotest bounds thine influence felt and owned,
 And thou thy mandates issued forth in regal splendor throned.

Not then ! not then thine hour of pride, though millions owned thy sway ;
 There waited on thy destiny a more triumphant day ;
 That day on which a fugitive, where all was once thine own,
 A nation's voice with one accord recalled thee to a throne !

FREEDOM AND PROGRESS.

BY CHARLES G. ATHERTON.

NOT only are the annals of our Revolution connected with the principles of freedom, but liberty is the beginning, the end, the substance of all our history. It is entwined and embodied with all the events that mark our progress, — it is written in characters that can never be effaced, on every page of our story, — it is interwoven with all that we have been, all that we are, and all that we hope to be. Our forefathers came to this land seeking refuge from oppression. Despised and insulted by the haughty arbiters of the old world, that meek and suffering, but hardy and faithful band brought to inhospitable and savage shores their household gods, their principles, their hopes. They were wafted hither by no prosperous gales of royal favor : — no lofty patronage protected their humble troop. The same spirit which led them here — which supported them under trials and privations almost insupportable — which nerved their souls against the attacks of hunger, want and savage enemies, — this same spirit flowed down to their descendants, and became a part of their being. It was the same spirit which in them prompted resistance to unwarrantable assumptions on the part of the parent country, and the renunciation of an allegiance that no longer promised protection. It was the same spirit, that throughout their struggle, nerved their arms and braced their souls, and led them to resolve, to use the words of one of their most able writers, “ that wheresoever, whensoever, and howsoever they might be called to make their exit, they would die free men ! ”

“It is the cause” which animates and inspires men to be great. It was this which, in our country, raised up men to vie with the skilful and more practiced statesmen of older nations, and to meet in the field the veteran warriors of England. It was this which caused genius to start into life in all parts of our land. It was this which turned even feminine gentleness into courage, and caused woman, who before would shudder if the “breeze of summer visited her too roughly,” to dare all things and endure all things for her country. This urged the gallant La Fayette to leave the bosom of friends and family, and the allurements of wealth and rank, to unite his fortunes with our destiny, then unpromising, but which gloriously resulted in the advent of

That hour when a voice had come forth from the West,
To the slave bringing hope, to the tyrant alarms,
And a lesson long looked for was taught the oppressed,
That kings are as dust before freemen in arms.

This induced the greatest bard of modern times, whose untimely fate the friends of liberty mourn, to devote his energies to the redemption of the land which had enriched his song, and which his song had hallowed. It was this which animated the lips of Demosthenes with that power and vehemence that have made him the wonder and the despair of all succeeding orators — this which gave its eloquent persuasion to the honied tongue of Cicero. It was this that made Chatham seem more than human, when at the time of our struggle, he dared to say in the British Parliament: “But were I an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my soil, I never would lay down my arms, no, never!” This gave to Fox his matchless ardor and energy, which surprised into a momentary show of human feeling “the wire-drawn puppets, the deaf and dumb things of a Court.” Let men have a motive to urge them on, and almost any thing is within their reach. And what motive can be greater than the desire to obtain freedom? for without this nothing is desirable.

The advocates of despotic governments delight in quoting

examples of popular misrule. They talk of treasuries rifled and granaries plundered by a populace — but what do they say of extortion that beggars, and monopolies that starve? They speak with abhorrence of the tumultuous disorders and the irregular license of a multitude — but in the same breath you hear them flattering the mighty authors of systematic violence and organized rapine and bloodshed, palliated in their eyes by the glare of wealth and pomp of birth. Cruelty or outrage, which they can in any way connect with democracy, to their delicate nerves is terrible indeed, — but the grinding oppression of an aristocracy, the oceans of blood shed by despots, murders in form of law, proscriptions, imposts, confiscations and wanton inflictions and base cruelty — all these are nothing! It is nothing to them that so many noble spirits, whose only crime was to long for freedom, have been immured in dungeons to pine away their lives in loathsome decay — that the energies of whole nations have been repressed, (like those of Ireland at the present day) — that whole countries have been depopulated by the misery that follows the invader's march — that whole unoffending communities have been put to the sword by the eager ambition of despots! The fate of so many honest industrious poor, who struggle in vain to overcome undeserved but remediless misery — the wo of beings brutalized with slavery, and kept in ignorant vassalage, lest they should learn to use their strength — the human mind degraded, “cabinéd, cribbed, confined” — opinion persecuted — conscience insulted — the blaze of faggots gathered round innocents — the massacres of women and children — the sufferings of martyrs — all these, to them, are nothing! Show me one act of cruelty or injustice by mobs, and I will show you an hundred by tyrants! And which is the more excusable — the uprising of human beings, with countenances savage with want, and eyes hollow and glaring with wo, to procure the necessaries of life — ay, or if you choose it, to drink the blood of their oppressors, or the regular march of a standing army in the employ of a tyrant, paid for murder, and proceeding on their bloody

track to burn cities, to ravage countries, and to butcher alike, young and old, male and female?

Long enough have the despots of Europe kept their subjects in ignorance, in order to preserve their own sway. Long enough have they lorded it over the consciences and birthrights of men. The divine right of kings, which they have altered into the milder term legitimacy, will not do. "The right divine of kings to govern wrong," is not a maxim for this bold, busy, and inquiring age. There is a spirit abroad too dangerous to be trifled with. Its outbreaks have already been seen in various parts of the earth. If the masters of the old world yield to its progress, it may reform abuses gradually, as the water-drop wears the marble, and they may hide in obscurity their imbecility and their shame. But let them form themselves into alliances, and by combinations endeavor to preserve their sway, and "the overstrung nations will arm in madness." Let them endeavor to breast and stop the tide of improvement which is rushing onward, and it will sweep them away in its mighty torrent. The murmurings of the storm are already heard in the forest, the sighings of the gusts of wind, and the groans of the laboring trees. If they prostrate themselves before the coming tempest, it may pass them untouched, unhurt; but woe to those who endeavor to brave it, for the angel of death will ride on its rushing wings.

Reverses may ensue in the cause of freedom; hope delayed may sicken the souls of patriots; the exertions of heroes and martyrs may be, for a while, in vain; brave hearts may spill their best blood on the points of mercenary bayonets, but the cause of human nature and of God must triumph! I say the cause of God, for the Almighty has not placed the longing after freedom any more than the longing after immortality in our bosoms, that it should only for ever be a source of disappointment and despair! Our history must inspire all. And it is curious to reflect that our forefathers, despised and insulted by the potentates of the old world, brought that here with them which shall react, nay,

is reacting on their persecutors with tremendous energy. They came here "to plant the tree of life, to plant fair freedom's tree," which has grown up so large and beautiful, and will overshadow all the earth—the tree which shall prove to the free of all nations a shelter and protection, but to tyrants and oppressors will be more deadly than the Upas, which blasts and withers all who approach it.

The only condition on which liberty is granted to man, is that of perpetual vigilance. This subtle spirit of oppression must be met in its first approaches, it must be guarded against with ever anxious care. Man cannot procure any thing of importance unless by striving for it, nor can he retain any thing worth having, unless by guarding it. The husbandman, before he can expect the earth to yield its increase, must prepare it by his toil; and after his stores are gathered, his care is still necessary to preserve them. The accumulator of property, when he has amassed wealth, if he would not lose all the fruits of his labor and anxiety, must still be ever on the alert lest it vanish, and all his fond hopes be prostrated. No other blessing can we expect to enjoy long without activity and care on our part, and why should we expect that liberty, the greatest of blessings, can be retained without either? Why should we imagine that, because we now have liberty, we must always possess it, however supine we may be? If freedom is worth fighting for, it is worth preserving. Let us never listen to the voice which would calm all our apprehensions, and lull us into slumbers of security; into a quiet which might be repose indeed, but would soon be the leaden sleep of despotism.

CHOCORUA'S CURSE.

BY CHARLES J. FOX.

THERE is a high and abrupt mountain, overlooking Burton, N. H., which is called Chocorua's Peak, and a strange fatality has attended the settlements at its foot. Tradition relates that many years ago, Chocorua, the last survivor of his tribe, was hunting upon this mountain in time of peace, when two of the early settlers suddenly came upon him. They hated him because he was an Indian, and, telling him that he must die, gave him his choice, to fall by their rifles, or to leap from the precipice. He chose the latter, and, uttering a curse upon the region, was dashed in pieces on the rocks below. The blight and pestilence which have since prevailed there, as if the earth was poisoned, are believed by many to be the effect of Chocorua's Curse.

On the cliff's extremest brow,
Fearless stands Chocorua now ;
Last of all his tribe, and he
Doomed to death of cruelty.
O'er the broad green vales that lie
Far beneath, he casts his eye,
And in tones the heavens that pierce,
O'er them breathes his dying curse.

"Lands where lived and died my sires,
Where they built their council fires ;
Where they roamed and knew no fear,
Till the dread white man drew near ;
Once when swelled the war-cry round,
Flocked a thousand at the sound ;
But the white man came, and they
Like the leaves have passed away.

"There my fathers' bones are laid ;
There in childhood I have played ;
And beneath this craggy steep
Will my bones unburied sleep.
There will other footsteps come ;
There the white man make his home ;
Dwellings rise and forests fall,
And a change shall come o'er all !

"Wo to them who seek to spoil
The red owners of the soil !
Wo to all who on this spot
Fell the groves or build the cot !
Blighted be the grass that springs !
Blighted be all living things !
And the pestilence extend,
Till Chocorua's curse shall end !"

On his murderers turned he then
Eyes shall ever haunt those men ;
Up to heaven a look he cast,
And around — beneath — his last !
Far down and lone, his bones are strown,
The skies his pall, his bed of stone ;
But blight and death attest the power
Of Chocorua's Curse to this hour !

DEATH OF HARRISON.

BY CHARLES B. HADDUCK.

To the least cultivated the cessation of our animal existence is matter of thoughtful contemplation. To the deepest read in the attributes and destinies of our race, it is a fearful and exciting mystery. The dissolution of this curious and wonderful fabric; the separation of the thinking principle from all material organization; the closing up all known channels of intercourse with material things; the sundering of the social ties; the extinction of endearing and kind offices; the termination of our earthly duties and responsibilities; and, more than all besides, the entrance of another intelligent moral being upon the scenes of an eternal state — these are considerations which give interest and moment to every human death. These are the reasons which draw us so irresistibly to the house of mourning, and attach such sacredness to the last offices we pay to the deceased. These are the causes which spread its profound and mysterious expression over the face of the dead, and hallow the place where we lay them.

It is for these reasons, that, on occasions like the present, we pause even from personal and party strife to indulge in humane sentiments and common sympathies. For these reasons death hushes, for a moment at least, our noisy contention for the unsubstantial objects of this life, and soothes the animosities which have been engendered by mutual complaint and recrimination. He is something less than man, and more to be distrusted and despised than any man, who can look upon a fallen antagonist, even though he were

a personal foe, without a tear, and insult, with impotent revenge, the pale unconscious piece of earth that lies low before him.

It is grateful to know, that the American people are not capable of this unnatural malignity. It is delightful to see, that the great stroke of Providence, which has bereft the nation of its Chief Magistrate, is felt as a national wound, lamented as a common calamity. It does relieve, somewhat, the fears of the friends of Democratic Liberty, to witness the spontaneous and full utterance of a common grief, on this occasion, by parties so lately irritated to frenzy by an acrimonious political contest. Dejected Patriotism will lift up her head again, and reassure herself, by these cheerful omens, that the public heart is still true, and that, in our fond estimation, it is something more to be an American than to be of any party, something higher and better to be a MAN than to be of any nation or tribe under heaven.

When one of the lowliest of men dies, there is a serious vacancy produced. The wound is deep, and long felt. The world is not interested in the change; yet, how great the change is. The condition of a human family, the circle, within which occur most of the events that give happiness or misery to life, is forever and essentially altered. New relations are instituted; new dependencies are thenceforth to be felt; new responsibilities to arise; new forms of character to be assumed. Long cherished affections are ruptured; accustomed pursuits are laid aside; settled purposes are broken off. To a whole household, life has become another thing; the world is to be viewed by them in a new light, and lived in with new feelings. The loss is sensible; and it is irreparable. Friendship may administer its sympathies to the desolate bosom; and they are sweet to the mourning heart. Providence may be gracious still; our fields may smile, and our enterprises may prosper. But for violated love there is no reparation. The dead will return no more; his place is not to be supplied. The vic-

tories of Death are permanent ; its monuments never decay, or moulder.

Even when a great man dies, the most poignant grief is not public. The bitterest sighs are heaved, and the most scalding tears are shed in private. Even now, while a nation is clad in mourning for the hero and the statesman, and the parade and circumstance of public sorrow present an imposing and engrossing spectacle to all eyes, there is a mansion on the banks of the Ohio, where the names of General and President are not mentioned. The sorrows, that darken that house, are the sorrows which bereaved woman always feels ; the tears, that are shed there, are such as crushed affection every where sheds. It is nothing to her, who sits a widow, in that vacant home, that the warrior and the politician is called from the scene of his triumphs. It is little to her, that a new Government is deprived of its head, a great people of a favorite Ruler. Her lamentation is for the husband of her youth and the father of her children. It is the bitterness of her cup, that the vacant place at her table, and at her fireside, and on her couch of rest, will never, never more be filled ; that henceforth her way is to be solitary, and her heart lonely. To her life is ended before the time.

Such is Death always. But when one of the gifted is taken away, it is a public calamity. A great man belongs to his people. He is a public possession — part of a nation's capital, strength, and honor. A comprehensive intellect, a beautiful imagination, superior activity and energy, sublime principle, in which the heart of a nation may trust, magnanimity and enterprise capable of inspiring and sustaining popular enthusiasm, mind to dignify, adorn, and perpetuate — what has a people so precious, so sacred ? What should a community so prize and cherish ?

In whatever department of honorable industry such mind discovers itself, it is above all price. Be it in Philosophy, secluding itself and wearying the hours in the study of truth ; or in Art, disciplining itself, and raising itself up,

in the fond hope of realizing in marble, or on canvass, or in the more enduring forms of language, the features of beauty, which it has dimly conceived in its favored moments; or, be it in Eloquence, or Policy, or action — wherever more than ordinary intellect, or taste, or goodness, shows itself, there is some part of a nation's greatness; there, one of the gems of its future crown. Without such mind it may possibly exist, may vegetate upon the earth; but the frosts of the first winter will scorch every green thing, and the winds will blow it away. Nothing of all a people's treasures is imperishable but its great minds. Nothing but the genius and virtue of its noble sons can bind it to the family of illustrious nations, or link its history to the series of renowned ages. And when the men, to whom it owes its place and its hopes, are removed by death, it is proper to mourn. The tears of a whole people are a fit tribute to departed greatness. The treasure was public; the loss is public, too. And in proportion as it is great, it is also irreparable. A great man may make an age, may be himself the age.

ORDINATION HYMN.

BY GEORGE KENT.

Of old, O Lord, by cliff or stream,
In glen or mount thy name was praised ;
Creation's works the primal theme
Of shepherds, as to heaven they gazed.

A nobler song 't was their's to raise,
From Judah's plains and Bethlehem's hills ;
The star prophetic meets their gaze,
The angelic shout their chorus fills.

“ Jesus the son of God is born ! ”
A Saviour lives to rule and bless,
To cheer the fainting and forlorn,
And lead in paths of righteousness.

That Christ is ours — his word our guide,
His bright example be our aim ;
The life he lived, the death he died,
Circle with grace the christian name.

Not ours our Heavenly Father's will
Dimly to read in nature's frame ;
Nor ours to worship on the hill,
Or in the vale, by cliff or stream.

The word Divine to us is given,
To us a Messenger is sent ;
This day records in sight of heaven,
The holy ties we here cement.

Teach us in mutual love to live,
In holy faith and heavenly joy ;
Help us, O God, at once to give
Our willing minds to thine employ.

Aid us at last — our duty done,
Our hopes all bright — our souls serene ;
Calmly to meet life's setting sun,
And triumph in life's closing scene.

RATHER HYPERBOLICAL.

BY HORATIO HALE.

THEY tell me, love, that heavenly form
Was fashioned in an earthly mould ;
That once each limb and feature warm
Was lifeless clay and cold.
And the old nurse, in prating mood,
Vows she beheld thy baby-hood.
But vain the specious web and frail,
My heart can weave a truer tale.

They lured a radiant angel down,
And clipped its glorious wings away ;
They bound its form in stays and gown,
And taught it here to stay.
But earth, nor art could e'er efface
Its angel form, its heavenly grace.

And would'st thou deign to linger here,
And tread with me this mortal earth,
A group of charming cherubs, dear,
Might cheer our humble hearth.
And each would be — nay, do not laugh, —
Angel and mortal, half and half,
And every pretty dear, when vexed,
Would cry one hour, and sing the next.

But oh ! I greatly fear, my love,
That earthly joys would all be vain,
That longing much for things above,
The plumes would grow again ;
And so you might, some pleasant day,
Take to your wings and flee away ;
I shall be sorry, if you do,
But, dearest — take the children too !

INFLUENCE OF CLASSIC STUDIES UPON THE IMAGINATION AND TASTE.

BY EDWIN D. SANBORN.

THE study of the classics tends to refine, chasten and exalt the imagination. Perhaps there is no one of the native powers of the mind, which usually exerts so important an influence upon our happiness or misery in this life, as the imagination. If properly trained and directed, it may become the source of the most exquisite pleasure; if neglected and abused, of the most excruciating torment. In those departments of literature which are the peculiar province of the imagination, the ancients stand unrivalled. In their poetry and oratory, the student is introduced to the most splendid creations of genius. It is the prevailing opinion of some of our best critics, that the infancy of society is most favorable to poetic excellence. Every thing then is new. All the impressions of the bard are fresh and vivid. The current of his thoughts gushes out warm from nature's living fount. As men advance in society, they become less susceptible to those lively emotions, excited by an ardent imagination. They deal more in general ideas and cold abstractions. The reasoning powers become more acute, the imagination more tame. The experimental sciences, which require time for maturity, advance with the improvement of society, while poetry remains stationary or retrogrades. "As civilization advances," says Macaulay, "poetry almost necessarily declines. In proportion as men know more and think more, they look less at individuals, and more at classes. They therefore make better theories and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of images, and personified

qualities instead of men. They may be better able to analyze human nature than their predecessors. But analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect." "The Greeks," says Menzel, "translated beautiful nature; the middle ages translated faith; we translate our science into poetry."

If this theory be true, the student can kindle the true poetic enthusiasm in his own bosom, only by stealing a coal from the altar of the ancient muses. A thorough acquaintance with ancient poetry will undoubtedly give him a just notion of the office of the imagination in literature, and reveal to him the secret process by which this "shaping spirit" creates the magic wonders of its power. It is not enough that the scholar views and admires these unequalled productions of genius; he must become familiar with them and feel their influence. It is not sufficient to notice and treasure up the beautiful conceits and striking expressions of an author; but he must strive to reproduce in himself the inspiration of the bard and the enthusiasm of the orator. He must, for the time, forget self, and, in imagination at least, exchange places with the author, live in the very midst of the stirring scenes that called forth the orator's pathos, or kindled the poet's fire, breathe in his spirit, be moved by the same impulses of feeling that actuated him, be touched by his sorrow, be melted by his tears, catch his fire, feel the same emotions of sublimity, and enjoy the same beauties that elevated or ravished his soul, soar with him in imagination, and train the whole intellectual being to like modes of thought. In this way he may acquire sufficient strength and nerve to wield the giant armor of men of other days.

By this process alone can the student become an adept in classic lore. Some *practical men* may cry out: "Enthusiasm! extravagance!" Admit that it is enthusiasm. Great attainments were never made in any branch of literature, science, or art, without some degree of professional enthusiasm. This devotion of eminent scholars and artists to their favorite pursuits is the very secret of their success.

The geologist is in raptures at the discovery of some antediluvian reptile, or more recent petrification. The philosophic antiquarian gazes with mingled awe and reverence at the remains of ancient art,—those magnificent ruins and marvellous columns that stand upon the soil beneath which countless generations sleep,

Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials which the wizard Time
Hath raised to count his ages by.

The physician boasts of his splendid illustrations of morbid anatomy, and of his beautiful specimens of diseased bones; and no one objects to this devotion to a particular department of study, this professional enthusiasm. On the contrary, every intelligent man commends it as the very key that unlocks the temple of science.

The taste is refined and matured by this same discipline. By constant association with refined society the individual is himself refined. The mind, in like manner, is moulded by the objects it contemplates. By long familiarity with these finished models of composition, the principles of philosophic criticism are gradually acquired, and a cultivated taste is unconsciously formed, so that, in writing, the student instinctively adopts what is beautiful in sentiment and faultless in expression, and rejects what is vulgar and anomalous. Though he may forget every word and every thought he has ever learned from ancient authors, his time will not have been lost. There still remains in the soul "an intellectual residuum," a kind of mental precipitate, which, though differing from all the elements that were originally thrown into the intellectual crucible, still contains their very essence, and is superior to them all. The student's taste is *classical*. And can we use a more expressive epithet? Can there be higher praise? After long acquaintance with classic excellences, he has an intuitive perception of the beauties of a literary production. He does not need to recur to the standard he once used. He

has risen from the condition of a learner to that of judge, and his nice perception of the beauties of a finished composition has become a part of his mental constitution. The man who has been thus educated, can scarcely become so degraded as to lose entirely his taste for the beautiful, the poetic and the sublime in literature. Nor is this discipline, which thus forms the taste and polishes the mind, a mere unrequited toil, destitute of pleasure or profit. There is a pleasure in mere intellectual activity. We are so constituted, that without exertion *we cannot enjoy*. Knowledge is the proper aliment of the soul, and the highest mental enjoyment results from the uninterrupted pursuit and the constant acquisition of new truths. A philosopher once said: "If the gods would grant me all knowledge, I would not thank them for the boon; but if they would grant me the everlasting pursuit of it, I would render them everlasting thanks." When the student commences a course of classical study, he does not enter upon a barren desert, with only here and there an oasis to gladden his heart, but a land of hill and dale, whose eminences are clothed with perpetual sunlight, and in whose bosom sleep the treasures of a world.

THE OLD MAN'S LAST DREAM.

BY B. B. FRENCH.

An aged and a weak, worn man
Slept in his easy chair,
While the declining sun's last rays
Fell on his silvery hair.
'T was summer — through the open door
Young zephyr winged his way,
And fanned that aged sleeper's cheek
And o'er his brow did play.
That summer scene of perfect peace
The hardest heart might feel,
For oh! far less of earth than heaven
Its beauty did reveal.
And as that aged man slept there,
Where did his fancy roam?
His mind — that mind which never rests
And has no human home!
Where was it then? The weary path
That aged man had trod,
Since first his young and spotless soul
Had communed with its God;
As speeds the lightning from the cloud,
As flies the viewless wind;
So o'er that long and weary path
Sped back his restless mind.

Again the dreamer roamed in youth
O'er many a beauteous scene,
Where, when his life was new and fresh,
His footsteps oft had been;
Through tangled dell and shady grove
He sought the peaceful shore
Of the deep, wood-embosomed lake,
Where oftentime of yore
His little skiff had swept the wave,
Urged by his sinewy arm,
Or in whose deep and shadowy nooks
He sought the noontide's calm;
Or by the sparkling trout-brook's side,
With rod and line he stood,
Seeking to draw the speckled prey
From out the tiny flood.

And wheresoe'er the dreamer roved,
Still roving at his side,
His bright-eyed Eleanor was there,
His fair, his beauteous bride.

A smile lit up his sunken cheek,
And o'er his wrinkled brow
It spread, as if his sunny youth
Were with him, even now.
He waked — 't was eve — the sun had gone
Down in his western bed,
And oh ! how soon that sunny smile
Was gone — forever fled !
His sun was setting — and his life
Was in its evening shade ;
His Ella in her silent grave
Had long — long since been laid.
Earth had no charm for that old man,
For all to him was drear,
The autumn of his life was past,
The winter of his year
Had come — and cold and chill the world
Passed onward in its pride,
And with a hope of future life,
He looked to Heaven, *and died !*

THE FRIEND OF AN HOUR.

BY HARRIETTE V. M. FRENCH.

[Born at Chester, December 28, 1818. Died at Chester, March 9, 1841.]

THERE is truth in the love that has grown up with years,
BORN in sorrow and sadness — and nourished with tears;
BUT give me the friendship of mirth's brilliant hour,
AND still let me laugh with the friend of an hour.

DREAM not that in weeping more pleasure you find,
O'er the friends you have loved in the years left behind;
THEY were dear — they *are* dear, still defying Time's power;
BUT let me laugh on, with the friend of an hour.

THE friends that I loved — they have dearer ones now,
OR the damp earth rests heavily on their cold brow;
AND my days would soon find me like autumn's lone flower,
COULD I not gather bliss with the friend of an hour.

THERE are some who still love, though their love is forgot,
THERE are some who have loved me — whose love now is not;
I will never regret them or call back their power,
BUT will cherish the *true*, with the friend of an hour.

OSADLY my spirit within me is bowed,
WHEN I think of lost loved ones, the grave and the shroud;
AND darkly the shade on my future would lower,
BUT I weep o'er the dead with the friend of an hour.

THE M'LEAN ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

BY LUTHER V. BELL, SUPERINTENDENT.

IN its original inception, there was one circumstance in its constitution, perhaps introduced from a kind of necessity, which time has shown to have been fraught with most important bearings, not only upon this Asylum itself, but upon the remaining hospitals of New England, whose constitutions have been modified from this. I refer to the mixed character of a *public* and *private* institution which it bears. This union of traits is believed to combine the respective advantages of both classes of institutions as they exist abroad, at the same time the great objections to each are avoided.

To demonstrate this it will be well to take a survey of the English system. The *private mad-houses*, as they are termed, have always existed in that country. Any individual who chose could receive as boarders such patients as their friends or guardians contracted for. In 1815 and 1816, the abuses perpetrated in these mad-houses had become so crying as to call for a public investigation, and the Parliamentary inquiry developed an amount of horrid cruelty, unequalled in the annals of modern crime. The effects of this appalling disclosure are felt to this day and to this side of the Atlantic, and we have frequent occasions to trace distinctly the prejudices and impressions of our citizens back to the effect of those developments. Since that period the system has remained unchanged, but Parliament has thrown a barrier of protection in some degree around the poor lunatic, by almost annual statutory provis-

ions providing for licensing, inspecting, and otherwise regulating these establishments.

It would seem always to have been the opinion of those who have written on these points, that the system was one of horrors. The obvious objection is, that the best interests of the patient and the individual who receives the compensation for his support, are antagonistical to each other, and no inspection can be so thorough as to reach the legion of institutions existing. As was remarked to me by an eminent medical gentleman conversant with this subject, "if the keeper of a mad-house in which his whole property and living are invested, could watch with pleasure the speedy convalescence of a patient who was paying a weekly fee of four or five guineas, he must be of that class of natural saints who are not numerous in any country."

Every one acquainted with the nice balance of the mind on a tendency to convalescence, must see how easy a few negative actions would delay recovery for ever, yet without the commission of one act or the uttering one sentiment which could be objected to in words! So objectionable is this system in the eyes of medical men who have been most devoted to the subject of insanity, that Drs. Conolly, Millingen and Brown, the three last writers in England, call loudly upon government to assume the entire control of the insane.

It cannot but be now regarded as a fortunate circumstance, — as a providential resulting of good from seeming evil, that private mad-houses were never much introduced in this country. If in consequence of the want of even this provision, numerous instances of great suffering and neglect in confinement in prisons and houses of relatives occurred, yet from no provision existing, when the public mind was called to act, the action was at once far more original, decisive and effective, than if the half remedy of small private establishments had been adopted. From no provision for the insane, the step was one to a class of public institutions which certainly have never been surpassed in their results;

—a class of institutions which were soon adopted by the refined and the wealthy.

The *public* part of the constitution of this Asylum, and of those modelled on its plan, assures an entire separation of any interest on the part of its officers adverse to the patient's highest good; it implies a certain, thorough, and effective supervision of its whole management down to its minutest detail, by a body of gentlemen, selected for their public character and known interest in the cause of justice and humanity.

Still another advantage of the *public* character of an Asylum, consists in its forming a nucleus around which the efforts of the benevolent may concentrate. This institution has felt this advantage in the reiterated benefactions and bequests of the wealthy, which have here provided the abundant means of affording the best advantages to a great number, and their benevolence is felt to the farthest sections of our land in other institutions, which have reaped from this indirectly the benefit of these donations.

An insane institution, arranged for the highest advantage of its inmates, must be peculiar in its construction and exceedingly expensive. A concentration of means beyond individual capital, and as a general rule beyond the economical views of legislative bodies, is necessary. After the expensive machinery of treatment, such as architectural arrangements, &c. is once provided, the results from a moderate expenditure of means are highly gratifying.

The peculiar advantages of the *private* character of an Asylum are also numerous, and varying with the community in which the institution is placed. Prominent among these is the circumstance, which on recovery cannot but be consolatory to him, that the patient feels that he is intrusted to medical care by his friends and relatives as a sick man, and of course his self-respect is saved from the humiliation of knowing that he has been placed under custody by the arm of the law as a dangerous member of society.

SPRING.

BY CARLOS WILCOX.

LONG swoln in drenching rain, seeds, germs, and buds,
Start at the touch of vivifying beams.
Moved by their secret force, the vital lymph
Diffusive runs, and spreads o'er wood and field
A flood of verdure. Clothed, in one short week,
Is naked Nature in her full attire.
On the first morn, light as an open plain
Is all the woodland, filled with sunbeams, poured
Through the bare tops, on yellow leaves below,
With strong reflection : on the last, 't is dark
With full-grown foliage, shading all within.
In one short week the orchard buds and blooms ;
And now, when steeped in dew or gentle showers,
It yields the purest sweetness to the breeze,
Or all the tranquil atmosphere perfumes.
E'en from the juicy leaves of sudden growth,
And the rank grass of steaming ground, the air,
Filled with a watery glimmering, receives
A grateful smell, exhaled by warming rays.
Each day are heard, and almost every hour,
New notes to swell the music of the groves.
And soon the latest of the feather'd train
At evening twilight come ; the lonely snipe,
O'er marshy fields, high in the dusky air,
Invisible, but with faint, tremulous tones,
Hovering or playing o'er the listener's head ;
And, in mid-air, the sportive night-hawk, seen
Flying a while at random, uttering oft
A cheerful cry, attended with a shake
Of level pinions, dark, but when upturned
Against the brightness of the western sky,
One white plume showing in the midst of each,
Then far down diving with loud hollow sound ;
And, deep at first within the distant wood,
The whip-poor-will, her name her only song.
She, soon as children from the noisy sport
Of whooping, laughing, talking with all tones,
To hear the echoes of the empty barn,
Are by her voice diverted and held mute,
Comes to the margin of the nearest grove ;

And when the twilight, deepened into night,
Calls them within, close to the house she comes,
And on its dark side, haply on the step
Of unfrequented door, lighting unseen,
Breaks into strains articulate and clear,
The closing sometimes quickened as in sport.
Now, animate throughout, from morn to eve
All harmony, activity, and joy,
Is lovely Nature, as in her blessed prime.
The robin to the garden or green yard,
Close to the door, repairs to build again
Within her wonted tree ; and at her work
Seems doubly busy for her past delay.
Along the surface of the winding stream,
Pursuing every turn, gay swallows skim,
Or round the borders of the spacious lawn
Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er
Hillock and fence with motion serpentine,
Easy, and light. One snatches from the ground
A downy feather, and then upward springs,
Followed by others, but oft drops it soon,
In playful mood, or from too slight a hold,
When all at once dart at the falling prize.
The flippant blackbird, with light yellow crown,
Hangs fluttering in the air, and chatters thick
Till her breath fail, when, breaking off, she drops
On the next tree, and on its highest limb,
Or some tall flag, and gently rocking, sits,
Her strain repeating. With sonorous notes
Of every tone, mixed in confusion sweet,
All chanted in the fulness of delight,
The forest rings : where, far around enclosed
With bushy sides, and covered high above
With foliage thick, supported by bare trunks,
Like pillars rising to support a roof,
It seems a temple vast, the space within
Rings loud and clear with thrilling melody.
Apart, but near the choir, with voice distinct,
The merry mocking-bird together links
In one continued song their different notes,
Adding new life and sweetness to them all.
Hid under shrubs, the squirrel that in fields
Frequents the stony wall and briery fence,
Here chirps so shrill that human feet approach
Unheard till just upon him, when, with cries
Sudden and sharp, he darts to his retreat
Beneath the mossy hillock or aged tree ;
But oft a moment after reappears,
First peeping out, then starting forth at once
With a courageous air, yet in his pranks
Keeping a watchful eye, nor venturing far
Till left unheeded. In rank pastures graze,
Singly and mutely, the contented herd ;
And on the upland rough the peaceful sheep ;

Regardless of the frolic lambs, that close
Beside them, and before their faces prone,
With many an antic leap and butting feint,
Try to provoke them to unite in sport
Or grant a look, till tired of vain attempts,
When gathering in one company apart,
All vigor and delight away they run,
Straight to the utmost corner of the field,
The fence beside; then wheeling, disappear
In some small sandy pit, then rise to view;
Or crowd together up the heap of earth
Around some upturned root of fallen tree,
And on its top a trembling moment stand,
Then to the distant flock at once return.
Exhilarated by the general joy,
And the fair prospect of a fruitful year,
The peasant, with light heart and nimble step,
His work pursues, as it were pastime sweet.
With many a cheering word, his willing team,
For labor fresh, he hastens to the field
Ere morning lose its coolness; but at eve,
When loosened from the plough and homeward turned,
He follows slow and silent, stopping oft
To mark the daily growth of tender grain
And meadows of deep verdure, or to view
His scatter'd flock and herd, of their own will
Assembling for the night by various paths,
The old now freely sporting with the young,
Or laboring with uncouth attempts at sport.

MYSTERY, REASON, FAITH.

BY REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY.

MYSTERY — Reason — Faith. These three subjects are closely connected together. One runs into the other, and the understanding of one may help us to understand the other.

There are a thousand allotments of Providence which are covered with darkness. We cannot comprehend them. But aided by experience and revelation, reason is sufficient to make us feel that they are kindly and wisely ordered. Reason is not sufficient to penetrate the future and see the wisdom and goodness of those allotments, but it is sufficient to bring us to the footstool of our Heavenly Father, and to make us say with unlimited trust and submission, — “Thy will be done. Do thou my Father guide me.” Thus reason prepares the way for faith, and faith binds the soul to God in immortal bonds.

We see this in a good man when called on to discharge painful duties. He may not be able to look through to the end and see how all shall terminate, but reason aids him in ascertaining the duty, and when ascertained, lays a foundation for an undoubting faith that its performance must result in good. All becomes clear. The scoffs and scorn and persecution of a world are not able to shake his equal mind, or to turn him from the right. Reason has introduced him into the region of faith, and faith leans on God and receives strength from Him.

We see this connexion between reason and faith in cases of affliction. A parent is called to part with a child. The bereavement is shrouded in gloom. The reason of the

parent cannot discern, it can hardly meditate on, the beneficent uses and purposes of this affliction. Yet reason has seen enough and learned enough, to give the conviction that all the doings of God are good. Reason cannot see the way itself clearly, but it can lead the parent to Him who does see the way clear, and can cause him to bow before that being in complete trust and submission. It can give origin to a faith so strong and entire, that the parent, even in the hour and anguish of bereavement, when his heart seems breaking within him, were the power given him to stay the flight of the departing spirit, even in that hour, he would not say, Come back, my child, come back, — but rather in the midst of his tears, does he say — “The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away, blessed be his holy name.”

Man's reason is but a feeble thing. Without revelation to aid it, this earth with the sky bending over it, were a dungeon with scarce a beam of light struggling in. And when in God's mercy these walls are rent, and the light of revelation streams in from the world beyond, all things are not revealed. We but know in part. We see through a glass darkly. A thousand anxious questions rise up to which we have no answer. But enough is revealed to reason to lay the broad foundation of faith.

There is a case which furnishes a good illustration of this whole subject, and in which men are constantly and habitually acting upon and acting out the principles that have been stated.

Night comes down over a ship at sea, and a passenger lingers hour after hour alone on the deck. The waters plunge and welter, and glide away beneath the keel. Above, the sails tower up in the darkness, almost to the sky, and their shadow falls as it were a burden on the deck below. In the clouded night no star is to be seen, and as the ship changes her course, the passenger knows not which way is east or west, or north or south. What islands, what sunken rocks may be on her course — or what that course is or where they are, he knows not. All around,

to him, is *Mystery*. He bows down in the submission of utter ignorance.

But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock and taking note of the place of the sun, and with the aid of a couple of books, composed of rules and mathematical tables, making calculations. And when he has completed them, he is able to point almost within a hand's breath to the place at which, after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the midst of the seas. Storms may have beat and currents drifted, but he knows where they are, and the precise point where, a hundred leagues over the waters, lies his native shore. Here is *Reason* appreciating and making use of the revelations (if we may so call them) of science.

Night again shuts down over the waste of waves, and the passenger beholds a single seaman stand at the wheel and watch, hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle, which points ever, as if it were a living finger, to the steady pole.

This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing of the courses of the sky. But reason and experience have given him *Faith* in the commanding officer of the ship — faith in the laws that control her course — faith in the unerring integrity of the little guide before him. And so without a single doubt he steers his ship on, according to a prescribed direction, through night and the waves. And that faith is not disappointed. With the morning sun, he beholds far away the summits of the gray and misty highlands, rising like a cloud on the horizon; and as he nears them, the hills appear, and the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor, and, sight of joy! the spires of the churches and the shining roofs among which he strives to detect his own.

Mystery — Reason — Faith; — mystery is the lowest, faith is the highest of the three. Reason has done but half its office till it has resulted in faith. Reason looks before and after. It not only ponders the past, but becomes prophetic of the future.

THE ARMY OF THE CROSS.

SUGGESTED BY SCOTT'S ROMANCE—'THE TALISMAN.'

BY MRS. S. R. A. BARNES.

It must have been a glorious sight,
And one which to behold
Would stir the sternest spirit's depths, —
Those armed bands of old :
The glittering panoply of proof,
The helmet and the shield,
The spear and ponderous battle-axe,
Which only they could wield.

The knightly daring — high resolve,
Engraven on each brow ;
The manly form of iron mould,—
Methinks I see them now !
As fresh and vividly they rise,
To wake the warm heart's glow,
As when they burst upon the eye
A thousand years ago !

And 'neath that burning Syrian sun,
Far as the eye can measure,
Prepared to pour like water forth
Their life-blood and their treasure,
Those banded legions pressing on,
The red-cross banner flying,
And thousands seeking 'neath that sign
The glorious meed of dying !

God speed thee on thine enterprise,
Lord of the lion-heart !
Go, mid the " rapture of the strife " —
Enact thy princely part ;
Do battle with the infidel,
And smite his haughty brow,
And plant the standard of the cross
Where waves the crescent now !

The story of thy knightly faith,
As ages roll along,
Shall lighten o'er the poet's page,
And wake the minstrel's song.
Ay — to the tale of high emprise,
The daring deed and bold,
The spirit wakes as wildly now
As in those days of old !

THE TREASURED HARP

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

ALL the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold except his wife's harp, which was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument and listened to the melting tones of her voice. — IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK.

Go, leave that harp! twined round its strings,
There's many a magic spell;
Leave that untouched, the strain it brings,
This heart remembers well.

Let that remain! all else beside
Go scatter to the wind!
The chords that won my home a bride
No other home shall find.

It hath a power, though all unstrung
It lies neglected now,
And from her hands 't will ne'er be wrung
Till death these limbs shall bow!

It hath no price since that sweet hour
She tuned it first, and played
Love's evening hymn within the bower,
Her youthful fingers made.

A spirit like a summer's night
Hangs o'er that cherished lyre,
And whispers of the calm moonlight
Are trembling from the wire.

Still on my ear her young voice falls,
Still floats that melody:
On each loved haunt its music calls:
Go! leave that harp and me.

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It would seem always to have been the opinion of those who have written on these points, that the system was one of horrors. The obvious objection is, that the best interests of the patient and the individual who receives the compensation for his support, are antagonistical to each other, and no inspection can be so thorough as to reach the legion of institutions existing. As was remarked to me by an eminent medical gentleman conversant with this subject, "if the keeper of a mad-house in which his whole property and living are invested, could watch with pleasure the speedy convalescence of a patient who was paying a weekly fee of four or five guineas, he must be of that class of natural saints who are not numerous in any country."

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Adding new life and sweetness to them all.
Hid under shrubs, the squirrel that in fields
Frequents the stony wall and briery fence,
Here chirps so shrill that human feet approach
Unheard till just upon him, when, with cries
Sudden and sharp, he darts to his retreat
Beneath the mossy hillock or aged tree ;
But oft a moment after reappears,
First peeping out, then starting forth at once
With a courageous air, yet in his pranks
Keeping a watchful eye, nor venturing far
Till left unheeded. In rank pastures graze,
Singly and mutely, the contented herd ;
And on the upland rough the peaceful sheep ;

Regardless of the frolic lambs, that close
Beside them, and before their faces prone,
With many an antic leap and butting feint,
Try to provoke them to unite in sport
Or grant a look, till tired of vain attempts,
When gathering in one company apart,
All vigor and delight away they run,
Straight to the utmost corner of the field,
The fence beside ; then wheeling, disappear
In some small sandy pit, then rise to view ;
Or crowd together up the heap of earth
Around some upturned root of fallen tree,
And on its top a trembling moment stand,
Then to the distant flock at once return.
Exhilarated by the general joy,
And the fair prospect of a fruitful year,
The peasant, with light heart and nimble step,
His work pursues, as it were pastime sweet.
With many a cheering word, his willing team,
For labor fresh, he hastens to the field
Ere morning lose its coolness ; but at eve,
When loosened from the plough and homeward turned,
He follows slow and silent, stopping oft
To mark the daily growth of tender grain
And meadows of deep verdure, or to view
His scatter'd flock and herd, of their own will
Assembling for the night by various paths,
The old now freely sporting with the young,
Or laboring with uncouth attempts at sport.

MYSTERY, REASON, FAITH.

BY REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY.

MYSTERY — Reason — Faith. These three subjects are closely connected together. One runs into the other, and the understanding of one may help us to understand the other.

There are a thousand allotments of Providence which are covered with darkness. We cannot comprehend them. But aided by experience and revelation, reason is sufficient to make us feel that they are kindly and wisely ordered. Reason is not sufficient to penetrate the future and see the wisdom and goodness of those allotments, but it is sufficient to bring us to the footstool of our Heavenly Father, and to make us say with unlimited trust and submission, — “Thy will be done. Do thou my Father guide me.” Thus reason prepares the way for faith, and faith binds the soul to God in immortal bonds.

We see this in a good man when called on to discharge painful duties. He may not be able to look through to the end and see how all shall terminate, but reason aids him in ascertaining the duty, and when ascertained, lays a foundation for an undoubting faith that its performance must result in good. All becomes clear. The scoffs and scorn and persecution of a world are not able to shake his equal mind, or to turn him from the right. Reason has introduced him into the region of faith, and faith leans on God and receives strength from Him.

We see this connexion between reason and faith in cases of affliction. A parent is called to part with a child. The bereavement is shrouded in gloom. The reason of the

parent cannot discern, it can hardly meditate on, the beneficent uses and purposes of this affliction. Yet reason has seen enough and learned enough, to give the conviction that all the doings of God are good. Reason cannot see the way itself clearly, but it can lead the parent to Him who does see the way clear, and can cause him to bow before that being in complete trust and submission. It can give origin to a faith so strong and entire, that the parent, even in the hour and anguish of bereavement, when his heart seems breaking within him, were the power given him to stay the flight of the departing spirit, even in that hour, he would not say, Come back, my child, come back, — but rather in the midst of his tears, does he say — “The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away, blessed be his holy name.”

Man's reason is but a feeble thing. Without revelation to aid it, this earth with the sky bending over it, were a dungeon with scarce a beam of light struggling in. And when in God's mercy these walls are rent, and the light of revelation streams in from the world beyond, all things are not revealed. We but know in part. We see through a glass darkly. A thousand anxious questions rise up to which we have no answer. But enough is revealed to reason to lay the broad foundation of faith.

There is a case which furnishes a good illustration of this whole subject, and in which men are constantly and habitually acting upon and acting out the principles that have been stated.

Night comes down over a ship at sea, and a passenger lingers hour after hour alone on the deck. The waters plunge and welter, and glide away beneath the keel. Above, the sails tower up in the darkness, almost to the sky, and their shadow falls as it were a burden on the deck below. In the clouded night no star is to be seen, and as the ship changes her course, the passenger knows not which way is east or west, or north or south. What islands, what sunken rocks may be on her course — or what that course is or where they are, he knows not. All around,

to him, is *Mystery*. He bows down in the submission of utter ignorance.

But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock and taking note of the place of the sun, and with the aid of a couple of books, composed of rules and mathematical tables, making calculations. And when he has completed them, he is able to point almost within a hand's breath to the place at which, after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the midst of the seas. Storms may have beat and currents drifted, but he knows where they are, and the precise point where, a hundred leagues over the waters, lies his native shore. Here is *Reason* appreciating and making use of the revelations (if we may so call them) of science.

Night again shuts down over the waste of waves, and the passenger beholds a single seaman stand at the wheel and watch, hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle, which points ever, as if it were a living finger, to the steady pole.

This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing of the courses of the sky. But reason and experience have given him *Faith* in the commanding officer of the ship — faith in the laws that control her course — faith in the unerring integrity of the little guide before him. And so without a single doubt he steers his ship on, according to a prescribed direction, through night and the waves. And that faith is not disappointed. With the morning sun, he beholds far away the summits of the gray and misty highlands, rising like a cloud on the horizon; and as he nears them, the hills appear, and the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor, and, sight of joy! the spires of the churches and the shining roofs among which he strives to detect his own.

Mystery — Reason — Faith; — mystery is the lowest, faith is the highest of the three. Reason has done but half its office till it has resulted in faith. Reason looks before and after. It not only ponders the past, but becomes prophetic of the future.

THE ARMY OF THE CROSS.

SUGGESTED BY SCOTT'S ROMANCE—'THE TALISMAN.'

BY MRS. S. R. A. BARNES.

It must have been a glorious sight,
And one which to behold
Would stir the sternest spirit's depths,—
Those armed bands of old :
The glittering panoply of proof,
The helmet and the shield,
The spear and ponderous battle-axe,
Which only they could wield.

The knightly daring — high resolve,
Engraven on each brow ;
The manly form of iron mould,—
Methinks I see them now !
As fresh and vividly they rise,
To wake the warm heart's glow,
As when they burst upon the eye
A thousand years ago !

And 'neath that burning Syrian sun,
Far as the eye can measure,
Prepared to pour like water forth
Their life-blood and their treasure,
Those banded legions pressing on,
The red-cross banner flying,
And thousands seeking 'neath that sign
The glorious meed of dying !

God speed thee on thine enterprise,
Lord of the lion-heart !
Go, mid the " rapture of the strife " —
Enact thy princely part ;
Do battle with the infidel,
And smite his haughty brow,
And plant the standard of the cross
Where waves the crescent now !

The story of thy knightly faith,
As ages roll along,
Shall lighten o'er the poet's page,
And wake the minstrel's song.
Ay — to the tale of high emprise,
The daring deed and bold,
The spirit wakes as wildly now
As in those days of old!

THE TREASURED HARP.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

ALL the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold except his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument and listened to the melting tones of her voice. — IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK.

Go, leave that harp! twined round its strings
There's many a magic spell;
Leave that untouched, the strain it brings
This heart remembers well.

Let that remain! all else beside
Go scatter to the wind!
The chords that won my home a bride
No other home shall find.

It hath a power, though all unstrung
It lies neglected now,
And from her hands 't will ne'er be wrung,
Till death these limbs shall bow!

It hath no price since that sweet hour
She tuned it first, and played
Love's evening hymn within the bower,
Her youthful fingers made.

A spirit like a summer's night
Hangs o'er that cherished lyre,
And whispers of the calm moonlight
Are trembling from the wire.

Still on my ear her young voice falls,
Still floats that melody:
On each loved haunt its music calls:
Go! leave that harp and me.

LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

BY JOHN FARMER.

IN May, 1725, Capt. John Lovewell, with thirty-four men, while pursuing their march to the northward, with the design of attacking the Indian villages of Pigwacket, on the upper part of Saco River, came to a pond situated in the township of Fryeburg, Me., fifty miles from any English settlement, and twenty-two from the fort on Ossipee Pond, where they encamped. Early the next morning, while at their devotions, they heard the report of a gun, and discovered a single Indian, standing on a point of land which runs into the pond, more than a mile distant. They had been alarmed the preceding night by noises round their camp, which they imagined were made by Indians, and this opinion was now strengthened. They suspected that the Indian was placed there to decoy them, and that a body of the enemy was in their front. A consultation being held, they determined to march forward, and by encompassing the pond, to gain the point where the Indian stood; and that they might be ready for action, they disencumbered themselves of their packs, and left them without a guard, at the north-east end of the pond, in a pitch-pine plain, where the trees were thin, and the brakes, at that time of the year, small. It happened that Lovewell's march had crossed a carrying place, by which two parties of Indians, consisting of forty-one men, commanded by Paugus and Wahwa, who had been scouting down Saco River, were returning to the lower village of Pigwacket, distant about a mile and a half from this pond. Having fallen on his track,

they followed it till they came to the packs, which they removed ; and counting them, found the number of his men to be less than their own : they therefore placed themselves in ambush to attack them on their return. The Indian who had stood on the point, and was returning to the village by another path, met them and received their fire, which he returned, and wounded Capt. Lovewell and another, with small shot. Lieut. Wyman, firing again, killed him, and they took off his scalp. Seeing no other enemy, they returned to the place where they had left their packs, and while they were looking for them, the Indians rose and ran toward them with horrid yelling. A smart firing now commenced on both sides, it being now about ten of the clock. Capt. Lovewell and eight more were killed on the spot. Lieut. Farwell and two others were wounded. Several of the Indians fell ; but being superior in number, they endeavored to surround the party, who, perceiving their intention, retreated ; hoping to be sheltered by a point of rocks which ran into the pond, and a few large pine-trees standing on a sandy beach. In this forlorn place they took their station. On their right was the mouth of a brook, at that time unfordable ; on their left was the rocky point ; their front was partly covered by a deep bog, and partly uncovered, and the pond was in their rear. The enemy galled them in front and flank, and had them so completely in their power, that had they made a prudent use of their advantage, the whole company must either have been killed, or obliged to surrender at discretion, being destitute of a mouthful of sustenance, and escape being impracticable. Under the conduct of Lieut. Wyman, they kept up their fire, and showed a resolute countenance, all the remainder of the day ; during which their chaplain, Jonathan Fry, Ensign Robbins, and one more, were mortally wounded. The Indians invited them to surrender, by holding up ropes to them, and endeavoring to intimidate them by their hideous yells ; but they determined to die rather than yield ; and by their well-directed fire, the number of the savages was

thinned, and their cries became fainter, till, just before night, they quitted their advantageous ground, carrying off their killed and wounded, and leaving the dead bodies of Lovewell and his men unscalped. The shattered remnant of this brave company, collecting themselves together, found three of their number unable to move from the spot, eleven wounded, but able to march, and nine who had received no hurt. It was melancholy to leave their dying companions behind, but there was no possibility of removing them. After the rising of the moon, they quitted the fatal spot, and directed their march toward the fort. Eleazer Davis, of Concord, was the last that got in; who first came to Berwick, and then to Portsmouth, where he was carefully provided for, and had a skilful surgeon to attend him.

Ensign Wyman, who took upon himself the command of the shattered company after Captain Lovewell was killed, and the other officers wounded, behaved with great prudence and courage, animating the men, and telling them "that the day would yet be their own, if their spirits did not flag;" which enlivened them anew, and caused them to fire so briskly, that several of them discharged between twenty and thirty times apiece. Mr. Jacob Fullam, who was an officer, and an only son, distinguished himself with much bravery. One of the first that was killed, was by his right hand, and when ready to encounter a second shot, it is said that he and his adversary fell at the very instant, by each other's shot.

Lieut. Farwell, and the chaplain who had the journal of the expedition in his pocket, and one more, perished in the woods, for want of dressing for their wounds. The chaplain died three days after the fight. Lieut. Farwell held out on his return till the eleventh day, during which time he had nothing to eat but water, and a few roots which he chewed; and by this time the wounds through his body were so mortified that the worms made a thorough passage. On the same day, Davis, who was with him, caught a fish,

which he broiled, and was greatly refreshed by it ; but the lieutenant was so much spent that he could not taste a bit. Davis, being now alone, in a melancholy, desolate state, still made toward the fort, and the next day came to it ; there he found some pork and bread, by which he was enabled to return, as above mentioned. Fourteen, only, survived this fatal encounter.

THE OPIUM SHIPS.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

ALMOST incredible quantities of opium have been smuggled into China, under the sanction of the government of British India. At this very time, says a traveller, though efforts so extraordinary and persevering have been put forth by the Chinese authorities to stop this infernal traffic, there are twenty-four opium ships on the coast. Since these verses were written, information has been received that the Chinese authorities have succeeded in their efforts to destroy this trade.

Ay, flap your wings, ill-omened birds,
Impatient for your prey ;
Infest in swarms the Chinese seas,
For who shall say ye "Nay ?"
Watch for the moment to inflict
Foul wrong, in spite of interdict.

What though your fearful errand's fraught
With death, death which is *hell*,
And by the traffic Mercy bleeds,
Flock on, for all is well :
The end shall justify the means,
Your trade is nursed by kings and queens.

Through all her unoffending realm
The ripened plague spot bear,
Till China is one lazar-house
Of misery and despair.
Let avarice urge your flowing sails,
Let selfishness bestow the gales.

The Upas flings its poison forth,
In this resembling ye ;
And wo to bird or beast or man,
That sees the fatal tree.
The Upas to one spot 's confined ;
Ye carry death on every wind.

And laugh, ye men, as their vile chain
Your idiot victims hug,
And mock, as they suck endless pain
From your forbidden drug.
What 's law to him who wins the goal ?
Compared to money, what 's the soul ?

Ye may, ye may, for christians choose
That deed to line the purse,
Which "scoundrel pagans" would refuse
With scorn to do to us.
Yet pause, beware, and fear the rod,
Though conscience sleeps, there wakes a God !

THE BURDOCK.

BY MISS SARAH W. LIVERMORE.

SPONTANEOUS product of the yard,
Thy virtues by the grateful bard
Shall not remain unsung ;
The keenest smart thou canst assuage ;
Thy balm can cheer the latest age,
Or soothe and ease the young.

'T is true thou art of homely mien,
And never, never hast thou been
Cultured with careful hand ;
But only under some old hedge,
Or in some garden's barren edge
They suffer thee to stand.

The hand that decks the garden bower,
And rears with care each tender flower,
May scorn thy latent worth ;
But soon as pain invades the head,
Or heats and chills the frame o'erspread,
Thine aid is then called forth !

Thus often in some humble cell
Secluded worth unknown may dwell
Till wo demands its aid ;
It leaves awhile its native seat,
Dispenses consolation sweet,
Then seeks its native shade.

Mine be the humble burdock's part,
To soften pain, to cheer the heart,
And wipe the tears of grief ;
And though the prosperous may neglect,
And Fortune's pets meet more respect,
I live to give relief.

THE PULPIT STAIRS OF RURUTU.

BY WILLIAM LADD.

[Born at Exeter, May 10, 1778. Died at Portsmouth, 1841.]

THAT man must be dead to every feeling of religion and philanthropy, who can read, without emotion, the wonderful triumphs of the christian religion in the late savage islands of the Pacific ocean, now exhibiting the charming prospect of brethren dwelling together in unity; where so lately, brother was armed against brother, and war was the occupation and delight of the whole male population.

If it be asked, what has effected this wonderful change? the answer is obvious — the christian religion. But another question may be asked, which is not so easily answered: What is the reason, that the christian religion has not effected a similar change, in the character of the inhabitants of Europe and America who have so long enjoyed it? What is the reason, that the gospel of peace, which has been preached in Europe for almost eighteen centuries, has not had so great or so good an effect, as it has had, in eighteen months, in some of these islands?

From the Missionary Herald of October, I make the following extract, from the speech of Mr. Ellis, missionary to the Society Islands, delivered at a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

“The alterations that have taken place, in their political economy and civil institutions, have been but the legitimate effects of the truth of the Bible on their minds, in which, through all the various relations they sustain in civil society, they are taught to do unto others as they would that others should do to them. *War, the delight of savages, has*

ceased: its ravages have been unknown since the principles of the Bible have prevailed among them. The last pulpit, that I ascended in the Society Islands, was at Rurutu, where *the rails connected with the pulpit stairs were formed of warriors' spears.*"

The inspired prophets, of ancient times, foretold that the time should come, when swords should be converted to plough-shares, and spears to pruning-hooks—when the implements of war, no longer used for slaughter, should be used to till the ground—as has been actually the case in these Islands: but that "warriors' spears" should be used as a material, in constructing a temple for the worship of God, seems indeed to exceed the promise.

Has the christian religion effected any such changes in Europe? No. We find, indeed, *warriors' spears* in the temple of the *God of Peace*; but we find them placed there, not as useless instruments of war, converted to a useful purpose, but as proud trophies of war—as an insult to the feelings of other nations, in time of peace, and engendering that martial pride and vain glory on one side, and that mortified pride, rancor and animosity on the other, which are the fruitful sources of war.

When swarms of Goths and Vandals, from the "northern hive," overran the christian world, christianity was already corrupted, and these barbarians were converted to the christian faith, more by accommodating that faith to the customs of the worshippers of Odin and Thor, than by preaching the Gospel of Peace in its purity.

A long age of darkness succeeded, when war was the order of the day; and when the light of the Reformation dawned on a benighted world, it could not have been expected, that all the shadows would at once flee away. We derived our religion from our ancestors, rather than, like the islanders of the Pacific, from the gospel, and of course we have inherited their prejudices; but we have been gradually going on in reformation, and we have reason to hope, that that reformation will progress, until the purity of the

first professors of christianity shall prevail over the whole earth, and the custom of war be abolished along with slavery and popery.

In view of these facts, what ought to be the reflections of professing christians, in this favored land? How are their virtues eclipsed by these tawny sons of the "farthermost isles!" Is the gospel preached to us in its purity? If so, why not the same results? Why this hum of busy preparation for war? Why, in time of profound peace, do we see christians — yes, professors — buckling on their armor, and perhaps spending the Sabbath eve in preparation for the Monday's muster? Some in regimentals and with arms, passed my house on *the Sabbath* for the muster-field — but these could hardly be christians.

If, indeed, we believe like some, that men are without souls, and that they perish like the horses, that rush with them into the deadly conflict, we might console ourselves with the reflection, that their sufferings are soon to end, and therefore to effect a pacific change, is hardly worth the effort. Or if we believe that mankind are not moral agents, and that they are hurried on by a fatal necessity to blood and slaughter, that their carcasses may feed the vulture and the wolf, we might despair of effecting a change.

Or if we thought, that *warriors*, while agitated by all the most direful passions, and those passions heightened into madness by the intoxicating draught of mixed rum and gun-powder — which, worse than the fabled cup of Circe, transforms them not into brutes merely, but into devils — and breathing out revenge and wrath, and dealing death and destruction — in this state, while their bodies are shivered to atoms by the bursting of a bomb, or flung into the air by the springing of a mine, their souls ascend to the blissful seats of paradise, to enjoy the smiles of that God who *is love*, and to hear the joyful sentence of "Come ye blessed of my Father;" and so, at once, be transformed into angels of light. I say, were these our sentiments, we might glory in war as the noblest employment of man,

kindly hastening his fellow creatures to eternal happiness ; and might imagine, that God had set the Devil to do the work of Gabriel — that a battle was the harvest of Heaven, and the reaping of it committed to Moloch.

LINES.

BY OLIVER W. B. PEABODY.

O WHO that has gazed, in the stillness of even,
On the fast fading hues of the west,
Has seen not afar, in the bosom of heaven,
Some bright little mansion of rest,
And mourned that the path to a region so fair
Should be shrouded with sadness and fears;
That the night-winds of sorrow, misfortune and care,
Should sweep from the deep rolling waves of despair,
To darken this cold world of tears?

And who that has gazed has not longed for the hour
When misfortune forever shall cease;
And hope, like the rainbow, unfold through the shower
Her bright-written promise of peace?
And O, if that rainbow of promise may shine
On the last scene of life's wintry gloom,
May its light in the moment of parting be mine;
I ask but one ray from a source so divine,
To brighten the vale of the tomb.

PASSAGES IN HISTORY OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

BY SALMA HALE.

IN 1682 Edward Cranfield was appointed lieutenant-governor. He was to receive for his compensation, all the fines and forfeitures due and accruing to the king, and one fifth of all the rents due and accruing to Mason. He was authorized, by his commission, to negative all acts of the assembly, to suspend councillors, and to appoint a deputy-governor and all colonial officers. He did not hesitate to avow that he accepted the office with the expectation of enriching himself.

On his arrival, in 1682, he suspended two councillors, Waldron and Martyn, who had been active in opposing Mason; and in a short time, by new appointments, filled all the offices with his adherents. Mason then brought a suit against Waldron, to try the validity of his title. Waldron made no defence, and judgment was rendered against him. Many other suits were brought; no defence was made; executions were issued, but only two or three were levied, and these levies were ineffectual, for no one would purchase or take a lease of the lands, and the former claimants continued to enjoy them.

The tyranny and extortion of Cranfield and his subordinates goaded the people to desperation; and they secretly sent an agent, Nathaniel Weare, to England with petitions for his removal. Major Vaughan accompanied him to Boston; and, it being known that he had been employed to procure depositions to be forwarded to the agent in Lon-

don, he was, on some pretext, committed to prison when he returned, and was kept nine months in confinement.

Greedy for more money than he could gain by extortion, Cranfield summoned an assembly, and laid before them a bill for raising money to defend the province and to defray *other* necessary charges. The assembly refused to pass the bill; when he, in a rage, told them that they had been to consult Moody and other enemies of the king and church of England, and dissolved them. In a spirit of revenge, he persuaded the courts of sessions to appoint several of the members constables for the ensuing year; some of whom took the oath, and others paid the fine, which was ten pounds, and was one of his perquisites.

This Moody was a Puritan clergyman, who had rendered himself obnoxious by the plainness of his pulpit discourses, and had, moreover, given offence by a highly-honorable enforcement of church discipline against a man whose cause Cranfield had espoused. The penal laws against non-conformists were then executed with great rigor in England; and the governor, believing that his conduct would not be disavowed by his sovereign, declared, by proclamation, that all ministers, who should refuse to administer the Lord's Supper, according to the Book of Common Prayer, to any one requiring it, should suffer the penalty imposed by the statute of uniformity. A short time after, he gave notice to Moody that he intended to partake of the Lord's Supper the next Sunday, and required him to administer it according to the Liturgy. Moody refused, and was indicted for his refusal. At first, four of the six justices were for acquitting him; but the trial being adjourned, Cranfield found means to change the opinions of two of the four; and he was sentenced to six months' confinement. The two justices, who remained inflexible, were removed from all their offices.

From Indian wars this colony suffered more than any of her sisters. The Indians who had been dismissed unharmed by Major Waldron, had not forgotten what they considered

his breach of faith: some of those who had been sold into slavery had returned, and thirsted for revenge. New causes of offence had been given by Cranfield; and Castine, a Frenchman, who had a trading establishment east of the Penobscot, having been wronged, as he thought, by Andros, inflamed their animosity. In 1689, though peace prevailed, several tribes united to surprise Dover, and take vengeance on Waldron. Many houses were burned; much property was plundered; and so expeditious were the Indians, that they had fled beyond reach before the neighboring people could be collected.

The war thus commenced was prosecuted with great vigor. The French, by giving premiums for scalps, and by purchasing the English prisoners, animated the Indians to exert all their activity and address, and the frontier inhabitants endured the most aggravated sufferings. The settlements on Oyster River were again surprised; twenty houses were burned, and nearly one hundred persons were killed or made prisoners. Other towns were attacked, many persons slain, and many carried into captivity. The peace of Ryswick, in 1697, closed the distressing scene. In 1703, another war began, which continued ten years.

From 1722 to 1726, the inhabitants again suffered the afflictions of an Indian war. Following the example of the French, the government offered premiums for scalps, which induced several volunteer companies to undertake expeditions against the enemy. One of these, commanded by Captain Lovewell, was greatly distinguished, at first by its success, and afterwards by its misfortunes.

A history of these Indian wars might be interesting, but would not be instructive. An account of the continual quarrels between the assignees of Mason and the people; between the governors and the assemblies; between the governors and lieutenant-governors; and between Massachusetts and New Hampshire concerning boundaries, would be neither. It may not be unimportant to allude to the frequent contests between the surveyors of the king's woods

and the people. It was the duty of this officer to mark, with a broad arrow, all pine trees suitable for the royal navy; and these the people were forbidden to cut. The prohibition was often violated, and prosecutions were frequently instituted. Sometimes logs were seized at the mill, and then forcible resistance was not unusual. Once the surveyor, with his assistants, went to Exeter to seize logs, but on the evening of his arrival was attacked by a party dressed and painted like Indians, and severely beaten. The dispute about boundaries was decided, by the king, contrary to the plain letter of the charters, in favor of New Hampshire, for the reason, it has been hinted, that, by so deciding, the land bearing the best of mast trees would be assigned to her, in which case they would be the property of the crown, while all that grew in Massachusetts belonged to that colony.

Long after the transfer from Mason to Allen, some defect in the conveyance was discovered, which rendered it void. In 1746, John Tufton Mason, a descendant of the original grantee, claiming the lands possessed by his ancestors, conveyed them, for fifteen hundred pounds, to twelve persons, subsequently called the Masonian proprietors. They, to silence opposition, voluntarily relinquished their claim to the lands already occupied by others.

They also granted townships on the most liberal terms. Reserving certain portions of the land for themselves, for the first settled ministers, and for schools, they required merely that the grantees should, within a limited time, erect mills and meeting houses, clear out roads, and settle ministers of the gospel. In process of time, nearly all the Masonian lands, being about one fourth of the whole, were, in this manner, granted; and contention and lawsuits ceased to disturb the repose, and to impede the prosperity, of the colony.

TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF WM. LADD.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THORNTON.

BIRD of my country's pride, mongst the stars soaring,
Millions gaze on thy flight, almost adoring;
Freedom hath given thine eye fire from her altar;
Thou, o'er the mountains, free, fliest—nor dost falter.

In thy strong talons' grasp shine the red quivers,
Keen as the lightning's fork that the rock shivers;
Hold'st thou thine olive-bough, Eagle, as surely?
Guardest thou well its leaf?—safely?—securely?

One eye has gazed on thee, in thy pride soaring,
Care for that sacred bough ever imploring;
Vigil no longer that wearied eye keepeth!
Eagle, thine olive-bough guard while he sleepeth.

Proudly that eye of thine glanceth and flasheth,
Long'st thou thy wing to poise where the steel clasheth?
Long'st thou thy beak to dip in the red river?
Eagle, thine olive-bough—guard it for ever!

Yet should thy kindling eye haughty foes madden,
Then should thy soul of pride clashing steel gladden,
Stoop where that sleeper lies 'neath the lone willow,
Stoop, and thine olive-branch lay on his pillow.

Sleep saint!—the trumpet's blast shall not alarm thee,
Sleep—and the battle-shock never shall harm thee;
Sleep—and the war-cry shall startle thee, never;
Sleep, "child of God," thou art peaceful for ever!

GOD IS LOVE.

BY HOSEA BALLOU.

WHEN my astonished eyes behold
My Maker's works below, above,
And read his name in lines of gold,
I surely know that "God is love."

When I observe his written word,
And when his gifts of grace I prove,
With joyful heart I praise the Lord,
For saith the scriptures, "God is love."

What gentle streams of pleasure roll!
What quickening from the mystic dove!
Now peace divine fills all my soul,
And I can shout that "God is love."

Now heavenly courage I'll put on,
For far away my fears it drove;
I'll bow before the living Son,
And loud proclaim my "God is love."

EDUCATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY REV. NATHANIEL BOUTON.

THE system of education now prevalent in New England is the offspring of the personal character and of the civil and religious polity of the first settlers. To give therefore the history of education in a particular State, we must revert to the original settlers, and ascertain the motives which governed them.

If then we ask, first, what induced the Puritans in Holland; and next, what, those in England of the Massachusetts colony, to emigrate to this country—the answer is one. It was chiefly to enjoy and propagate their religion; but next to this and subsidiary to it, it was to educate their children. One reason which determined the Puritan pilgrims upon a removal from Leyden was, “that the place being of great licentiousness and liberty to children; they could not educate them, nor could they give them due correction without reproof or reproach from their neighbors.” Among the general considerations for the plantation of New England, Cotton Mather mentions, “Fifthly—the schools of learning and religion are so corrupted, as (beside the unsupportable charge of education) most children, even the best and wittiest and of the fairest hopes, are perverted, corrupted, and utterly overthrown by the multitude of evil examples and licentious behaviors in these seminaries.” Though the object of the company of Laconia—of Mason and Gorges—was different from that of the Puritans; though Thompson and the Hiltons who began the settlements at Dover and Portsmouth, came over

to cultivate the vine, to fish and to trade; yet as the subsequent history will show, the views of the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonists extended their influence to these places.

The names of Purmont and Maud as school-masters in Boston, connect the history of education in New Hampshire with that of Massachusetts. For Purmont removed with John Wheelright to Exeter in 1638, and Maud was called from Boston to be minister of Dover in 1642.

How reasonable, moreover, is it to presume that our brother Philemon Purmont did not give up his vocation of "teaching and nurturing children," upon his removal to Exeter — and that Mr. Daniel Maud, who was school-master in Boston, probably six years, did not neglect to instruct the children of his flock, during the fifteen years, in which he was the "honest, quiet, and peaceable minister" of Dover. The character of New Hampshire ministers, in that period, favors the opinion that education was not neglected. Mr. James Parker who officiated in Portsmouth, 1643, was "a godly man and a scholar." Of the Rev. Timothy Dalton, minister in Hampton from 1639 to 1661, a poet of his day sung,

"Dalton doth teach perspicuously and sound."

His successor, Rev. Seaborn Cotton, was a thorough scholar and a diligent student — the first graduate from Harvard College who settled in the ministry in New Hampshire. Rev. Samuel Dudley of Exeter, from 1650 to 1683, was "of good capacity and learning." Rev. John Reyner of Dover, from 1657 to 1669, "was a wise orderer of the affairs of the church, and had an excellent talent of training up children in a catechetical way, in the grounds of the christian religion." But above all the rest, the Rev. Joshua Moody of Portsmouth, from 1658 to 1697, was "a person whom an eminency both in sense and in grace had made considerable." At his death, says Mather, "the church of Portsmouth, (a part of the country that very much owed

its life unto him,) cries out of a deadly wound. His labors in the gospel were frequent and fervent; whereof the press hath given some lasting, as the pulpit gave many lively testimonies." He wrote more than four thousand sermons; and was so eminent for learning and piety, that he was invited to the presidency of Harvard College. From his friends and admirers he received the honorary title of angelical doctor.

Another fact shows still more clearly the interest felt in the subject of education, during this period. In 1669, a general collection or subscription was proposed to be taken through the Colonies, to aid in erecting a new edifice for Harvard College. Portsmouth "which was now become the richest" town in this Colony, made a subscription of sixty pounds annually for seven years; Dover gave thirty-two pounds, and Exeter ten. With their subscription the inhabitants of Portsmouth sent an address to the General Court of Massachusetts, in which they say, "though we have articed with yourselves for exemption from public charges, yet we have never articed with God and our own consciences for exemption from gratitude; which to demonstrate, while we were studying, the loud groans of the sinking College in its present low estate came to our ears; the relieving of which we account a good work for the house of our God, and needful for the perpetuating of knowledge both civil and religious, among us and our posterity after us."

It deserves honorable mention, that most of our approved elementary and higher class books, are the productions of New-Hampshire men. Nicholas Pike, whose arithmetic has been in use for fifty years past, and is known through New England, was a native of Somersworth. Caleb Bingham was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and there laid the plan of his valuable school books, of which more than a million of copies have been published and sold.

Of native, or resident living authors, whose works are found in most of our schools, it is sufficient praise to name

Kelly's Spelling Book, Adams' Arithmetic, Blake's Historical Reader and Geography, Hildreth's book for New-Hampshire children, Putnam's Grammar and Analytical Reader, Hale's History of the United States, Farmer's Historical Catechism and Constitution of New Hampshire, Leavitt's Geography, and Vose's Astronomy.

To obtain a more complete view of public education in New Hampshire, we must look also to other colleges. The number of New-Hampshire students who are known to have graduated at Dartmouth, and at colleges out of the State, since the year 1800, is 825.

The number of students belonging to New-Hampshire connected with different colleges, in 1831, 170; equal to one in 1500 of the whole population. In Massachusetts, the same year, the proportion was one to 1121; in Connecticut, one to 1455; while the proportion in Maine, was one to 2550; in Vermont, one to 2800; in Rhode-Island, one to 3031; in New York, one to 3500, and in the southern and western States, one to about 6000. Thus New Hampshire ranks in public education above all the States in the Union, except Massachusetts and Connecticut; and with laudable pride I may add, in this elevated rank, she is above every country in the world, except Scotland and Baden in Germany.

Much more may yet be done for education in New Hampshire. New England owes her intellectual and moral glory primarily to her religion, secondarily to her schools. Although, then, we cannot compete with our brethren of the middle and western States in the gigantic race of wealth, population and internal improvements; yet we may retain our prëeminence in education and in moral and religious character. When their numbers shall be augmented to fifty or eighty millions; their cultivated fields extend from the Alleghany to the base of the Rocky Mountains; when in the councils of the nation, our representatives shall be counted as an insignificant minority — then let our intellects, our enlightened views, our solid arguments, our eloquence and our

moral dignity, secure us respect, and make our voices to be heard in the halls of legislation. Did it not imply partiality, I could not forbear to name some genuine sons of New Hampshire, trained up in our primary schools, academies and colleges, whose influence is co-extensive with the Union. Let it suffice New-Hampshire, that two of her sons belong to the cabinet council of the nation—that our ARMY and our NAVY, directed by their wisdom, are becoming as distinguished for their TEMPERANCE as they are renowned for their valor.

Need I add, it is the soundest policy of a state to encourage education? That this is, at once, an effective check to crime and barrier to pauperism? that it inspires noble sentiments — holds under restraint the baser passions — ennobles virtue, and is one guaranty of the permanence of our republican institutions? Were it befitting the occasion, I would say to our honored rulers — If it is your ambition to benefit and to please the people who have endowed you with authority; if in your public administration you would acquire lasting honor; if you would stamp the character of intelligence and virtue upon the face of the whole people; if you would promote industry, order and happiness in every family, and secure to future generations the rich blessings which we now enjoy — in short, if you would raise the State in which you have the honor to be rulers, to a still higher rank, and place her, like the summit of her own mountains, above all the rest of the Union — then promote the interests of education! The sovereign voice of the people bids you do it! Were the law of 1827 restored, with the addition of the fifth section of the act of January 4, 1833; were a penalty also laid on towns or selectmen, for neglect of appointing and sustaining a superintending committee; were grand jurors sworn as in former times, to present all breaches of this law; and were academies and higher seminaries founded to raise up well-qualified teachers, then New Hampshire would be second to no State in the good education of her children. Then her free institutions would

be stable, and her character solid and weighty as the granite of her mountains.

Finally, to give New-Hampshire youth, "that complete and generous education which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the offices both public and private, of peace and war," there is needed a higher seminary or college, in which study and manual labor shall be conjoined. Manual labor, as part of a system of public education, has of late years engaged the attention of literary, scientific and practical men. The opinion has obtained extensive currency, and is supported by facts, that two or three hours a day spent by students in labor would eminently conduce to the great ends of a public education. Such labor, taken at regular intervals, does not retard progress in study; it creates interest, and gives energy to the mind; promotes industry; gives a knowledge of useful arts; is eminently favorable to morality, and develops and fixes the manlier features of character. Moreover, by greatly lessening the expense, it places the means of education within the reach of all; disparages useless distinctions in society; is most consonant to our republican institutions; preserves health and prolongs life; increases the power and extends the field of personal usefulness, and gives that perfect symmetry to both body and mind, which the Author of nature designed in their conjoined creation, and which, united with love to mankind and love to God, constitutes human perfection.

May it be our happiness to see such an institution reared in New Hampshire — a proof that we are not ungrateful for the blessings of education, secured by the wisdom and liberality of our fathers; nor unmindful of the duties which we owe to posterity.

THE MIRACLE.

BY CHARLES J. FOX.

MID-DAY upon Judea's plains. The air
Was hot and parched and motionless. There came
And sate beside a fountain underneath
The shadow of a palm, a Jewish mother,
And in her arms her first-born. He had been
A beautiful boy and laughing, with an eye
Beaming with love and gladness, and fair hair
That clustered round his forehead and fell down
In curly ringlets. On his cheek were sealed
Love's rosiest dimples. Well might she be proud
Of her fair child, and all her soul seemed bound
In his existence. But the rose had faded
From his full cheek, and from his eye the light
Of gladness now was passing. In their stead
The hectic and the glare of fever burned,
Cheating her hopes with seeming, till the moan
Wrung out by anguish, and the quick deep breath,
Told the reality!

And he must die!
Her beautiful and precious! — He must fade
Like a torn flower at noon-day, and be laid
In the cold grave to moulder. But she clung
To hope even in despair, for not till death
A mother's hope shall falter. So she pressed
The curls aside that shaded his high brow,
And when the fresh breeze fanned him, he looked up
And faintly smiled, and murmured, while she breathed
A softened lullaby.

Now lay thee down and sleep!
My beautiful, my first-born! — for the breeze
Is fanning thee, and the fountain's melodies
In lulling music creep.

Sleep on thy mother's breast!
So fair! it cannot be that thou shalt die!
God! who hast given him, bend down thine eye!
Hear thou my fond request!

How dear art thou, my boy !
 How have I watched thy slumbers, seen thee smile,
 And heard thee lisp thy father's name the while,
 With more than mortal joy !

What ! art thou murmuring now ?
 Dreaming of pleasant fields, and beautiful flowers,
 And chasing butterflies in summer hours
 With flushed and joyous brow ?

Moaning ? How hot his cheek !
 Would that thy mother could but bear thy pain !
 Oh ! would that I could see thee smile again !
 How pale ! Oh ! wake thee ! speak !

Suddenly there came
 Over his face a tremor, and a chill,
 And ashy paleness. Could it be indeed
 That he was dead !

Morn on the hills ! There was a multitude,
 And one within their midst spake to the crowd,
 "Like one who had authority." At his words,
 Of awe and yet of comfort, all were bowed
 In wondering silence. Then to his feet there sprang
 That mother with her boy upon her breast,
 Her own dead boy, — and knelt her down and wept.
 "Master ! thou canst ; — speak but the word — he lives !"
 Then he bent down, and raised her quick, and smiled,
 And pointed up to heaven, — as he would say,
 "Nay ! not to me the praise ! 'T is he, the Father,
 Who giveth and who taketh. Bless his name
 That he hath healed thine anguish !"

"Mother ! dear mother !"
 Oh ! who can tell how deep a gladness filled
 Her stricken heart, when the fair child looked up,
 And whispered, "Mother !" Think ye, did not her soul
 Swell with thanksgiving to her God, who bowed
 And heard her prayers ?

Yet the same power that bade
 The stilled pulse beat, the glared eye beam again,
 Upholds us every moment. Did his hand
 Cease to support an instant, what were we,
 But clods of earth as lifeless as the dust
 We tread beneath us ? Shall not we then praise,
 Even with that mother's joy, Him who hath made
 And kept us, and still keeps us ! — Him whose eye,
 Unsleeping, watches o'er each step, each breath,
 Whether we wake or slumber ?

THE COMPASSION OF CHRIST.

BY REV. HOSEA BALLOU.

ONE of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name, came to Jesus, and falling down at his feet, besought him most earnestly, saying, "my little daughter lies at the point of death. I pray thee come and lay thine hands upon her, that she may be healed, and she shall live." The compassionate Saviour was moved at a petition which flowed so directly from a parent's heart, and which indicated such strong faith in his power to heal. Immediately he went with the afflicted father. No sooner was it known that he was going to heal the sick child, than a great crowd of people followed, and pressed hard upon him. In this vast concourse was a woman, who had been afflicted for twelve years with a distressing disorder, "and had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse."

This afflicted woman had lost all hope of recovery by the assistance of human skill; indeed, she was poor and penniless. Her little estate had already passed into the hands of her physicians, who instead of doing her any good, had caused her many painful sufferings. Destitute, alone, and friendless, a thought came into her mind, and it immediately formed itself into a resolution, accompanied with a perfect confidence, that if she could by any means pass through the crowd so as but to touch the clothes of Jesus, she should be made whole.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a circumstance more calculated to excite exertion than this. She was no doubt

very feeble. A great multitude of people were crowding and pressing to keep close to Jesus, that they might not miss of seeing the miracle. The difficulty of getting through the crowd was, no doubt, very great ; but salvation was so near and so desirable, that it invigorated her feeble system to such a degree that her efforts were availing. We may, perhaps, form some idea of the manner of her exertions upon this occasion. She would naturally direct her eyes toward Jesus, and would catch a glimpse of him as often as possible. When it so happened that she could by the greatest exertion get before one of the crowd, she never let the opportunity slip by unimproved. Each step gained was cautiously kept. She was careful that no one should crowd her back. She speaks not a word to any one, lest she should miss an opportunity to advance. The nearer she comes to the prize the stronger and more active she grows, till she eagerly reaches forth her hand and touches the garment of the Saviour. She now realizes her faith ; her confidence has not deceived her ; she is made whole !

Although she did not once think that the Saviour was apprehensive of her approach, yet he who knew the very thoughts of men's hearts, who saw Nathaniel under the fig-tree afar off, already knew her case, her faith, and the efforts which she had made to come to him. Immediately as she touched his garment he turned himself about in the press, and, as if surprised that any one should touch him, said, " who touched my clothes ? " The disciples, ignorant of the particular cause, and surprised that their master should ask who touched him, when so pressed with the crowd of people all around him, said to him : " Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou, who touched me ? " Jesus made them no reply, but cast his eyes around to see who had done this thing, when the woman, fearing and trembling, knowing what she had done, came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth. And he said unto her, " daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole ; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague ! "

Between the disorders of the human body and those of the mind, there seems to be no small resemblance. Both are the natural productions of the constitution of the creature. Both are promoted by the indulgence of appetite and passion. Both become inveterate by habit. Natural blindness and ignorance of divine things are so very similar that the Scriptures use the same word to signify both, and the Saviour represents sinners as those who are sick. As there were no natural disorders which were too stubborn for the miraculous power of Jesus to remove; no demoniac so raving that Jesus could not clothe him in his right mind; none so strongly locked in the dark house of death that he could not call them thence; so there is no sin so chronic, so inveterate, as to be beyond the power of divine mercy to wash away. The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. All death, sorrow, and crying shall cease. Pains and disorders shall no more be felt, nor temptations trouble the lovers of God, but the blessed hand of the once-crucified shall wipe the tears from off all faces,

COMMERCE.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

HARP of the sea! bold minstrel of the deep!
Sound from your halls where proud armadas sleep;
Ring from the waves a strain of other days,
When first rude Commerce poured her feeble rays;
Tell what rich burdens India's princes bore
Of balmy spices to the Arab's shore;
What mines of wealth on Traffic's dauntless wings
Sailed down from Egypt to the Syrian kings;
By what mischance, those wonders of their hour,
The fleets of Carthage and the Tyrian power,
Were lost, and vanished like the meteor ray
That flashes nightly through the milky-way:
Sing of the Grecian States, that warlike band
Which held the ocean in its dread command;
Of Cæsar's glory, when his navies furled
Their sails before the granary of the world;
Of Afric's spoils by Vandals rent away,
And Eastern empires waning to decay.

Stand forth, old Venice — Genoa — Pisa — Rome!
With all your galleys on the crested foam;
Say, where are now your royal merchants seen?
Go ask the Red-Cross Knight at Palestine!

And thou, great Prince of Florence, — wise and free,
With pride on history's scroll thy name we see;
And while entranced, that brilliant page we find
Gemmed with the trophies of a cultured mind;
Another name demands the just applause
Of friends of Commerce, and her equal laws;
Thine was a light that o'er broad Europe shone,
And Roscoe's fame shall mingle with thine own!

But lo! what crowds on Albion's shore arise,
Of noble fleets with costly merchandisè;
What swift-winged ships rush in from every strand,
To swell the coffers of her teeming land,
While lofty flags proclaim on every breeze
The island queen, — the mistress of the seas!

Look to the West—the Elysian borders view!
 See where from Palos speeds yon wearied crew:
 Haste, ere the vision to your eye grows dim,
 O'er rock and forest comes the Mayflower's hymn:
 Fleet as the night-star fades in brightening day,
 That exiled pilgrim-band has passed away;
 But where their anchors marked a dreary shore,
 When first thanksgivings rose for perils o'er,
 A nation's banner fills the murmuring air,
 And freedom's ensign wantons gaily there.

Oh, glorious stripes! no stain your honor mars:
 Wave! ever wave! our country's flag of stars!
 Float till old time shall shroud the sun in gloom,
 And this proud empire seeks its laurelled tomb.

But brief my lay; the fairy land of song
 Holds me a truant in its maze too long;
 Yet chide me not, if lingering on the shore,
 I cast one pebble to the ripples more.

Our Yankee ships! in fleet career,
 They linger not behind,
 Where gallant sails from other lands
 Court favoring tide and wind.
 With banners on the breeze, they leap
 As gaily o'er the foam
 As stately barks from prouder seas,
 That long have learned to roam.

The Indian wave with luring smiles
 Swept round them bright to-day;
 And havens to Atlantic isles
 Are opening on their way;
 Ere yet these evening shadows close,
 Or this frail song is o'er,
 Full many a straining mast will rise
 To greet a foreign shore.

High up the lashing northern deep,
 Where glimmering watch-lights beam,
 Away in beauty where the stars
 In tropic brightness gleam;
 Where'er the sea-bird wets her beak,
 Or blows the stormy gale;
 On to the water's farthest verge
 Our ships majestic sail.

They dip their keels in every stream
 That swells beneath the sky;
 And where old ocean's billows roll,
 Their lofty pennants fly:
 They furl their sheets in threatening clouds
 That float across the main,
 To link with love earth's distant bays
 In many a golden chain.

DUTIES OF AMERICAN MOTHERS.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part towards the preservation of a free government. It is now generally admitted, that public liberty, the perpetuity of a free constitution, rests on the virtue and intelligence of the community which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired, and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked Madame de Stael in what manner he could most promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said — “Instruct the mothers of the French people.” Because the mothers are the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins this process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak, its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressible years of childhood and youth; and hopes to deliver it to the rough contests and tumultuous scenes of life, armed by those good principles which her child has first received from maternal care and love.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist for ever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvass — we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works

out that same image in enduring marble — but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and the fairest in all the department of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers! They work not upon the canvass that shall fail, or the marble that shall crumble into dust — but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last for ever, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout its duration, the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

I have already expressed the opinion, which all allow to be correct, that our security for the duration of the free institutions which bless our country, depends upon the habits of virtue and the prevalence of knowledge and of education. Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined — the passions are to be restrained — true and worthy motives are to be inspired — a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated, under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education. Mothers who are faithful to this great duty, will tell their children that neither in political nor in any other concerns of life, can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligations of conscience and of duty: that in every act, whether public or private, he incurs a just responsibility; and that in no condition is he warranted in trifling with important rights and obligations. They will impress upon their children the truth, that the exercise of the elective franchise is a social duty, of as solemn a nature as man can be called to perform; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote; that every free elector is a trustee as well for others as himself; and that every man and every measure he supports, has an important bearing on the interests of others as well as on his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals such as these, that in a free republic, woman performs her sacred duty, and fulfils her destiny. The French are remarkable for their fondness for sententious phrases, in which much meaning is condensed into a small space. I noticed lately, on the title

page of one of the books of popular instruction in France, this motto — “ Pour instruction on the heads of the people ; you owe them that baptism.” And certainly, if there be any duty which may be described by a reference to that great institute of religion, a duty approaching it in importance, perhaps next to it in obligation, it is this.

THE FAREWELL.

BY MRS. EUNICE T. DANIELS.

Now fare thee well, my own dear babe ! dark fate hath left for me
No pang more bitter than the grief of parting thus with thee ;
Thou 'rt gone and slumbering low ! — in vain these scalding tears are
shed ;

In vain I press thy cold, cold form, my own, my precious dead !

Ah ! little deemed my careless heart, when warm in life I pressed
The softness of thy velvet cheek, and hushed thee on my breast,
And caught the fragrance of thy breath, the laughter of thine eye,
Ah ! little deemed my careless heart so fair a thing could die.

Though many a glorious dream was mine, and many a vision rare,
I had no thought of happiness in which thou didst not share ;
And Hope in soothing accents spake of rapturous scenes to be,
And sent her dove through future years for many a bough for thee.

But all too soon the Spoiler came and marked thee for his prey ;
Too soon within these fostering arms all faint and fading lay,
Just like a pale and withering flower, thy loved and cherished form,
Borne down in all its opening bloom by some o'ermastering storm.

Though mine hath been full many a tear, and many a bitter wo,
And many a drear and boding fear that mothers only know ;
Yet when beside thy dying bed I trembled, wept, and prayed,
All other griefs grew light to think I could not give thee aid.

And when with bursting heart I came, and o'er thee wildly bent,
And saw that little quivering frame with wild convulsions rent,
And caught the low and murmuring groan, the faint and struggling
breath,
I could — I think I could have died to win thee back from death.

Full well I knew life's flowery maze thy feet should never tread,
Yet when they came with solemn phrase and told me thou wert dead,
I feared to look upon thy face for fear mine eye might see
Mid death's still grace some wakening trace of life and agony.

But hours passed on ;—thou didst not wake ;—forever in thy breast
The mortal strife of death and life was sweetly hushed to rest ;
I came ;—that throbbing pulse was still, so wrung with pain before,
And that soft eye was turned to mine with joyous look no more.

I know the angels' lot is thine ; I know that thou art blest,
Where no wild dream of earthly wo shall haunt thy peaceful rest ;
Yet mid the yearnings of its love this heart laments thee still,
For thou hast left a void within no earthly gift can fill.

But fare thee well !—around thy bed the wintry wind shall rave,
And summer sunbeams warmly smile and autumn's harvests wave ;
And spring shall come with balmy breath to dress the flowery lea,
And bring the rose and violet back, and every flower but thee !

SECTARIANISM AND INFIDELITY.

BY RALPH EMERSON, D. D.

WHEN the remarkable era of Bible Societies arose on the Church, near the commencement of our age, she seemed herself, for awhile, awe-struck and lost in holy wonder and peaceful delight. The gowned prelate and the humblest dissenting presbyter, — the Methodist, the Baptist, the Quaker, the dullest formalist and the most raving fanatic, the Antinomian, the Arminian and even the Socinian, — all found themselves strangely met together, not for some dread and unearthly struggle for final supremacy, but, for the first time, on a common platform, and in the metropolis of Protestantism, in the presence of thousands of every name and grade, with blandest eye and accent, to greet each other as christian brethren. Delight followed the surprise of so unwonted a meeting; and the surprise increased the delight. How they were all brought there, none could tell. A voice, better than that of the Hermit, seemed to have summoned them to a holier crusade against the common foe. Their pledges of unity appeared, and were sincere. The voice of their cordial greetings rolled far and wide through the ranks of their diverse communions, and were fondly, alas! too fondly received as the pledge, not only of a new era in christian activity, but also of a new dispensation, in which the voice of sectarian strife should be heard no more. And, indeed, for a season, a goodly one, the harsh notes of immemorial discord died away to a whisper. It was soon discovered, however, that the age for ending all controversy between religious sects had not yet come; (nor would we by any means intimate that the amicable discussion of dis-

puted points, should ever be entirely dropped in this world;) it was found, or imagined to be found, that some sects had begun rather adroitly to avail themselves of the quiet truce, for the goodly purpose of bringing all Christendom into a still closer union, — an exact union with their *own right* views and usages. And from that moment, whether it were suspicion or fact at first, the wild-fire again spread from sect to sect. For a long time the voice of contention, if not so harsh and crinating in all sects, has been at least as strong and decided as ever. The temporary suspension, though followed to a good extent by the milder spirit it was fitted to infuse, has yet, by the blasting of hopes so fondly cherished, been likewise followed by a more deliberate and decided purpose, in perhaps every sect, to maintain its own ground and spread its dominion; — in some with more, in others with less of sectarian zeal and sectarian measures.

In the mean time, every sect has advanced with the rapid advance of our population. And their own increase is carefully registered by many of the sects, and loudly heralded in their periodical reports as though it were a proof that themselves are soon to fill the land. New sects, too, if really new sects there can now be, are rising up, — for instance, the Mormons, — all claiming to be the original and genuine stock of Israel.

And there is yet another circumstance bearing directly and strongly on our subject. Nearly all these sects are rapidly rising into eminence in regard to learning, as well as numbers. This is the fact with more than one which, a few years ago, were glorying in their ignorance; now they have their theological seminaries. They discarded and contemned all traditionary evidence in respect to doctrinal truth and ecclesiastical rites and offices; now they are exploring the antiquities of the church, in zealous quest of proofs in support of their own peculiarities; and sentences from the early fathers grace their controversial pages and are familiarly rehearsed to their congregations.

Instead of complaining, however, we count it all joy that

it is so. A resort to this additional and legitimate source of argument will ultimately have its benign and elevating effect on every sect. We only adduce the fact in its bearing on ecclesiastical literature. Every sect, if not every minister, has begun to feel its indispensable importance. The Baptist, the Congregationalist, the Presbyterian, the Quaker, the Prelatist — all zealously plead prescription. And even the Mormons not long since employed an enlightened Jewish convert to teach them Hebrew! What, then, is to be the fate of that sect, if such there be, that shall neglect to defend itself against weapons drawn from the ancient arsenal? And how is this defence to be made, except by weapons from the same source? When the Protestant Reformers were overwhelming the Pope with this armor, he put the youthful Baronius in a course of training for this species of defence, and bade him devote his life to the writing of Christian Annals for the support of his tottering throne. And, next to political machinations and the civil sword, it proved its best support.

But this brings us to say, that we have controversies from without, that imperiously demand an acquaintance with the doctrines and usages of the early church. This same popery, if met at all to any good purpose, is still to be met with the sword of the Spirit in the right hand, and the shield of ecclesiastical history in the left. Both are indispensable to the success of any combatant in this long and recently reviving conflict. Prescription is here, indeed, the main plea. And who can deal with such an argument, without knowing the grounds on which it rests?

Infidels, too, and skeptics of every class, from the days of Voltaire and Gibbon and Hume, have delighted to assail Christianity within the citadel of her own literature. Generally, they hate the word of God too bitterly to study it enough to learn even its more plausible points of assault. But history is often their delight, as it has been so extensively their triumphant boast. To glean the scandal of the church and her inconsistencies, and place them in their

most revolting attitudes, and then charge the whole on Christianity itself, has been their favorite and most successful mode of warfare, from the early periods of Celsus and of Porphyry, down to the now famous Strauss, who is at this moment agitating Germany afresh by another publication, — “The Christian Dogma in its contest with Science.”

Nor are these contests confined to those who move in the higher walks of literature. It is truly marvellous to see with what celerity the essence of some new moral malaria is invisibly wafted, by the prince of the power of the air, from a German or a French university to the lovely prairies of our far West. There our domestic missionary has to meet it in all its virulence; and if too ignorant of the history of his own religion to comprehend or cope with the new difficulty, both he and his religion are branded afresh with the stigma of stupidity.

Nor are these contests, whether from within or without, merely so much matter of unmitigated regret. Like their own baleful instigator, they are yet made to subserve some useful purposes. They are the needful fire to burn up the wood, hay and stubble in the fabric of every sect, and of the whole church. What, we may ask, would that church have been, had she never been assailed by foes from abroad? Just what, in many respects, the quiet dark ages were making her. For what friend would ever have had the heart to shiver her unsound arguments for the truth? And who can tell the amount of paralyzing superstitions that would have continued to cluster around those spurious materials?

THE DIVISION OF THE WORLD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

BY GEORGE W. HAVEN.

“TAKE ye the world,” cried Jove, from highest heaven ;
“Take ye the world ; to you it now is given ;
The world your lasting heritage shall be ;
Take then the gift, and share it brotherly.”

Then youth and age tumultuous sped amain,
In hasty zeal each golden prize to gain ;
The ploughman gleaned apace the nodding corn,
While mid the forest rang the squire’s loud horn.

The merchant garnered wealth from every land ;
And portly priests chose wines of choicest brand ;
While kings claimed tithes, and eke the right to lay
Their tolls on bridges and the public way.

When now was left nor earth nor earthly thing
Unclaimed by lord or tradesman, priest or king ;
Forth from the shadowy realm of dream and song
The heedless poet urged his steps along ;

Then prostrate fell before the throne of love,
And plaintive sought the listening ear of Jove :
“Behold !” he cried, “thy fondest son is left
Houseless and poor, of every largess reft !”

“And whose the fault,” said Jove, “if ’t was thy will
To dwell, mid shadowy dreams, in idlesse still !
Where wert thou lingering when the earth was given ?”
“With *thee* !” replied the poet, “in thy heaven.

“Mine eye intent thy wondrous power to see,
And rapt mine ear with heavenly harmony ;
Forgive thy son, who, bent to praise thy name,
Hath all forgot his heritage to claim.”

“The world,” said Jove, “the world is mine no more,
Claimed are its fields and marts on every shore ;
But if thou ’lt dwell within my heaven with me,
Come when thou wilt, its gates shall open be.”

RHYMES BY A NORTHMAN.

BY BENJ. B. FRENCH.

THE following stanzas were addressed to the Hon. WARREN R. DAVIS, a member of the United States House of Representatives from South Carolina, at the time the Nullification fever was raging at the South. The author was then Assistant Clerk of the House.

MEN of the ever-verdant South, where winter never comes
To chill the current of your souls — your bright and sunny homes
Fit dwellings are for chivalry — for high and virtuous mind,
And honor, love, and glory are within your hearts enshrined.

Then envy not our yankee land of pumpkin pies and *trade*,
The little *notionalities* in which our "*specs*" are made ;
We 'll make your cotton into cloth, e'en to the latest crop,
And if we 've any thing you want, why, wont we always *scoop* ?

Then let us live like brethren still within this happy land,
And, like our fathers, let us be *one* firm united band ;
Oh never be our stripes and stars from out our banner torn,
Nor may those who succeed us here a severed Union mourn !

THE IDEAL OF A TRUE LIFE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

THERE is, even on this side the grave, a haven where the storms of life break not, or are felt but in gentle undulations of the unrippled and mirroring waters, — an oasis, not *in* the desert, but beyond it, — a rest, profound and blissful as that of the soldier returned for ever from the dangers, the hardships and turmoil of war, to the bosom of that dear domestic circle, whose blessings he never prized at half their worth till he lost them.

This haven, this oasis, this rest, is a serene and hale old age. The tired traveller has abandoned the dusty, crowded and jostling highway of life, for one of its shadiest and least noted by-lanes. The din of traffic and of worldly strife has no longer magic for his ear, — the myriad footfall on the city's stony walks is but noise or nothing to him now. He has run his race of toil, or trade, or ambition. His day's work is accomplished, and he has come home to enjoy, tranquil and unharassed, the splendor of the sunset, the milder glories of late evening. Ask not whether he has or has not been successful, according to the vulgar standard of success. What matters it now whether the multitude has dragged his chariot, rending the air with idolizing acclamations, or howled like wolves on his track, as he fled by night, from the fury of those he had wasted his vigor to serve? What avails it that broad lands have rewarded his toil, or that all has, at the last moment, been stricken from his grasp? Ask not whether he brings into retirement the wealth of the Indies or the poverty of a bankrupt, — whether his couch be of down or rushes, — his dwelling a

hut or a mansion. He has lived to little purpose indeed, if he has not long since realized that wealth and renown are not the true ends of exertion, nor their absence the conclusive proof of ill-fortune. Whoever seeks to know if his career has been prosperous and brightening from its outset to its close, — if the evening of his days shall be genial and blissful, — should ask not for broad acres, or towering edifices, or laden coffers. Perverted Old Age may grasp these with the unyielding clutch of insanity; but they add to his cares and anxieties, not to his enjoyments. Ask rather, Has he mastered and harmonized his erring passions? Has he lived a True Life?

A True Life! — of how many lives does each hour knell the conclusion! and how few of them are true ones! The poor child of shame, and sin, and crime, who terminates her earthly being in the clouded morning of her scarce budded yet blighted existence, — the desperate felon whose blood is shed by the community, as the dread penalty of its violated law, — the miserable debauchee, who totters down to his loathsome grave in the spring-time of his years, but the fulness of his festering iniquities, — these, the world valiantly affirms, have not lived true lives! Fearless and righteous world! how profound, how discriminating are thy judgments! But the base idolater of self, who devotes all his moments, his energies, his thoughts, to schemes which begin and end in personal advantage, — the grasper of gold, and lands, and tenements, — the devotee of pleasure, — the man of ignoble and sinister ambition, — the woman of frivolity, extravagance and fashion, — the idler, the gambler, the voluptuary, — on all these and their myriad compeers, while borne on the crest of the advancing billow, how gentle is the reproof, how charitable the judgment of the world! Nay, — is not even our dead christianity, which picks its way so daintily, cautiously, and inoffensively through the midst of slave-holding and drunkard-making, and national faith-breaking, — which regards with gentle rebuke, and is regarded with amiable toleration by some of

the foremost vices of the times, — is it not too often oblivious of its paramount duty to teach men how to live worthily and nobly? Are there not thousands to whom its inculcations, so far as duties to man are concerned, are substantially negative in their character? — who are fortified by its teachings, in the belief that to do good is a casualty and not a frame of being, — who are taught by it to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, when they thrust themselves upon the charity of portly affluence, but as an irksome duty, for which they should be rewarded, rather than a blessed privilege for which they should be profoundly grateful? Of the millions now weekly listening to the ministrations of the christian pulpit, how many are clearly, vividly impressed with the great truth, that each, in his own sphere, should live for mankind, as Christ did, for the redemption, instruction, and exaltation of the race, — and, that the power to do this in his proper sphere, abides equally with the humblest as the highest? How many centuries more will be required to teach, even the religious world, so called, the full meaning of the term CHRISTIAN?

A true life must be simple in all its elements. Animated by one grand and ennobling impulse, all lesser aspirations find their proper places in harmonious subservience. Simplicity in taste, in appetite, in habits of life, with a corresponding indifference to worldly honors and aggrandizement, is the natural result of the predominance of a divine and unselfish idea. Under the guidance of such a sentiment, virtue is not an effort, but a law of nature, like gravitation. It is vice alone that seems unaccountable, — monstrous, — well-nigh miraculous. Purity is felt to be as necessary to the mind as health to the body, and its absence alike, the inevitable source of pain.

A true life must be calm. A life imperfectly directed, is made wretched through distraction. We give up our youth to excitement, and wonder that a decrepit old age steals upon us so soon. We wear out our energies in strife for gold or fame, and then wonder alike at the cost and the

worthlessness of the meed. "Is not the life more than meat?" Ay, truly! but how few have practically, consistently, so regarded it? And little as it is regarded by the imperfectly virtuous, how much less by the vicious and the worldling! What a chaos of struggling emotions is exhibited by the lives of the multitude? How like to the wars of the infuriated animalculæ in a magnified drop of water, is the strife constantly waged in each little mind! How Sloth is jostled by Gluttony, and Pride wrestled with by Avarice, and Ostentation bearded by Meanness! The soul which is not large enough for the indwelling of one virtue, affords lodgment, and scope, and arena for a hundred vices. But their warfare cannot be indulged with impunity. Agitation and wretchedness are the inevitable consequences, in the midst of which, the flame of life burns flaringly and swiftly to its close.

A true life must be genial and joyous. Tell me not, pale anchorite, of your ceaseless vigils, your fastings, your scourgings. These are fit offerings to Moloch, not to Our Father. The man who is not happy in the path he has chosen, may be very sure he has chosen amiss, or is self-deceived. But not merely happier, — he should be kinder, gentler, and more elastic in spirits, as well as firmer and truer. "I love God and little children," says a German poet. The good are ever attracted and made happier by the presence of the innocent and lovely. And he who finds his religion averse to, or a restraint upon the truly innocent pleasures and gayeties of life, so that the latter do not interfere with and jar upon its sublimer objects, — may well doubt whether he has indeed "learned of Jesus."

LINES FOR MY COUSIN'S ALBUM.

BY HORATIO HALE.

NAY, ask me not how long it be
Since love's sweet witchery on me stole :
In truth it always seemed to me
A portion of my very soul ;
I know the springs where love was nursed,
But ask not when it blossomed first.

'T was not beneath the cloudless skies
Of youth's sweet summer ; long before,
The sunshine of those gentle eyes
Had waked the tender flower,
And from its breathing censer-cup
Had drawn its purest incense up.

'T was not in childhood's merry May,
When dews were fresh and skies were fair,
And life was one long sunny day,
Undimmed by thought or care ;
Oh no ! the stream whence love is fed
Is deepest at the fountain-head.

And feeling's purest, holiest flowers
Are brightest in life's earliest dawn,
But fade when comes the sultry hours
Of noon-tide splendor on.
The heart's fine music sweetest rings,
Ere manhood's tears have dulled the strings.

I think my being and my love,
Like oak and vine together sprung,
And bough and tendril interwove,
And round my heart-strings clung ;
Oh ! never, till life's latest sigh,
Shall aught unclasp the gentle tie.

APHORISMS.

BY JOSEPH BARTLETT.

I. HAPPINESS.

ALL men are equally happy. We judge from appearances, but could we examine each other's relative situation, and look into each other's heart, not one in a million would be willing to exchange with his neighbor. We know our own miseries, but are unacquainted with the distresses of others.

HAPPINESS is an *ignis fatuus*, pursued by all, never overtaken by any one; when it appears within our reach, a moment's reflection finds it at a great distance.

“ He who breathes, must suffer,
And he who thinks, must mourn.”

THE first pursuit of man is happiness. Each takes a different road. All at last meet at the goal of disappointment.

II. VANITY.

MEN usually wish to be considered to excel in those qualities which they do not possess. The celebrated Dr. Johnson, so clumsy in his deportment and awkward in his behavior, in early life was more solicitous to be considered as a graceful dancer, and possessing easy manners, than as a man of science.

MEN will sooner give large sums to erect a monument and endow hospitals, to emblazon their names, than spare a cent to the miserable mendicant, asking alms at their door.

A "cup of cold water in love," will be more favorably registered by Deity, than millions expended under the influence of vanity.

THE man, who boasts of his knowledge, is usually ignorant, and wishes to blind the eyes of his hearer.

III. FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is in every person's mouth, — but little understood and less practiced. It does not consist in great dinners, or words, or unmeaning smiles. Show me the man, who will break his last loaf with me, and I will call that man my friend.

OBLIGATIONS can never exist between friends.

CONFIDENCE is the cement of friendship.

IV. WOMAN.

WOMEN generally possess less charity than men, towards the foibles of their own sex.

THE man, who wishes for popularity, must please the women. They are either ardent friends or implacable enemies.

A WOMAN destitute of morals, will be more atrocious in her vices than a man : DEVILS were made from ANGELS.

V. RICHES.

A RICH man, who considers himself as the almoner of Heaven, is a bank of benevolence, in which every distressed son and daughter of Adam is a stockholder, and they are certain that their drafts will receive due honor.

A RICH poor man is the most indigent of all men. He feasts on gold, and starves in the midst of plenty.

RICHES, when improperly acquired, or too grudgingly distributed, will carry a worm of poverty at the root, which will be severely realized by the father or his children.

VI. SLANDER.

WHENEVER you find a man endeavoring to destroy or lessen the reputation of another, be certain his own character is desperate.

THE FIRST FLOWER.

BY MRS. EUNICE T. DANIELS.

ERE melts the dews in liquid showers,
Or trees their vernal robes renew,
The first-born of the race of flowers
Spreads to the sky its answering blue.

Born of the sun's first genial kiss,
That woos to love the chaste, cold earth;
Sweet bud of hope! a nameless bliss
Thrills the warm heart to hail thy birth.

I find thee in the leafless wild,
Beside the snow-wreath blossoming,
As Winter, in his dotage mild,
Would ape the brighter robe of Spring.

Or the soft south, in wayward mood,
While loitering by the rocky cleft,
Amid its dreary solitude
This frail and sweet memorial left.

No warbler of the glades is near,
No scented shrub or floweret fair;
But glittering flake and ice-pearl clear,
Thy chill and mute companions are.

But the same power ordained thy birth,
And tinged thy soft, cerulean eye,
That poised in space this mighty earth,
And hung its quenchless lamps on high

And in each cup, each tinted grace,
Each leaf thy mossy stem uprears,
The moulding of that hand I trace,
That fashioned in their pride the spheres.

Yet art thou frail! thy transient hour
Of bloom and beauty will be o'er,
Ere spring shall dress the green-wood bower,
And spread her bright voluptuous store.

Even now thy hues are in their wane,
Thou first-born of the race of flowers!
Go! thou shalt bloom on earth again,
Unlike the loved and lost of ours.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

BY CHARLES GLIDDEN HAINES.

[Born at Canterbury, 1788. Died at New York, July 8, 1826.]

SOON after Emmet commenced his practice in Dublin, he rose to distinction at the Irish Bar. He rode the Circuit, and commanded a full share of business and confidence. He was the circuit and term companion of Curran, and even in Ireland, if I may credit the information of several Irish gentlemen, was his superior in talents, legal attainments, and general information. But while fame and wealth were attending his ardent efforts at the bar, and the proudest seats of office and honor seemed not too high for his capacity and his aspirations, the gloom that overclouded his country — her long past sufferings — the dark and cheerless prospect that opened upon her destinies, engrossed the constant thoughts of all her patriots, and commanded the intense contemplation of every intelligent friend of his native soil. The French Revolution had burst forth on Europe like a volcano. It rent asunder the political relations which had endured for ages, tore up ancient institutions by the roots, and overturned the most arbitrary throne on the Continent, if we except that of the Emperor of all the Russias. It was hailed in Ireland as the day-spring of hope and freedom, and diffused over that green and beautiful island, a silent but enthusiastic expectation of deliverance. Ireland was well prepared for a complete political change, and an introduction of a new government. Her condition, in this respect, presented a most auspicious and cheering state of things. Protestants and Catholics, all

religious sects, forgot their prejudices, and nobly rallied under one common standard—the standard of the nation. All their feelings, all their wishes, all their hopes, were for Ireland. Her freedom, her honor, her glory, and her prosperity, claimed all their thoughts and all their devotions. Gold was nothing—titles were nothing:—Ireland, Republican Ireland was every thing.

Considering all things, can we wonder at the feelings, the calm ardor and determined firmness of the Irish nation? The melancholy fortunes of their country continually passed before their eyes in gloomy retrospect. For seven hundred years their beautiful isle had been the victim of ruffian violence and ceaseless oppression. Age after age rolled on, and darkness and bondage covered her face. Other nations had shaken off their chains and marched forward to independence, to wealth, and to happiness. Great and general revolutions had shaken the world. The Reformation, which swept away “the vast structure of superstition and tyranny,” elsewhere, brought home no regenerating principles to Ireland. America, unknown when Ireland was first a colony, had nobly erected her standard and fought her way to freedom. England had undergone more than one revolution, and materially changed the constitution of her government. France had now roused from her long slumbers, and proclaimed freedom among the nations of the Continent, and extended the hand of friendship and the proffer of deliverance to the people of Ireland.

Is it to be wondered at, then, that an enthusiastic desire to assume a station in the society of nations should have animated her daring and gallant sons? They cast their eyes over their country, containing more than five millions of population, blessed with a genial climate and a fruitful soil—with noble harbors, spacious rivers, rich mines, a capacity for manufactures, and an extensive commerce with all the world. They called to mind her poverty, her ignorance, her misery: more than forty millions of dollars wrung annually from her resources by a foreign government: a

church forced upon nine tenths of the people, who resisted and were still constrained to pay tithes to support that church: out of three hundred members of the Irish House of Commons, to represent the whole people of Ireland, two hundred elected by thirty or forty individuals: popery laws, that precluded the youth of nine tenths of the population from early education and the halls of the universities, and the parents of those children from the bar, the bench, the legislature, the magistracy—from every seat of power, honor and responsibility. These things they called to recollection, and they were not all. The genius, the valor, and the fame of the great men of Ireland appealed to the pride of the Irish people. They knew what Ireland had been, they knew what she was, and they looked forward to what she might be—elevated to her proper rank in the scale of empires; a broad representative system of government in full operation; great men watching over her interests at home and in foreign courts; the legislature open to talents and to a noble ambition; the bar presenting a splendid theatre of competition, and embracing the sons of the Catholic and the Protestant; her navy and her armies made glorious by Irish valor exerted in the cause of Ireland; her intellectual greatness unfolded by the triumphant cultivation of the arts and sciences; her physical powers and her natural advantages fostered by enterprise and industry; her wilds, her morasses, and her mountains made glad by civilization; and peace, security and comfort every where diffused. Was it not natural, when they looked at all this, that their souls should have panted for war against their oppressors?

Such were the views of Thomas Addis Emmet. He began in the cause of Ireland as a patriot, he acted in her cause as a patriot, and he suffered as such. Had he chosen to pursue the road to power, to wealth, and to ambition, he would have joined that abandoned phalanx, composed of such men as Lord Castlereagh, Lord Clare, the Beresfords, and their associates in apostacy and guilt, and sought ele-

vation by augmenting the misery and sufferings of his country, to secure the smiles of the British Court. He was not one of them. He thought, and with reason, that the day had come when his country could be taken into the family of nations, and run her career with rejoicing. He hailed the temper and spirit of the age, and rejoiced in the tone which was communicated to public opinion by the French Revolution.

French connexion proved fatal to the revolution of Ireland. French fidelity and the adoption of sound policy would have made Ireland free. But Ireland was left to her fate, and such men as Mr. Emmet and his compatriots to mourn over her calamities. After a short struggle in the field, and after a few scattering and ineffectual insurrections, in which perished some of the noblest spirits that Ireland ever saw, the patriots were vanquished, and the soul of the nation sunk within her. There was the end of Ireland's hopes, at least for generations. France, under the guidance of Napoleon, sought the conquest of Europe, and England was left to crush to powder her sister isle.

Among the illustrious victims of vengeance, the name of Thomas Addis Emmet maintains an exalted place. Without any specific allegation, or any overt act of treason, he was cast into prison, and never again permitted to enjoy his personal liberty in his native land. After being detained a prisoner in Dublin about a year, without notice an order came that he must leave Ireland the next morning at four o'clock! At the appointed hour he beheld Ireland for the last time. He was landed in Scotland; was there imprisoned for three years; was liberated and went to France, and in 1804 became a resident of our country, the only secure place of refuge from oppression. Here he commenced that splendid career at the American Bar, which has not only elevated the character of the profession, but reflected back a lustre on his native land.

THE NOVICE.

BY SAMUEL T. HILDRETH.

[Born at Exeter, November 17, 1817. Died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 11, 1839.]

Look ! what a seraph-glance is hers,
Whose full blue eyes thrown up to heaven !
That breast no low-born passion stirs,
Afar each thought of earth is driven ;
Maid of the bright, the angel brow,
Where is thy fancy roving now ? —

Among those peaks of softest hue,
Where twilight's purple feet have strayed,
O'er yonder sea of starless blue,
Where all day long the clouds have played ;
Turning to earth a transient gaze,
As on a thing of by-gone days ?

Or, from their moon-beam revels led,
Charmed by that gentle face of thine,
Perchance fair spirits round thy head
With plumes of dazzling whiteness shine,
And linger there, to smile and bless,
Lost in a dream of loveliness !

On yonder summits gathering fast,
Hope may unfold her laughing band ;
Or some glad image of the past,
Wave from the cloud a shadowy hand ;
And bid thee twine again the bowers
Affection wove in earlier hours.

She heeds thee not ! The choral song,
That dies unnoticed on thine ears,
The voices of the sainted throng,
Who chant the hymns of other spheres,
Have lured her raptured soul on high,
Amid that bright-eyed company.

Tread softly on, and dare not break
The holy spell which binds her there ;
For who, sweet maiden, who could wake
Thy spirit from its trance of prayer,
Or bid thy soul from realms of light,
To these dark scenes wing back its flight ?

THE NATIONAL DEFENCES.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

BY FRANKLIN PIERCE.

IN this age of progress, in this land of invention and almost boundless resources, we are not the people to stand still. We have not stood still. But while individual enterprise has kept pace, in all the various pursuits of life, with the best improvements of the day, it must be admitted, considering our position upon the globe—the immense extent of our maritime frontier—the mode in which we must be assailed, if ever successfully, by a foreign foe—the easy access to our most commanding harbors—the vast importance and exposed condition of our great commercial cities, especially since the successful application of steam power to ocean navigation—that we have been singularly regardless of the improvements which in other countries, especially in France and England, have been and are rapidly changing the character of military operations, offensive and defensive, both on the land and on the sea.

There are some things about the military defences of this country which may be considered as settled. I regard it as certain that no large standing army is ever to be maintained here, in time of peace, while our free institutions remain unshaken. In this we differ entirely from those nations with whom, from our position and political relations, we are in the greatest danger of a collision. It is equally certain, in my judgment, that stationary fortifications, in the best condition, with abundance of *materiel*, and well manned, will prove entirely inadequate to the

defence of even our large commercial cities. It must be regarded as not less clear, that no foreign power can ever embark in the Quixotic enterprise of *conquering* this country, unless its Constitution shall first be trampled in the dust by its children. Such a project can never be soberly contemplated, while we are a united people. During our Revolution — in the weakness of our infancy — the invaders could scarcely command more ground than they were able immediately to occupy.

The leading purposes of an enemy will be, by the celerity and boldness of his movements on our coast, to keep up a constant alarm; to harass and cut off our commerce; to destroy our naval depots and public works; and, if possible, to lay our great commercial cities under contribution or in ashes. It is against prompt movements and vigorous exertions for objects like these, that we should prepare and provide. France and England have, and always must maintain large and well-appointed standing armies; they are the indispensable appendages of royal power and dominion, without which no monarch in Europe can retain his crown a single year. They have not only armies, but they have now the means of planting them upon our shores; — nay, of quartering them in the heart of our cities, before we can set in order our insufficient and now deserted fortresses, or call into the field any effective force, organized as our militia at present is. Indeed, in some of the States there is no organization whatever; it is wholly disbanded, and men whose thoughts were never elevated above the contemplation of loss and gain, are out in the newspapers, with their calculations to show *exactly* how many dollars and cents may be saved annually by the “disbandment” of this safe and sure auxiliary in our national defence.

I cannot help feeling strongly upon this subject, because I have witnessed the deep lethargy in which the spirit of the nation, easily roused to every thing else, has seemed to slumber here. Within the last few years war-clouds have lowered most portentously upon our horizon, and on one or two occasions seemed ready to burst, and scatter far and

wide the calamities of that dreadful scourge. What was the effect upon the Government and the country, when, upon the question of *money*, we were upon the eve of a war with one of the most powerful and gallant nations of the earth? Did we manifest a willingness to apply our money in preparation for the contest? No. There was as usual no want of patriotic demonstration in the way of speeches, but they were followed by nothing like decisive action. Through the country there appeared to be a profound repose, and blind trusting to luck in the face of admitted imminent danger. In the beneficent ordination of Providence, and through the energy and wisdom of that extraordinary man, who always proved equal to great occasions, the impending danger was happily averted.

How was it more recently, when, for a long time, there had been a quasi war along our whole border from St. Johns to the Lakes? In what condition did the evening of the 2d of March, 1839, find the country? In what state did it find us in our places here? Like the nation generally — calm and undisturbed. Senators then present will not soon forget the scene that followed the arrival of the eastern mail that night. The stirring report soon passed around the chamber, — “ There has been a battle upon our eastern frontier; the blood of our citizens has been shed upon our own soil!” A change came over the spirit of our dream. Every countenance was lighted up with high excitement. We were at last, when the strange spell of fancied security could no longer bind us, roused as from the delusion of a charm — we awoke as from the trance of years — as from a dream we opened our eyes upon a full view of the nearness and magnitude of our danger. I shall never forget the bearing on that occasion, nor the burning words of an honorable Senator on the other side of the Chamber, not now in his place. He seemed to feel, that by our culpable neglect to provide the means of defence, we had invited aggression, and that we ought ourselves to take our places in the fiercest of the eddying storm which, it was then supposed, had already burst upon our border brethren. What

was done? All that could be done under the circumstances. The constitutional term of one branch of Congress had but a few more hours to run. There was little time for deliberation: but we showed that there was one contingency in which we could merge every thing like party, and present an unbroken front. We passed a bill, placing at the disposal of the President the whole militia of the United States, to be compelled to serve for a term not exceeding six months — to raise fifty thousand volunteers — to equip, man, and employ in active service all the naval force of the United States — and to build, purchase, or charter, arm, equip and man such vessels and steamboats on the northern lakes and rivers, whose waters communicated with the United States and Great Britain, as he should deem necessary. This fearful responsibility was cast upon one individual. This vast command, with ten millions of dollars to make it effectual, was committed to the sole discretion and patriotism of the President. No man who loves his country can but deprecate the necessity of placing such tremendous and fearful powers in the hands of one man, however wise and disinterested.

I warn the people against another such crisis. Sooner or later it will come, and perhaps unattended by that good fortune which has thus far borne us on in peace. At all events, it is the most fatal temerity to depend upon it, and neglect the necessary preparations. We should provide our harbors, in addition to the stationary fortifications, with the best floating defences known to the world. We should make our navy equal at least to one sixth of that of Great Britain. We should provide for an organization of the militia to be efficient and uniform throughout the Union. Thus prepared, with our large cities in a suitable state of defence, and with six hundred thousand disciplined citizen soldiers, so enrolled and organized, as to admit of being promptly mustered and called into the field, we shall be ready for the conflict which, under such circumstances, will hardly be pressed upon us.

THE TREASURES OF THE SEA.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

FAR down in the deep where storms have no power,
And all is as calm as a soft twilight hour,
The light, it is said, in rich brilliancy falls
O'er the jewel-paved floors of coralline halls,
And the small, snowy feet of the sea-nymphs glance
Like the wings of white birds in the festal dance,
And their long, silky hair, sprinkled over with pearls,
Sweeps low, in a maze of bright golden curls.

But it is not the sea-nymphs, the gold that is there,
Nor the glistening gems so pure and so rare ;
It is not the song from the Nereid's shell,
That floats o'er the waves with a liquid swell,
And dies on the shore with a murmuring close,
Like the breeze that expires on the breast of the rose ;
Oh no, these are not the things the most dear
To the yearning heart and the listening ear.

One lock of the rich and the glossy hair
On the sailor-boy's brow, who now sleeps there,
With a smile on his lips as if dreaming of home,
Whence in evil hour he was tempted to roam,
Would give to the lone, widowed mother's heart
A holier joy than gold can impart,
Who fain by his side, in the caves of the deep,
The rest of the long, last Sabbath would keep.

The pale withered rose, to the cold bosom prest,
Of her who lies there in her last, dreamless rest ;
The rose fondly cherished for his sake who gave,
Even when she sunk low in the tempest-tost wave,
To thy riven heart, lonely mourner, would be,
Far dearer than all the bright gems of the sea,
Strown round on the sand which her pale brow presses,
And gleaming like stars through her long raven tresses.

And those low, dreamy sounds o'er the waters that flit,
When the sky with its burning stars is lit,
That just meet the ear, and then die away,
Like the soft echoed notes of some far-away lay ;

Oh, these to their hearts, in the calm evening hour,
Come gifted with solemn, and deep thrilling power,
Even as a blest requiem, sung at the head
Of the young, the beloved, the beautiful dead.

Thou grave of their fears, their hopes, and their loves !
When the form of the tempest in wrath o'er thee moves,
When the spirit of peace, like the dove's brooding wing,
To thy bosom repose and soft sunshine doth bring ;
Or when the bright stars look down from above,
On thy slumbers at midnight with eyes full of love,
Unto them thou still ever most holy will be,
Thou stormy, devouring, calm, beautiful sea !

THE GOOD WIFE.

BY REV. GEORGE W. BURNAP.

THE parental home is intended to be the school of woman's education, not her permanent abode. As the instinct, which teaches the birds of passage the time of their emigration, suddenly impels them to mount to untried regions of the atmosphere, and seek through cloud and tempest a land they have never seen, so a like inspiration teaches woman that there is another home for her, destined by the Great Designer, of still greater happiness than that which she has already known, and under the same apparent destiny. One appears to lead her to that happy place. Marriage comes as the great crisis of woman's existence. And where, if you search earth through, will you find an object which the eye bends on with such intense, I had almost said, painful interest, as a bride? What an era, when considered with reference either to the past or the future! It is in a manner the crush of one world, and the beginning of a new one. She is to go from a home that she has known and loved, where she has been loved and cherished, to one to which she is an utter stranger. Her happiness is to be subjected to those on whose characters, tempers, principles, she can make no calculation. And what is to assure her of the faith of him who has sworn at the altar to cherish and protect her? She may, in the blindness of affection, have given her heart to one who will wring and break it, and she may be going to martyrdom, where pride and prudence will alike deny her the poor solace of complaint. Yet she is willing to venture all. The law instituted by the Creator is upon her, and urges her forward. With calm confidence

she puts herself under the protection of that Almighty Principle, which issuing from the throne of God penetrates and pervades all things, and then returns to link itself to the throne of his Omnipotence, the Principle of Love, and she is safe. Perhaps if she knew what life has in store for her, she would for a moment shrink back. The marriage festivity would not be without its fears. And for myself, so many whom I have united for life have I seen soon overtaken by calamity, hoping parents bending in speechless agony over the loved and the lost, or watching with breathless apprehension the fearful changes of extreme disease, that to me there is ever an undertone of sadness in the wedding's mirth; and when that bright being approaches, upon whom every eye centres, and for whom every heart palpitates, I can almost fancy her bridal attire transformed to mourning, and her blushes changed to tears. But a second thought convinces me that such anticipations are treason to God and man. Marriage is the ordinance of God, and let not man gainsay it. It is indeed the commencement of struggles and toils. But for what else is man made, or woman either? Those toils and struggles shall be lighter when mutual affection animates the effort. Troubles will come, but they come to all; and who shall better sustain them than those to whom mutual affection gives mutual support?

We now see woman in that sphere for which she was originally intended, and which she is so exactly fitted to adorn and bless, as the wife, the mistress of a home, the solace, the aid, and the counsellor of that One, for whose sake alone the world is of any consequence to her. If life be increased in cares, so is it also enriched by new satisfactions. She herself, if she be inspired by just sentiments and true affection, perceives that she has attained her true position. Delivered from that tastelessness, which sooner or later creeps over a single life, every power and faculty is called into energetic exercise, and she feels the current of existence to flow in a richer, deeper stream. We are all made for action and enterprise. Existence, though surfeited

with luxury and abundance, is insipid without it. The affections which God has ordained to spring in the bosoms of those whom he has destined to pass through life together, are no deceivers. They are not intended to betray the sexes into a state of misery. The wife does not bid adieu to happiness, though she leaves a magnificent mansion to take up her abode under an humbler roof. Youth, health, employment, affection, hope, are more than a compensation for all. The privations of commencing life in narrow circumstances are borne with cheerfulness and alacrity. If there be on both sides good sense and generous feeling, as well as true affection, nothing will seem hard, and they will experience a happiness unknown to those who shut up or disappoint their affections from false pride, or from dread of losing caste, by beginning life precisely as their fathers and mothers did before them.

The good wife! How much of this world's happiness and prosperity is contained in the compass of these two short words! Her influence is immense. The power of a wife, for good or for evil, is altogether irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be for ever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom and courage and strength and hope and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, despair. No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness, decision, energy, economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, folly and extravagance at home. No spirit can long resist bad domestic influences. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He expends his whole moral force in the conflicts of the world. His feelings are daily lacerated to the utmost point of endurance by perpetual collision, irritation and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort; and his soul renews its strength, and again goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labors and

troubles of the world. But if at home he find no rest, and there is met by a bad temper, sullenness, or gloom ; or is assailed by discontent, complaint and reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into total despair.

Let woman know then, that she ministers at the very fountain of life and happiness. It is her hand that lades out with overflowing cup its soul-refreshing waters, or casts in the branch of bitterness which makes them poison and death. Her ardent spirit breathes the breath of life into all enterprise. Her patience and constancy are mainly instrumental in carrying forward to completion the best human designs. Her more delicate moral sensibility is the unseen power which is ever at work to purify and refine society. And the nearest glimpse of heaven that mortals ever get on earth is that domestic circle, which her hands have trained to intelligence, virtue and love, which her gentle influence pervades, and of which her radiant presence is the centre and the sun.

TO MY BIBLE.

BY REV. JOHN G. ADAMS.

Gift of a father's holy love! thy face, how dear to me,
When from the folly of this world my longing soul would flee,
To spend the sacred moments at that feast of wisdom spread
In thee, by God's own gracious hand, life-giving, heavenly bread!

Food of my soul! by thee sustained, I cannot faint nor tire;
Salvation's water! as I drink, the well is rising higher;
The naked's clothing! thou dost guard in sunshine and in storm;
Armor complete! in thee my strength can mightiest deeds perform.

Sword of the Spirit! when the Foe appears in dark array,
And by feigned words would captive lead my soul in chains away,
In wielding thee, how quickly fly his forces from the field!
For who, thus armed, was ever known in error's grasp to yield?

Book of all books! O may I find thy presence ever dear;
And, when I turn aside, be thy reproving wisdom near:
As when the sands of life run low thy counsel I shall need,
So, while that life is spared, do thou the hungry spirit feed.

Lamp of salvation! light my way to Zion's holy hill,
Where I can bid my passion, sin, and unbelief, "be still!"
And learn of Christ, and find his truths most precious to the soul,
The sovereign balm, that makes the sick and wounded spirit whole.

Blest volume! I can praise and love, with thee before my eyes,
In hope that purer joy in heaven from this glad heart shall rise;
Where glorious themes on earth commenced, in truth and power with
thee,
Shall be prolonged, in highest bliss, throughout eternity!

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH IN AN ACTION FOR LIBEL.

BY GEORGE SULLIVAN.

[Born at Exeter, 1774. Died at Exeter June 14, 1839.]

WHEN a man is a candidate for a public office, depending on the suffrages of the people, he invites an examination into his character and qualifications; and agrees that, if he is deficient in either, it may be made known to the electors. If the defendants had good reason to believe the plaintiff had been guilty of violating the laws of his country, it was their duty to inform the public. The occasion not only justified, but demanded it.

It may be said, that when good men are candidates for public office, their characters may be greatly injured, if they can maintain no action for damages, although the defamatory assertions published respecting them may be wholly unfounded.

A little reflection will satisfy us, that the reputation of such men is protected with sufficient care, by the law which has been mentioned. When a man is a candidate for a public office, and defamatory words are published respecting him, the presumption is, that they were published without malice; but still he is permitted to remove that presumption by extrinsic evidence. There is no danger to be apprehended from the operation of this law. To obtain extrinsic evidence would not often be attended with difficulty. Indeed, if a man should publish of a candidate for office, unfounded calumnies, and should be prosecuted for a libel, if he could produce no evidence, or very slight evidence of the plaintiff's guilt, this circumstance alone would show his

malicious intention, and that he used the occasion, on which the publication was made, to gratify his malice. But, on the other hand, if the defendant, when thus prosecuted, should produce such evidence as to show that he had good reason to believe the truth of what he published, it would repel the idea of malice, and show that the action could not be supported. And whether a defendant has good reason to believe the truth of what he published or not, must be decided by a jury.

When the people of this State formed the constitution, they declared, that "the liberty of the press is essential to the security of freedom in a state." Every reflecting man must assent to the truth of this declaration. Let the freedom of the press be destroyed in any country, and its inhabitants will soon be involved in the profoundest ignorance; they will sink to the lowest, the most abject state of slavery. To protect, therefore, with ceaseless vigilance, this guardian of our invaluable rights, is an object of the highest importance. The principle of law, for which I contend, preserves the liberty of the press, while it gives no countenance to its licentiousness.

The government under which we live rests on the virtue and knowledge of the people. These are the main pillars that support our political fabric. If the great body of the people possessed such a degree of virtue as to lead them to sacrifice their private interest to promote the glory and happiness of their country; this alone would be insufficient to give permanency to their government. They must possess knowledge as well as virtue. They must have sufficient knowledge to enable them to judge of the tendency of those measures that are adopted for the advancement of the public welfare. They must have a knowledge of the duties incident to those offices that are conferred by their suffrages, and of the character and qualifications of those who are proposed to fill them. When different individuals are candidates for an office, the mass of the people are ignorant of their character and qualifications. They must, then, be in-

formed as to both. If they are not, instead of the wise and virtuous, they may elect the incompetent and unprincipled to manage their affairs. Thus the administration may become corrupt; the interests of the people may be sacrificed to those of their rulers; and the government itself may eventually be destroyed. How is the necessary information to be given but by means of the press? It can be given in no other way. But who will undertake to inform the people, if he must suffer from the verdict of a jury unless he can demonstrate, by legal evidence and with perfect certainty, the truth of all the information he shall communicate? Suppose a person should be candidate for the office of President of the United States; that letters should be discovered purporting to be signed by such person, in which it should appear that he and others had formed a plan to overturn the government. Suppose the letters and signatures should be written in a hand bearing a striking resemblance to that of the candidate, and that there were other strong circumstances to prove him to be the writer. If a person should publish in a newspaper, that the individual, who was thus a candidate for the presidency, was an enemy to his country; that he had formed a design to destroy the government; and if it should turn out that the letters were forgeries, and the story unfounded; should the person, who published the information from the best and most patriotic motives, be made to suffer? Should his patriotism subject him to punishment? If so, the press will no longer diffuse information among the people; and the voices of your wisest and most virtuous citizens will be silent. The liberty of the press would be as effectually destroyed as if there was a law prohibiting the publication of any information respecting candidates for office.

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

BY T. G. FESSENDEN.

It may very truly be said
That his is a noble vocation,
Whose industry leads him to spread
About him a little creation.

He lives independent of all,
Except the Omnipotent donor;
Has always enough at his call, —
And more is a plague to its owner.

He works with his hands, it is true,
But happiness dwells with employment,
And he who has nothing to do
Has nothing by way of enjoyment.

His labors are mere exercise,
Which saves him from pains and physicians;
Then, farmers, you truly may prize
Your own as the best of conditions.

From competence, shared with content,
Since all true felicity springs,
The life of a farmer is blent
With more real bliss than a king's.

SPRING IS COMING.

BY HUGH MOORE.

EVERY breeze that passes o'er us,
Every stream that leaps before us,
Every tree in silvan brightness
Bending to the soft winds' lightness ;
Every bird and insect humming
Whispers sweetly, " Spring is coming ! "

Rouse thee, boy ! the sun is beaming
Brightly in thy chamber now ;
Rouse thee, boy ! nor slumber, dreaming
Of sweet maiden's eye and brow.
See ! o'er Nature's wide dominions,
Beauty revels as a bride ;
All the plumage of her pinions
In the rainbow's hues is dyed !

Gentle maiden, vainly weeping
O'er some loved and faithless one ;
Rouse thee ! give thy tears in keeping
To the glorious morning sun !
Roam thou where the flowers are springing,
Where the whirling stream goes by ;
Where the birds are sweetly singing
Underneath a blushing sky !

Rouse thee, hoary man of sorrow !
Let thy grief no more subdue ;
God will cheer thee on the morrow,
With a prospect ever new.
Though you now weep tears of sadness,
Like a withered flower bedewed ;
Soon thy heart shall smile in gladness
With the holy, just, and good !

Frosty Winter, cold and dreary,
Totters to the arms of Spring,
Like the spirit, sad and weary,
Taking an immortal wing.
Cold the grave to every bosom,
As the Winter's keenest breath ;
Yet the buds of joy will blossom
Even in the vale of Death !

INSANITY AND CRIME.

BY ICHABOD BARTLETT.

IN every case, the charge of a crime of great enormity at once enlists the virtuous feelings of the community against the accused. Even the forms of law aid in countenancing such prejudices. No harsher epithets are to be found in our language, than this indictment sanctions — and although we may say, that the accused is to be presumed innocent until he is proved guilty, yet no individual ever stood at the criminal bar, when an influence the reverse of this was not produced upon our minds, by that situation alone. Yes — every eye in this vast assembly has been fixed upon this lad, to see “the murderer.” Every mind has already imagined, in his childlike, inoffensive appearance, the indelible marks of blood-stained guilt. He stands here to contend with the government. However exalted, however powerful an individual may be, such a contest places him at fearful odds.

In no trial was there ever placed at the bar a more forsaken, friendless, helpless child of misfortune; nor placed there under circumstances calculated to excite prejudices more fierce and unrelenting.

Even if in other places and on other occasions, he might have had friends, such is human nature, his present situation is not that in which kind offices are usually proffered. But destitute as he may be of relatives, who have either capacity or means to assist him — limited as may have been his opportunities, in his humble condition of life, of attaching to him acquaintances and friends — two friends he had secured by a course of unexceptionable, exemplary conduct, not surpassed in any condition in life — a friendship

partaking of parental kindness and affection ; one of whom now sleeps in the grave, sent there by the hand of him who was to her as a dutiful son — while the afflicted, bereaved husband stands here his prosecutor — stands here looking upon the accused, as if his hand had shed a parent's blood, and illustrating in his feelings the truth of the great philosophic poet, —

“ How sharper than an adder's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.”

In most cases of homicide, some doubt may exist as to the identity of the offender — some uncertainty whether the wounds were the cause of death. Here no such doubts exist — no such uncertainty remains. The perpetrator stands unconcealed before you — the bloody garments in which the horrid act was accomplished have been exhibited — no apology, no excuse, no existing quarrel, no provocation is pretended. It was not to be rid of an enemy — it was not a contest with an equal. The victim was an unarmed, unoffending female — a sincere friend, an affectionate wife, a fond and devoted mother. The mangled corpse of the deceased — the afflictions of the bereaved husband — the tears of motherless children, have been made to call aloud for vengeance. The tragic story has been repeated at every fireside, and every repetition has added new horrors. It has brought an exasperated, an enraged populace even around the doors of the temple of justice, demanding the execution of the accused, and impatient even of the delay of the forms of a trial.

If the nature of the charge, the character and manner of the offence, present difficulties to an impartial examination of the question of guilt or innocence, a difficulty not less formidable is to be encountered in the nature of the defence. It is *INSANITY*. *Insanity!* And what have we learned of insanity, but the incoherent ravings of the madman, the clanking of the chains of the maniac? Who will for a moment listen to the excuse of insanity for an act of such atrocity, from one whose whole life has been a reg-

ular and quiet and intelligent discharge of the duties of his humble station? Who has known of his being irrational? Who has heard of a single act of derangement of his? Here we *feel* how little we know of the human mind — the force of the truth that we are “fearfully and wonderfully made.”

I am well aware of the power and eloquence with which the conviction of the prisoner will be urged on the part of the Government. You may be told, that, if he escapes the sentence of the law for murder, the commission of the crime may be encouraged, and the blood of future victims will be required at your hands — that perhaps your own children, your own wives, may be sacrificed to your lenity. Gentlemen, let no such appeals stir you to injustice — to cruelty — to conviction, without proof and against proof. If you have relatives, friends, whom you would protect from the violence of the assassin, you too are friends, husbands, fathers to those, upon whom, in the Providence of God, the calamity which now afflicts this young man may fall. While every grade of *mind*, from the humblest reasoning faculty to the loftiest power of human intellect, has been subject to the paralyzing influence of this malady; while its unseen and noiseless approach is unknown till marked by the ruins it has left, who can feel assurance, that within the hour he may not be its victim? And while the thousand new forms and modes in which its effects are exhibited are now daily baffling “the wisdom of the wisest,” who is there who may not fear, that to such a calamitous visitation of heaven, erring mortals may add the infamy of a public execution upon the gallows.

I here leave the prisoner and his fate with you. May you render a verdict upon which you may hereafter reflect with satisfaction — a verdict which shall not disturb, with misgivings and regrets, the remainder of life, — which shall not enhance that dread of death, or the awful solemnity of that scene where we must all soon appear before our final Judge.

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

THE silent wilderness for me !
Where never sound is heard,
Save the rustling of the squirrel's foot,
And the fitting wing of bird,
Or its low and interrupted note,
And the deer's quick, crackling tread,
And the swaying of the forest boughs,
As the wind moves overhead.

Alone, (how glorious to be free !)
My good dog at my side,
My rifle hanging in my arm,
I range the forests wide.
And now the regal buffalo
Across the plains I chase ;
Now track the mountain stream, to find
The beaver's lurking place.

I stand upon the mountain's top,
And (solitude profound !)
Not even a woodman's smoke curls up
Within the horizon's bound.
Below, as o'er its ocean breadth
The air's light currents run,
The wilderness of moving leaves
Is glancing in the sun.

I look around to where the sky
Meets the far forest line,
And this imperial domain,
This kingdom — all is mine.
This bending heaven — these floating clouds,
Waters that ever roll,
And wilderness of glory, bring
Their offerings to my soul.

My palace, built by God's own hand,
The world's fresh prime hath seen ;
Wide stretch its living halls away,
Pillared and roofed with green.

My music is the wind that now
Pours loud its swelling bars,
Now lulls in dying cadences,
My festal lamps are stars.

Though when, in this my lonely home,
My star-watched couch I press,
I hear no fond "good night" — think not
I am companionless.
O no! I see my father's house,
The hill, the tree, the stream,
And the looks and voices of my home
Come gently to my dream.

And in the solitary haunts,
While slumbers every tree
In night and silence, God himself
Seems nearer unto me.
I *feel* his presence in the shades
Like the embracing air;
And as my eyelids close in sleep,
My heart is hushed in prayer.

AGRICULTURE: ITS DIGNITY AND IMPORTANCE.

BY JOHN A. DIX.

WE are informed by the most ancient of human records, that the cultivation of the earth was one of the first occupations of men; and as we emerge from the darkness and doubt which envelope a later period in the history of our race, we find it ranked in the annals of the most distinguished nations, among the highest and most honorable pursuits. Egypt, principally through the extraordinary fertility of her soil, renewed by the annual inundations of the Nile, which were turned to the best account by artificial structures and by the laborious industry of her inhabitants, became one of the most wealthy and powerful of the nations of antiquity.

Among the Samnites and Latins the national religion was associated with the labors of agriculture and a pastoral life. At a later period, the public domain was parcelled out in small portions among the great body of the people, an agricultural priesthood, under the name of "fratres aruales," was instituted, and every encouragement which the law could afford was extended to the cultivators of the soil. When Rome had reached the height of her power, her most eminent citizens were seen, like the humblest, laboring in the fields with their own hands. It was the privilege of the agricultural class for several centuries to fill the ranks of the Roman Legion; her civil and military commanders were sought for at the plough, and her rewards for great services to the commonwealth consisted of donations of land.

In Greece, agriculture, though honored in some of the

principal states, never attained the same importance that it possessed in Rome. Nor is it surprising, when their physical and political condition is considered. In Sparta, all manual labor except that which related to war was performed by slaves. The face of Attica was broken, furrowed by hills and vales, and her soil not fertile. Yet agriculture was not wanting in dignity in Athens. Xenophon, the leader of the Ten Thousand in their masterly retreat, wrote treatises on practical husbandry, and when driven from his native city gave public lectures on the science. Such was the dignity of agriculture in ancient times.

In the countries of Europe, the state of agriculture varies with peculiarities of climate, soil and political organization. In Russia the earth is cultivated almost exclusively by serfs, subject to the arbitrary will of the noble who owns the soil. Manual labor in any art, almost necessarily partakes of the character of those by whom it is carried on; and in Russia, therefore, agriculture, as an occupation, is degraded. In the northern parts of Italy, in the Netherlands and Holstein, and in some of the German states, the soil, under judicious systems of husbandry and an elaborate culture, has attained the highest degree of productiveness. In France a new impulse has been given to agricultural improvement, by the extreme subdivision of the soil, which has grown out of the law of equal succession, and the confiscation and sale of lands belonging to the church and to the expatriated nobles who followed the fortunes of the Bourbons.

But in none of these countries has agriculture gained the distinction which it possesses in England. The great landed proprietors belong to the nobility. They are foremost in the proceedings of agricultural societies, at fairs and cattle shows, and in all matters connected with the rural economy of the kingdom. Through the operation of the corn laws, the bread stuffs of foreign countries are, in seasons of ordinary abundance, excluded from her markets, and a monopoly is thus secured to her own grains. Though the effect of this system of exclusion is to make the great body

of the people eat dear bread, it has given an extraordinary impetus to her agricultural industry. In 1760 the population of Great Britain was seven and a half millions ; in 1831 over sixteen millions. In 1760 the total growth of grain of all kinds in the kingdom was about one hundred and seventy millions of bushels ; in 1835 it was estimated at three hundred and forty millions — just double. Though the increase in the quantity of grain produced, falls somewhat short of the increase of her population, it is a matter of astonishment that an island, having less than double the surface of New York, and a considerable portion of it broken and inaccessible to the plough and the harrow, should be capable of sustaining fifteen millions of inhabitants. Yet it is supposed that its agricultural produce might still be doubled, and that at least thirty millions of people might be subsisted without importing grain from abroad.

Without intending to institute any invidious comparison between different branches of industry, it may be said, that in importance, agriculture stands preëminent. It is the great fountain from which animal life derives its support ; it supplies the materials on which almost every other species of labor is employed ; and it furnishes to man the occupation most favorable to his happiness and his moral elevation. To give a country the highest degree of wealth and power which it is capable of attaining, agriculture must be sustained by commerce and manufactures ; but it may dispense with both the latter and yet retain its prosperity. The condition of the United States is favorable to all these pursuits ; but whatever may be the fate of our commerce and manufactures, we must, as an agricultural country, rank among the first nations of the earth. In this field of labor we fear no competition. The productions of our agriculture have but one limit — the demand for them. Centuries must elapse before they will be limited, as in the densely populated states of Europe, by the powers of the soil. We have not only the ability of expanding to an immense degree, by means of our vast unoccupied domain beyond the lakes and the Mis-

issippi ; but we have the ability of increasing to an indefinite extent upon the surface we now occupy.

With these prospects before us the importance of our agricultural industry cannot be overrated. The estimate in which it is now held, falls far short of its true value. Just opinions have made and are still making some progress, but agriculture cannot attain its true rank, until it shall be regarded, like the learned professions, as one of the direct avenues to honor and wealth. In a country like our own, in a course of most rapid developement, the temptations and excitements which are presented to the young and sanguine, in the pursuit of fortune, prove, unhappily, an overmatch for the sober occupations of agricultural industry, and its slow but certain rewards. The healthful labors of the field are too often abandoned for the confinement of the counting room and the lawyer's office, or for hazardous pecuniary enterprise. Yet how many a merchant who has fallen a victim to an overstrained credit ; how many a lawyer who ekes out a scanty subsistence for himself and family by a plodding, laborious profession ; how many an adventurer in speculation, who has seen his air-built fabrics fall, one by one, to the ground, would have improved his condition in regard to health, respectability and fortune, by devoting himself to the pursuits of agriculture !

FAME AND LOVE.

BY SAMUEL T. HILDRETH.

Once while in slumbers wrapt I dreamt of Fame,
And saw my native cliffs with garlands bound,
And heard the vales with lofty echoes sound,
Calling with thousand tongues upon my name.
But when I wandered forth among the crowd,
To seize with eager hand the laurel twine,
To claim the envied, glorious prize as mine,
And drink with longing ear those praises loud,
Methought I felt strange loneliness of soul,
An icy desolation at my heart,
A sense of gloominess that would not part,
A tide of anguish, that with blackened roll
Swept heavily along my saddened breast ;
I found myself accursed when thinking to be blest !

Joy ! joy ! those dreams were changed : I slept again,
To see a peaceful cot with vines o'ergrown,
Around whose door a thousand flowers were strown,
While merry warblers tuned a careless strain,
From a young grove that waved its branches near,
And woman's voice, soft as the breath of eve,
When summer winds their twilight dances weave,
With gentlest murmur stole upon mine ear !
I blessed that holy spot — those welcome notes,
The natural music of a well-known voice,
Whose tones now make my eager pulse rejoice,
As from the past a transient echo floats.
Here mutual love in peace and silence dwelt,
And every morn and night before the altar knelt.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

BY OTIS A. SKINNER.

DEATH is the crown of life :
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain :
Were death denied, to live would not be life :
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure ; we fall, we rise, we reign !
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight :
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death ?
When shall I die ? When shall I live for ever ?

YOUNG'S 'NIGHT THOUGHTS.'

IN ancient paintings Death was likened to a crowned skeleton, "with a dart in hand." Among the Jews it was represented as having a sword, "from which deadly drops of gall fell into the hearts of all men." The apostle has given us the same idea in his bold personification of Death, where he describes it as an enemy, with a dagger to lay waste the nations of earth. The empire of this destroying angel is universal. Kings, reigning in pride and cruelty ; warriors, riding in triumph over conquered nations ; statesmen, toiling in the cause of freedom and humanity ; divines, breathing the peaceful spirit of the gospel into the hearts of sinners, and lifting them up in knowledge and virtue ; youth, cheered by the brightest hopes and fairest promises of earth, — are all alike subject to his dominion. The agents by which he accomplishes his dark designs are innumerable. Disease, in its multifarious forms, the goadings of conscience, the angry winds, the heaving waves, and the vivid lightning, are all instruments which he wields from sea to sea. His, too, are all seasons.

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

“We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,
But who shall teach us when to look for thee !”

All places, also, are Death's.

“Thou art where billows foam ;
Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home ;
And the world calls us forth, and thou art there.

“Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest :
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.”

Thus Death is indeed a “king of terrors,” an enemy which delights in severing the nearest relations of life, blighting its fondest hopes, and spreading darkness over its fairest scenes. And yet, there are seasons when his coming is welcomed with gladness, and he is hailed as the “prince of peace.” Not all the pains he can inflict, or the repulsive forms, with which he can crowd the imagination, can render us unwilling to resign ourselves into his arms. None can wish to live alway, however much they may be fascinated by the charms of existence, or however fondly they may cling to its treasures in the morning and meridian of their days, and when the rose of health blooms upon the cheek, and the eye is bright with hope. Sickness, adversity, age, and the ravages of time, make us anxious to retire from this troubled world, and cause a darkness to settle upon the soul, which nothing but death can dissipate.

The attractions of the other world, as well as the evils of the present, render death welcome. Heaven's attractions ! What a theme for the contemplation of the christian ! Who can find language to express them in their fulness and power ? Do they consist of gold and pearls, and magnifi-

cent palaces; of "myrtle boughs," "feathery palm trees," "green islands," "bright birds" of "starry wings," and rainbow beauties? O no! heaven's joys and treasures are all spiritual—they have nothing of earth or its imperfections. Here, we see through a glass darkly, and are full of false and obscure ideas; but in heaven, we shall see face to face, and be filled with the fulness of knowledge. Then all those mysteries in the divine government, which have so perplexed our minds and tried our faith, will be solved; and the wisdom and goodness of those events, which have filled us with doubt and grief, will be as manifest as the most signal displays of mercy. Here we are far away from the Father and the Son, and cherish for them a cold and feeble regard; but there, we shall stand in their immediate presence, see the fulness of their glory, and be absorbed in love. Here, we live in frail tenements, and are corruptible; but there, we shall be clothed with immortality and incorruptibility. Here, the ties of friendship are sundered, and the sad farewell falls like the knell of death upon the ear; but there, parting will be unknown, and union will be eternal.

Heaven! it is a house not made with hands, lighted up with the splendors of Jehovah. It is a world of infinite plenty, eternal serenity, and unspeakable felicity. It is the home of the soul, the city which God hath built to be the perpetual habitation of his children; where, free from the misrule of passion, the darkness of sin, and every sound of wo, they shall raise the eternal song of triumph and thanksgiving. Who can think of its riches and glories, and not feel his soul attracted away from earth?

"Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!"

"O, who would live away, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?"

THE AUTUMN ROSE.

BY MISS MARY S. PATTERSON.

I saw, one bright autumnal day,
A beauteous rose unfold ;
And to a genial sun display
A bosom decked with gold ;
I gazed upon the lovely flower,
With rapturous delight,
And thought its charms had spell of power
To make even winter bright.

I wished that autumn rose so fair
In radiance long might bloom,
And shed through the surrounding air
Its beauty and perfume.
Vain wish ! for on its ruddiness,
Soon fell a withering blast ;
It drooped, and all its loveliness
Died ere the day was past !

So pass earth's fairest flowers away,
So dies the parent's joy ;
As clouds obscure the brightest day,
And grieves the heart annoy ;
But there 's a balm for souls oppressed,
A hope the heart to stay ;
A bosom where the head may rest,
While tears are wiped away.

Thrice happy they who can repose,
In calm and holy trust,
On Him who wept for others' woes,
Who raised the sleeping dust ;
Who in a glorious robe of white
Arrays the blood-bought soul,
And bids it rest in realms of light,
While endless ages roll !

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

BY JEREMIAH SMITH.

It has often been remarked, that Nature, as if parsimonious of her choicest gifts, has rarely bestowed on her favorite children, talents to excel, in the various and multiplied pursuits of human life. The race of heroes has generally proved as destructive in peace, as they have been terrible in war, while the ablest statesmen have been found, on experiment, incapable of acquiring any degree of military fame. It was this sentiment, founded as it would seem in nature, and justified by experience, which led the fond admirers of Washington to fear, that he might lose at the helm of state some portion of that glory which he had won at the head of our armies. To have expressed a belief at this interesting period of his life, that his glory was capable of any addition, would have been condemned as implying deficiency in a character deemed complete. To have indulged even the hope of an increase of honors, would have been viewed in no other light, than as one of those flattering delusions, which our wishes sometimes contrive to impose on our judgment.

Entering upon a frame of government, excellent indeed in theory, but which had not as yet received the sanction of experience, it required no small share of political ability to lay the foundations of our civil institutions in such a manner, as best to secure domestic tranquillity, establish justice, promote the general welfare, and thus, in the way of gradual progression, to raise our country to that rank

and importance among the nations, to which we seem destined by the God of nature.

Without derogating from the praises due to the able and enlightened statesmen, who filled the subordinate departments of government, we can never forget, how much we owe to his prudence, judgment, and unremitting labors, that, while other nations are involved in a bloody and destructive war, our happy country has enjoyed so much internal tranquillity; that she has had time to mature her recent institutions; and to acquire that portion of strength, which, with the blessing of Heaven, will enable her to support her independence, and maintain her just rights against all her enemies.

If the happiness of an unembodied spirit at all consists in the possession of felicitating ideas of the past, as doubtless it does, how great must be the happiness of Washington? As the saviour of his country, great must be his crown of rejoicing. On earth he sought no rewards, no statues, no triumphs. The attributes and decorations of royalty could only have served to eclipse the majesty of those virtues, which made him from being a modest citizen a more resplendent luminary. But on earth he was not without his reward. His was the reward of success attending all his patriotic labors; his the honest pride of virtue, and above all, the exquisite delight of beholding the general happiness, of which he was so eminently the author. The tokens of affection for his pure character, the proofs of gratitude for his services, and of reverence for his wisdom and preëminent virtues, exhibited by every description of persons at his death, will forever show how greatly he was beloved, esteemed, and honored by his country; and will serve to rescue our nation from the reproach of ingratitude, which has been cast on republics. He is now exalted above all earthly praise — we shall see his face no more. But the glory of his virtue will reach beyond the grave. When our rising empire shall have risen and sunk again into ruin, it will live and continue to animate remotest ages.

Age has its claims, and rank is not without its pretensions to advise; but the counsels of Washington come recommended by additional claims to our regard. His last address to his countrymen is the result of much wisdom, collected from experience; it was dictated by the heart, and may be viewed as the dying words of a father to his children. Cultivate union and brotherly affection, (it is thus he speaks to us,) that the sacred fire of liberty may be preserved, and the preëminence of the republican model of government exemplified, as that which secures to the people the greatest portion of liberty, prosperity, and happiness. On this union, be assured, depends your peace abroad, your safety at home.

Moderate the fury of party spirit. It is this, which disturbs your public councils, and enfeebles your administration. Banish local prejudices as well as party views. Cherish public credit, and for that end contribute to the public revenues, and cheerfully bear the public burdens.

Observe good faith and justice to all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Present to the world the example, as magnanimous as it is rare, of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

Dismiss your inveterate hatred for some nations, and your passionate attachment for others. These passions are alike destructive to your peace and independence. It would be credulity to expect, and degrading to accept, favors from any nation.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence maintain a watchful and constant jealousy. It is the deadly foe of republican government. Guard no less strenuously against the impostures of pretended patriots at home, than against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue. It is easy for the worst men to adopt the language of the virtuous, and for your greatest enemies to assume the appearance of the most disinterested zeal for your interests, and the most ardent attachment for your persons; while at the same time they are but the tools of foreign intrigue, and seeking their own

personal aggrandizement at your expense. The means they employ to accomplish their ends, will serve to point out to you the persons of this description. These means are no other, than the dissemination of suspicions, jealousies, and calumnies against the best and most virtuous of your citizens; and that, because they possess, what they so justly deserve, your favor and confidence.

But above all, cherish and promote the interests of knowledge, virtue, and religion. They are indispensable to the support of any free government, and in a peculiar manner to those of the popular kind. Let it never be forgotten, that there can be no genuine freedom, where there is no morality, and no sound morality where there is no religion. Morality without religion will soon lose its obligation, and religion without morality will degenerate into superstition, which will corrupt instead of ameliorating the mass, into which it is infused. Let no man have your confidence, who is destitute of either. Hesitate not a moment to believe, that the man who labors to destroy these two great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens, whatever may be his professions of patriotism, is neither a good patriot nor a good man.

May it please the supreme ruler of the universe and sovereign arbiter of nations, to make our happy country as distinguished for the practice of piety and morality, as for the love of liberty and social order; perpetuate to our country that prosperity, which his goodness has already conferred, and verify the anticipations, that this government, instituted under the auspices of heaven, shall long continue the asylum of the oppressed, and a safeguard to human rights.

A SLEIGHING SONG.

BY J. T. FIELDS.

O SWIFT we go o'er the fleecy snow,
When moon-beams sparkle round ;
When hoofs keep time to music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.

On a winter's night, when hearts are light,
And health is on the wind,
We loose the rein and sweep the plain,
And leave our care behind.

With a laugh and song, we glide along
Across the fleeting snow,
With friends beside, how swift we ride
On the beautiful track below !

O the raging sea has joy for me,
When gale and tempests roar ;
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,
And I'll ask for the waves no more.

THE AMERICAN EDUCATION SOCIETY.

BY WILLIAM COGSWELL, D. D.

THE American Education Society is calculated in its discipline to promote the corporeal, mental and spiritual interests of the young men under its care, and thus prove a blessing to the church. By inducing habits of temperance, economy and industry, it will bring forward for the ministry, men of health and of physical and mental vigor. They will, it may be hoped, possess a sound mind in a sound body — be men of bone, and muscle, and nerve, who will endure hardness as good soldiers — men of such entire consecration to Christ and the church, that they would go to the stake should God call them to it — men of the spirit of Whitefield, who shall be instrumental in converting thousands; of Buchanan, who shall penetrate the heart of India for its sanctification; of Samuel J. Mills, who shall devise plans that shall move the world. Such physical and mental discipline as is enjoined by this Society, would, I had almost said, create a body and mind too, and preserve both. Were the beneficiaries to comply fully with its requisitions, we should no more hear of dyspepsia among them, than we should of suicide. Now

“ Mine ear is pained,
My soul is sick of every day's report ”

of youth in a course of education, sacrificed by premature disease and death, through inactivity and neglect of proper exercise.

The practice of pastoral supervision, by personal visita-

tion and religious conference and prayer, and by epistolary correspondence, is well adapted to promote in the beneficiaries deep-toned piety — piety like that of Edwards, Brainerd, and Payson. And may it not be hoped that men thus trained, will be ministers after the model of the primitive age, such as the exigencies of the Church require — “full of the Holy Ghost and of faith,” like Paul and Barnabas?

Such are the nature and effects of the American Education Society. And should not such an institution receive the cordial support of the friends of Zion? Will not the consideration of what it has already accomplished, and what it may be expected to accomplish in time to come, insure it patronage? Besides the happy influence it has had on the ministers and churches who have sustained its operations, it has assisted nearly two thousand persons in their preparation to preach the gospel of Christ. Of these, between five and six hundred have entered the ministry. Thirty or forty of them have been employed in diffusing the light of salvation amid the darkness of heathenism; one hundred and seventy have labored as missionaries in our own beloved country; and most of the others have settled in various parts of the United States. Shall I tell what ninety-two of them have done since they commenced preparation for the ministry? From particular statistical returns, it appears that they have taught schools and academies two hundred and one years; instructed twenty-six thousand eight hundred and sixty-five children and youth; have been instrumental of one hundred and eighty-three revivals of religion, and of the hopeful conversion of about twenty thousand souls, each soul, according to the estimate of Jesus Christ, of more value than worlds. They have instructed in Sabbath schools, Bible and theological classes, fourteen thousand eight hundred individuals. They preach the gospel steadily to forty thousand souls. The contributions for the various benevolent purposes made in one year in their parishes, amounted to upwards of sixteen thousand dollars. If ninety-two of these ministers have accomplished all this for

the church, what have the five or six hundred done? Tongue cannot express, imagination cannot conceive. And can a society which has done so much for Zion, and which is calculated to do incomparably more, fail of support in a land of free institutions; in a land effulgent with the beams of gospel light and love — a land which is the glory of all lands? No, it cannot. If New England furnishes the West with some of her best ministers for the support of your churches and your literary and theological institutions, surely she will not withhold pecuniary aid.

The time may come when the East will implore assistance from the West. While casting my eyes over this immense Valley, two thousand four hundred miles in length, and one thousand two hundred in breadth, and viewing the mighty Mississippi and its noble tributaries, the unparalleled richness of the soil, and the facilities for acquiring sustenance and property by land, water and steam, I am lost in admiration of this western world — of its present and prospective extent, wealth and power — greatness and glory. As christianity dawned upon the East and spread her beams of effulgence to these goings down of the sun, and as rays of light and love are now from this goodly land reflected upon benighted portions of the eastern hemisphere; so the American Education Society commenced its operations in the East, and has extended its influence to the West; and when years shall have rolled away, the state of society may be reversed, and the eastern states may depend, at least in some degree, on the western for the light of life and salvation, which they may be permitted to enjoy.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

BY A SCHOOL-GIRL.

THE first discoverers of America believed that there was a fountain in Florida which had the miraculous power of restoring youth to the aged.

“WE are travelling on to the fountain of youth, yet brothers stay awhile,
And dream once more of our sunny land where the laughing vineyards smile;
Then our steps we'll speed, though weary and faint, to the dim and distant shore,
Where we deem that the clouds of sorrow and grief will trouble our eyes no more.

For they tell us that there, in that radiant land, that beautiful land of dreams,
The summer and sunshine doth never pass from the blue and silvery streams,
And a dim and strange mysterious strength on the sparkling rills is lain,
For the spirit of God has breathed on the waves and they bring us our youth again.

Then speed, let us speed, to the glorious strand, where the gems lie thick like dew,
And bathe in the fount and the murmuring rills that bring us our youth anew;
For our life is a cold and a weary thing, in this mansion-house of wo,
But pain will flee on the emerald banks where the lulling waters flow.”

But they never found the Fountain of Youth, on that lonely and lovely shore,
And their wasted joys and their rifled gems, came back on their souls no more;
But they found a stream of enduring strength, whose beauty can never fade,
More bright than the rivers of light that flow in the wilderness gloom and shade.

For their faith grew firm and their trust more deep in the spirit of God above,
And their hearts were filled with a holier hope, a higher and purer love;
Their strength was strong, for they knew that their tears had not been given in vain,
And they found the Fountain of Youth on high, in the Eden Land again!

THE WATER OF LIFE.

BY REV. WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY.

“The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.”

OUR Saviour in conversing with the Samaritan woman, compared his religion to a living fountain within the breast. Because it is internal it shall not perish like outward and visible things. This is the emphatic part of the sentence, — it shall be *in him*, and because it is in him it shall continue to flow for ever. We cannot be supposed to feel what the power of that illustration was in a climate where the broad rivers shrank to silver threads, and the earth was parched and blackened by the summer sun. But the truth which it conveys, and the promise which it contains within it, are clear to every eye, — the promise that religion, being an internal principle, shall not share the fate of those things which perish with the using, and pass away. The same thing which makes it permanent in single hearts, insures its perpetual duration in the world; and in times when the moral aspect of the world indicates strong tendencies to infidelity, such a promise, based on a familiar truth, serves to encourage the hopes of believers.

But whence comes this confidence? Why are we so sure that the stream which our Saviour drew from the rock in the wilderness will never cease to flow? Do we think that the hope of heaven and the fear of hell will always make men christians? Do we suppose that many who reject christianity now, will be driven to it for consolation in their dark and troubled hours? Or do we take encouragement from beholding how it has grown out of small beginnings, and

overspread the civilized world? No doubt these things help our confidence. But the foundation of it is, that man wants christianity; there is a thirst in the soul which no other element will supply. He must turn to some invisible power above him; he cannot confine his aspirations to the beings about him, and the present world. Having these wants, he cannot give up christianity, the only religion which professes to supply them, or even acknowledges their existence. By the unquestionable testimony of works, which no one could do unless God were with him, Jesus assures him that he is divinely sent to the world, sent on purpose to supply this hunger and thirst of the soul for more than man and this earth can give.

This, then, is the truth, that the religious feeling lies deep in our nature, ready to welcome the disclosures of christianity as soon as it knows that God has sent them from above. You appeal to the moral sense and the religious feeling in others; and their moral sense and religious feeling start up from their death-like slumber. When you bring your children to reflect upon the subject, it is not an external process; the work is done within, for well does inspiration say, that the fountain of devotion must be *in him*, within the man, or it cannot flow unto everlasting life. When you go to some poor hardened wretch, and try to touch his heart, you feel that your words are powerless, and that nothing you can say will make the least impression; yet at that very moment, perhaps, the religious feeling is waking; it is something within himself, which rises up and masters him; his fierce defiance sinks away, his tears begin to fall, — his own spirit is in action and will do the rest; for to wake him to a sense of his guilt and danger is all that you can do.

A great and inspiring truth this! that the thirst for religion is born in the human breast. Stifled and suppressed it may be, — stifled and suppressed indeed it is; buried deep both in single hearts and great communities, under a crushing weight of meaner interests and passions. Still it is there; and had we a divining rod for the purpose, we could find the

living spring under all the worldliness that surrounds us. We are told that engineers are now sounding the Asiatic deserts with Artesian wells; and they are sure to find the element far down beneath the sands that are whitened by the suns of ages. And those who, in the name of Jesus Christ, have gone into moral deserts, into those howling wastes of abandoned men in which the world abounds, exploring the haunts of sensual excess, the caverns of the dungeon and the lanes of poverty, have found that if not weary in well doing, they could set springs of devotion flowing even there; all was not evil; the veriest rocks of the wilderness have melted under the touch of holy and gentle hands.

If these things are so, — and they are so, — who can have any fears for christianity? Infidelity has no sympathy with our nature. It makes no provision for the thirst of the soul. It knows no such wants; but such wants there are, and the faith which does not supply them is no religion for man. Such wants there are, and christianity, the only faith which satisfies them, cannot be lost. It may at times be overlooked, for it springs apart from the dusty wayside of life. It may be undervalued, for none can estimate it aright but those who have made trial of its power; but, like the element to which our Saviour likened it, it is essential and indispensable; man cannot do without it; and, therefore, it will continue to flow long after the sun has withdrawn his shining, and the stars are pale with age.

What are often regarded as indications of the decline of christianity, are signs rather of its progress; it is throwing off every weight, redeeming itself from human inventions, and preparing to extend and be glorified in the world as it never yet has been. So far from being lost, it will come into nearer intimacy with the human heart. In what forms it will manifest itself in coming time, it is not ours to say. It will not probably manifest itself in new forms, so much as an indifference to forms compared with realities, — not such an indifference as is found and sometimes boasted among us

now, — not the indifference of those to whom religious forms are an unmeaning language, because they have never known the feeling which those forms express; but the indifference of those who are so profoundly impressed with the substance and spirit of christianity, that if a man's heart is in his religion, they care not in what dialect he prays, whether he stands or kneels in devotion, whether he holds a creed or governs his life by the Scriptures alone — they are glad to see any form in which the faith can gain for itself a warmer welcome in any heart. But I do wrong to use the word indifference in connexion with such a feeling as this; it is rather an interest in all forms which breathe the true spirit of those who use them; its watchword is, Christ is preached, and I therein do rejoice. It makes believers friendly to the whole-hearted of every party, — it allows them to be unkind and unjust to none.

And now let me ask, have you ever reflected, that when our Saviour likened his religion to a living spring, he compared it to the most durable of earthly things? Fleeting and perishable as it seems, there is nothing more enduring. Many a wayfarer goes to the land where Jesus lived, a region made so sacred by his presence, that men have called it the Holy Land. They look for Samaria, the great city of the kings; they find nothing save the well where Jesus talked with the Samaritan woman, and see women coming as in past ages, to draw from it in the heat of the day. They find no vestige of Tyre, the city whose merchants were princes; but the same waves welter round the lonely shores, and the fisherman spreads his nets upon the desolate rock. They seek for Jerusalem as it was; but the daughter of Zion is changed; the crown is fallen from her brow; the holy and beautiful house is gone for ever; while the fountain of Siloam, fast by the oracle of God, flows full and bright as in the day when the priests filled their golden urns from it, singing, “with joy ye shall draw water from the wells of salvation.” The traveller asks for the ruins of Capernaum, where our Saviour made his home. Once it was exalted to heaven in its pride;

now there is not a stone to show the place of its grave ; while the sea of Tiberias, where he called his disciples, and where he reproved the winds and waves and they obeyed him, still spreads out its blue waters, though for ages no dashing oar has broken the slumber of its tide.

He meant that his religion should endure ; and, therefore, he would not write it with an iron pen in the rock for ever ; he chose rather to have it engraven on the only immortal thing in this world ; and that is the heart of man. The heart and impressions made in it will endure for ever. This is the reason that christianity still exists, while cities, kingdoms and empires have passed away. This is the reason that it shall endure unchanged, when rocks and mountains shall melt, and the earth shall be a scorched and blackened ruin. It cannot perish like the works of man and the visible elements of nature. It is an immortal fountain to supply the thirst of the soul for ever.

LEONORE D'ESTE.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

"*THERE are few episodes in modern history on which so much has been written, and which has furnished such a theme for dispute, as Torquato Tasso's connexion with the Princess Leonore D'Este. The evidences that his passion was returned are most complete; they are Leonore's own letters.*"

THE lamps are dim, the banquet-room is lonely,
The voice of song hath died in hall and bower;
Italia's soft and starry midnight, only,
Looks on her now, — proud Este's peerless flower.
She sits alone: through the wide casement stealing,
The night-wind lifts her long and drooping hair,
With its light touch the mournful thought revealing,
That clouds her eye, and knits her forehead fair.

She hath been gay to-night, and, proudly veiling
Each troubled feeling with a joyous glance,
Hath met Alphonso's eye with look unquailing,
And led, the merriest, in the mazy dance.
But this hath passed, and love, too wildly cherished,
Again hath risen with subduing power,
And phantom forms of happiness that perished
Come dimly gliding through this lonely hour.

There's wealth around her; costly jewels, gleaming,
Clasp her fair neck, and band her regal brow:
Beauty, that lives but in the poet's dreaming,
Smiles from the marble walls upon her now:
She heeds it not; each restless thought is roving
To a dark cell, where daylight seldom falls,
Where he, the lofty-minded and the loving,
Sees but the spider clothe the mouldy walls.

O, well to him may woman's love be given,
That lonely dreamer of immortal dreams;
For founts, that rise amid the fields of heaven,
Have bathed his spirit with celestial streams;
And he hath walked with radiant ones, whose dwelling
Is in the land where beauty owes its birth;
And the proud tales his lofty lyre is telling
Shall send undying echoes through the earth.

Thine is a clouded pathway, Genius! never
 Upon thy dreary lot life's sunlight shines;
 Baptized in wo, and consecrated ever
 To lead the worship at ideal shrines!
 Ay, bind thy glorious visions on thy spirit;
 Let them uplift thee o'er thy mournful fate:
 With the proud mission that thou dost inherit
 Is ever linked life sad and desolate.

And thou, who through long days of gloom dost languish,
 And for thy soul's bright star in darkness pine,
 Comes there no voice, upon thine hours of anguish,
 To say, though far away, she still is thine?
 To say there 's one whose heart for thee beats only,
 Though crowds are pleading her bright smiles to share;
 Who finds Ferrara's princely palace lonely,
 Since thy blue eye and song are wanting there?

Sad Leonore! so long hast thou been turning,
 With love's fond worship, to those soul-lit eyes,
 That, to thy gaze, no other suns are burning;
 Earth hath no light save what within them lies.
 Blest is thy love, though mournful, shedding ever
 Into thy depths of soul its sunny ray,
 And bringing bright illusions, that shall never
 Fade in life's dark realities away!

Then gem thy golden tresses on the morrow,
 And smile again in thine ancestral hall:
 Earth's children know full many a sterner sorrow
 Than on divided love may ever fall!
 Your hearts are one; and thence perpetual gladness
 Shall fling o'er life its soft and rainbow gleams;
 For love hath power, through separation's sadness,
 To wrap the spirit in elysian dreams.

CHARACTER OF REV. JOSEPH EMERSON.

BORN AT HOLLIS. DIED AT WEATHERSFIELD, CONN.

BY CALEB J. TENNEY, D. D.

His has been a life of uncommon usefulness. Omitting all other particulars, I here allude only to the good he did as the teacher and principal of his Seminary. The instruction he imparted to a multitude of our youth, co-operated perfectly in its influence with the high design of the ministry. In the introduction and establishment of female seminaries in New England, he was very much a pioneer. Such celebrity did he secure to his institution for its system, accuracy, thoroughness, and christian character, that far and wide he spread before the public mind the importance of female education. His may properly be called a parent institution. For several of his pupils and many others followed his example in establishing schools of a high order for young ladies. His usefulness in this respect, has surpassed that of any other teacher of females within the last half century.

Besides this, the instruction he actually communicated to many, many hundreds of minds, and the success with which he taught them how to think, how to read, how to learn, and how to feel and act, constitute an untold amount of good. By him a vast number were prepared for elevated stations in domestic life, and many to become the companions of ministers and missionaries to the heathen. Repeatedly was his seminary visited by the gracious influences of the Spirit, under which not a few were sealed to the day of redemption. Thus he has spread extensively a healthful,

redeeming influence in the church and in the world — an influence which lives and acts while he sleeps — an influence which is no small item in that great amount of influence, which is, under God, to renovate the world. Already does it clearly appear, that wise was that providence, in the failure of his health, which drove him from the ministry to the employment of a teacher of the young.

It was rational to expect, that such a man would have a calm and peaceful death. His was indeed of this character. Persuaded, months before his exit, that the time of his departure drew near, he set his house in order and prepared for the last. Uniformly was he composed. Uniformly did he abound in counsel, admonition, and conversation fitted to his dying condition. In much that he said, his heart was full, his language strong, and his very countenance expressive. He said to myself, "I have always in my life had fears of death and a dread of the grave, but both are now gone." To the remark, "God renders your passage to the grave pleasant," he replied, "I fear too pleasant; there is nothing but pleasantness in it." To two brethren in the ministry, he said: "The ministry never appeared to me before so important and glorious. Be faithful, brethren, in your great work. I trust I am going upward; in a little while one of you will be called upward; and the other, not long after. The reward is glorious." To the inquiry, "How do you feel to-day, Sir?" he replied, "I feel as though I had been in heaven for two days." When told he had been enabled to do much for Christ, he answered, "That is too strong; compared with those who have done nothing, I have done a good deal." He spoke with rapture of the certainty and glory of the millennium, and rejoiced in view of the advance of Christ's kingdom, since he came upon the stage. In a word, the Rev. Joseph Emerson was in life a rare instance of one, who in the view of observers did no evil, and great good with all his might. His end was full of heaven and immortality. Though dead, he yet speaketh.

THE HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF GEN. PIERCE.

BY MRS. EUNICE T. DANIELS.

A NOBLE race they were, the tried
And true of olden time ;
Our glorious sires who bled and died
For this our own free clime ;
Oh ! hallowed be each sacred name,
That fearless to the conflict came,
And freely on the battle plain
Poured out their blood like drops of rain.

Few are the sculptured gifts of art,
A nation's love to tell ;
And many a brave and gallant heart
Hath mouldered where it fell ;
The spiry maize luxuriant waves
Its long green leaves o'er heroes' graves,
And thoughtless swains the harvest reap
Where our stern fathers' ashes sleep !

But after years the tale shall tell,
In words of light revealed,
Who bravely fought, who nobly fell ;
And many a well-fought field,
Outspread beneath this western sun,
Shall live with ancient Marathon ;
And Bunker Hill and Trenton's name
Be linked with old Platea's fame !

But the surviving few, who stand
A remnant weak and old ;
Sole relics of that glorious band
Whose hearts were hearts of gold ;
Oh ! honored be each silvery hair,
Each furrow trenched by toil and care ;
And sacred each old bending form
That braved oppression's battle-storm !

THE FOUNDERS OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

BY WILLIAM M. RICHARDSON, LL. D.

THE love of liberty has always been the ruling passion of our nation. It was mixed at first with "the purple tide" of the founders' lives, and circulating with that tide through all their veins, has descended down through every generation of their posterity, marking every feature of our country's glorious story. May it continue thus to circulate and descend to the remotest period of time.

Oppressed and persecuted in their native country, the high indignant spirit of our fathers formed the bold design of leaving a land where minds as well as bodies were chained, for regions where Freedom might be found to dwell, though her dwelling should prove to be amid wilds and wolves, or savages less hospitable than wilds and wolves! An ocean three thousand miles wide, with its winds and its waves, rolled in vain between them and liberty. They performed the grand enterprise, and landed on this then uncultivated shore. Here, on their first arrival, they found

The wilderness "all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

Their courage and industry soon surmounted all the difficulties incident to a new settlement. The savages retired, the forests were exchanged for fields waving with richest harvests, and the dreary haunts of wild beasts for the cheerful abodes of civilized man. Increasing in wealth and population with a rapidity which excited the astonishment of the old world, our nation flourished about a century and a half, when England, pressed down with the enormous weight

of accumulating debts, and considering the inhabitants of these states as slaves, who owed their existence and preservation to her care and protection, now began to form the unjust, tyrannical and impolitic plan of taxing this country without its consent. The right of taxation, however, not being relinquished, but the same principle under a different shape being pursued, the AWFUL GENIUS OF FREEDOM arose, not with the ungovernable ferocity of the tiger to tear and devour, but with the cool, determined, persevering courage of the lion, who, disdaining to be a slave, resists the chain. As liberty was the object of contest, that being secured, the offer of peace was joyfully accepted; and peace was restored to free, united, independent Columbia!

But the arduous labors of the sons of liberty found not here an end. They had torn the branch from the parent trunk, but to make it flourish independent of that trunk, and relying only on its own strength for the collection of sap and nurture, was still a task of much difficulty.

The confederation then existing between the states, formed in times of tumult and disorder, and deeply tainted with the times in which it was formed, was incomplete, void in a great measure of system, and without energy. Its attractive powers not being sufficient to keep the several states, impelled different ways by jarring interests, in the orbits, where general harmony would require them to move, they were continually deviating from their true paths, continually impinging upon one another. Thus confusion seemed to have universally seized the affairs of our nation; and our country, still oppressed with the burdensome effects of a war, which had to a great degree exhausted its infant strength, without funds, without credit, exhibited scenes of irregularity and disorder, which the honest patriot will ever pray may never be repeated.

In this perplexed state of our public affairs the sages of our country convened; and with WASHINGTON at their head, formed and recommended to the people of the United States, our present excellent constitution, which was soon

after deliberately adopted by the several states of the union. This constitution, marking out the path of duty to all the states, fixing the boundary between the rights retained and the rights surrendered by the people, and containing in itself a just balance of all its powers, has displayed in operation a general harmony, not unaptly compared to the harmony which philosophy has discovered to exist among the spheres. Though Europe, with which we have been extensively connected in commerce, has been shaken to its centre with eruptions more horrid than those of Etna or Vesuvius; though war has deluged its territories with seas of blood, and peace has not found where to place the sole of her foot, not even on the top of the Alps, without dipping it in gore; though the clouds, with aspect black and threatening, have twice gathered in our horizon, and the lightning has streamed, the thunder has roared, and the hail has pattered amidst our commerce on our own shores; still our nation has not only been preserved from the ravages and distresses of war, but has in the space of twelve years experienced a greater increase of wealth, strength, and all other national blessings, than other countries have done in as many centuries.

Immortal wreaths are due to the heroes who fought our revolutionary battles. May the sun of glory ever blaze in unclouded day upon their tombs; while laurels, green as our fields, luxuriant as the growth of our vales, and umbrageous as the oaks of our mountains, spring around to deck the spot where their honored bones may rest; yet, great as is the desert of our warriors, wreaths as green and as large and as rich are due to the authors of our excellent frame of government. If those separated us from a foreign government, these have taught us to govern ourselves. If those freed us from tyranny abroad, these have secured us from tyranny at home. If our nation, in following our warriors, proved itself brave in the glorious cause of freedom, in adopting the constitution framed by our sages, it has proved itself wise, virtuous, and worthy to be free. If our WASHINGTON,

at the head of our warriors, laid the broad and solid foundation of his immortal fame, and raised the superstructure high as humanity is wont to rise ; at the head of those statesmen and sages who framed our constitution, he has added another loft to the stupendous fabric, has finished the superstructure, and his character thus completed now stands the loftiest and noblest pyramid of human greatness the world has ever seen.

“WE’LL MEET AGAIN.”

BY SAMUEL T. HILDRETH.

I ASKED if I should cherish still
Those dreams and hopes of earlier days,
When scarce I knew why on her face
I loved to gaze.

The hill looked down with calm delight,
While silence slumbered on the plain;
She only said “ Good night, good night !
We ’ll meet again.”

Those random gifts should I preserve,
And deem each one of love a token,
The chance-plucked leaf — the silvan flower,
Which she had broken ?

The hill looked down with calm delight,
While silence slumbered on the plain;
She only said “ Good night, good night !
We ’ll meet again.”

Oh ! would she linger in her walks
A moment by each favorite tree,
And gather violets from the turf,
As if for me ?

A blush — a smile — that tone so slight,
I bent to catch — but all in vain ;
I only heard — “ Good night, good night !
We ’ll meet again.”

And would she think, when groves were bare,
How kindly in that solemn hour,
My holiest thoughts would cluster round
The withered flower ?

Her glance met mine — their deep reply
Those glistening eyes could not retain ;
Her glance told all : “ Good bye — good bye !
Fair girl ! we ’ll meet again.”

ENERGY OF THE WILL.

BY PROF. THOMAS C. UPHAM.

A HIGHER degree of voluntary power, than is allotted to the great mass of mankind, seems to be requisite in those, who are destined to take a leading part in those great moral, religious, and political revolutions, which have from time to time agitated the face of the world. It is no easy task to change the opinions of men, to check and subdue vices which have become prevalent, or to give a new aspect and impulse to religion and liberty. The men, who take a lead in these movements, are in general men of decision and firmness; no others would answer the purpose. If the gentle spirit of Melancthon had been placed in the precise position occupied by Luther, would the great event of the Protestant reformation have been urged forward with the same impetus, and to the same issues?

Not unfrequently have the philanthropist and the Christian Missionary placed themselves in situations, where extreme suffering and even death itself seemed to be inevitable. Unalterably fixed in their high purpose, amid present suffering and the sure anticipation of future and greater woes, they have often exhibited a wonderful heroism, not indeed in the cause of war and its attendant devastations, but for the sake of renovating the sensibilities, and soothing the countless miseries of their fellow-men. In the boundless forests of North and South America, on the shores of the Nile and the Ganges, and on the banks of solitary streams unknown to civilized man, in frozen Greenland and the burning sands of Africa, in the distant islands of the sea, amid the wretched hamlets of the dreary Alps, wherever there is

ignorance to be enlightened or sorrow to be soothed or souls to be saved, their astonishing labors of benevolence have been witnessed, and their names will be held in veneration down to the last ages.

When society becomes greatly unsettled either in its religious or political aspects, when there is a heaving and tossing to and fro, a removal of the old land-marks, and a breaking up of the old foundations, then it is, that men, not merely of intellect, but of decision and energy, (sagacious, cool, decided, persevering, resolute,) find their way upward to the summit of the conflicting elements, and subject them to their guidance. Such is the natural course of things; such men are needed, and no others are capable of taking their places; and they become almost of necessity the advisers and leaders in the nascent order of society. The prominent leaders, therefore, in every great religious or political revolution will be found to illustrate the fact, that there are original and marked differences in the degree of power, which is appropriate to the will.

Look at the men who presided at the events of the great English Revolution of 1640, particularly the Puritans; men of the stamp of the Vanes, Hampdens, and Fleetwoods; who, in embarking in the convulsions of that stormy period, had a two-fold object in view, the security of political liberty, and the attainment of religious freedom! Were they weak men? Were they men wanting in fortitude? Were they uncertain and flexible, vacillating and double-minded? History gives an emphatic answer to these questions. It informs us, that they entered into the contest for the great objects just now referred to, with a resolution which nothing could shake, with an immutability of purpose resembling the decrees of unalterable destiny. They struck for liberty and religion, and they struck not *thrice* merely, but as the prophet of old would have had them; smiting *many times*, and smiting fiercely, till Syria was consumed. They broke in pieces the throne of England; they trampled under foot her ancient and haughty aristocracy; they erected

the standard of religious liberty, which has waved ever since, and has scattered its healing light over distant lands; and by their wisdom and energy they not only overthrew the enemies of freedom at home, but made the name of their country honored and terrible throughout the earth. They seem to have entirely subjected their passions to their purposes, and to have pressed all the exciting and inflammable elements of their nature into the service of their fixed and immutable wills.

In the prosecution of their memorable achievements,

“Of which all Europe talked from side to side,”

they acted under the two-fold pressure of motives drawn from heaven and earth; they felt as if they were contending for principles which were valuable to all mankind, and as if all mankind were witnesses of the contest; at the same time that they beheld on every side, in the quickened eye of their faith, the attendant angels eagerly bending over them, who were soon to transfer to the imperishable records on high the story of their victory and reward, or of their defeat and degradation. All these things imparted additional fixedness and intensity to their purposes. “Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegale’s man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.”

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

BY CALER STARK.

WRITTEN after a moonlight ramble on Drummond's Hill, U. C., the scene of that bloody action, fought July 25, 1814, where New Hampshire valor shone conspicuously.

IN other days yon fatal hill,
Glittered with arms and waved with plumes,
When the sad sunset on their steel,
Flashed its last splendors; even's glooms
Rang with the bugle's martial breath
That called the brave to deeds of death.

Then the dismal cry of slaughter
Broke on midnight's slumbering hour;
And the parched ground drank blood like water,
As beneath the deadly shower
Of musket and artillery,
With motto calm yet bold, "I 'LL TRY,"
The bristling ranks move on,
Mid deafening thunder, sulphurous flash,
And shouts, and groans, and forests' crash,
Till hark! the sharp, clear bayonet's clash,
Tells that the work is done.

There deeds of deathless praise proclaim,
How rolled War's tide when RIPLEY's name
Swelled the wild shout of victory;
And dauntless Miller and McNeil
Led foremost, in the strife of steel,
The flower of northern chivalry;
While Scott from British brows then tore
The laurels dyed in Gallic gore!

But these terrific scenes are past;
The peasants' slumbers, the wild blast
Alone shall break them,
And those proud bannered hosts are gone,
Where the shrill trumpet's charging tone
No more may wake them.
Time in his flight has swept away,
Each vestige of the battle fray,
Save that the traveller views around,
The shattered oak — the grass-grown mound
That shrines a hero's ashes!

Peace to the brave ! around their stone
Shall Freedom twine her rosy wreath,
And, though with moss of years o'ergrown,
Fame shall applaud their glorious death,
Long as Niagara dashes !

As an appropriate pendant, the following graphic description of the battle, and of the noble conduct of the twenty-first (New-Hampshire) regiment, under Ripley, Miller, and M'Neil, as detailed by an eye-witness, is inserted.

“The fight raged some time with great fury, but, it became apparent, uselessly to the Americans, if the enemy retained possession of the battery, manifestly the key of their position. I was standing at the side of Colonel Miller,” said the Major, “when General Ripley rode up and inquired whether he could storm the battery with his regiment, while he supported him with the younger regiment, the twenty-third. Miller, amid the uproar and confusion, deliberately surveyed the position, then quietly turning with infinite coolness, replied, ‘I’ll try, Sir.’ I think I see him now,” said the Major, “as drawing up his gigantic figure to its full height he turned to his regiment, drilled to the precision of a piece of mechanism. I hear his deep tones—‘*Twenty-first*, attention ! Form into column. You will advance up the hill to the storm of the battery. At the word ‘Halt !’ you will deliver your fire at the portlights of the artillerymen, and immediately carry the guns at the point of the bayonet. Support arms, forward, march !’ Machinery could not have moved with more compactness than the gallant regiment followed the fearless strides of their leader. Supported by the twenty-third, the dark mass moved up the hill like one body, the lurid light glittering and flickering on their bayonets, as the combined fire of the enemy’s artillery and infantry opened murderously upon them. They flinched not—they faltered not—the stern deep voices of the officers, as the deadly cannon-shot cut yawning chasms through them, alone were heard : ‘Close up—steady, men—

steady.' Within a hundred yards of the summit, the loud '*Halt!*' was followed by a volley—sharp, instantaneous as a clap of thunder. Another moment, rushing under the white smoke, a short furious struggle with the bayonet, and the artillery men were swept like chaff from their guns. Another fierce struggle—the enemy's line was forced down the side of the hill, and the victory was ours—the position entirely in our hands—their own pieces turned and playing upon them in their retreat. It was bought at a cruel price—few of the officers remained that were not killed or wounded. The whole tide of the battle now turned to this point. The result of the conflict depended entirely upon the ability of the victorious party to retain it. Major Hindman was ordered up, and posted his force at the side of the captured cannon, while the American line correspondingly advanced.

“Stung with mortification, the brave General Drummond concentrated his forces, to retake by a desperate charge the position. The interval amid the darkness was alone filled by the roar of the cataract, and the groans of the wounded. He advanced with strong reënforcements, outflanking each side of the American line. We were only able, in the murky darkness, to ascertain their approach by their heavy tread. ‘They halted within twenty paces—poured in a rapid fire, and prepared for a rush.’ Directed by the blaze, our men returned it with deadly effect, and after a desperate struggle, the dense column recoiled. Another interval of darkness and silence, and again a most furious and desperate charge was made by the British, throwing the whole weight of their attack upon the American centre. The gallant twenty-first which composed it, received them with undaunted firmness—while the fire from our lines was ‘dreadfully effective.’ Hindman's artillery served with the most perfect coolness and effect. Staggering, they again recoiled. During this second attack, Gen. Scott in person, his shattered brigade now consolidated into a single battalion, made two determined charges upon the right and left

flank of the enemy, and in these he received the scars which his countrymen now see on his manly front. Our men were now almost worn down with fatigue, dying with thirst, for which they could gain no relief. The British, with fresh reënforcements — their men recruited and rested — after an interval of another hour, made their third and final effort to regain the position. They advanced — delivered their fire as before — and although it was returned with the same deadly effect, they steadily pressed forward. The *twenty-first* again sustained the shock, and both lines were soon engaged in ‘a conflict, obstinate and dreadful beyond description.’ The right and left of the American line fell back for a moment, but were immediately rallied by their officers. ‘So desperate did the battle now become, that many battalions on both sides were forced back,’ the men, engaged in indiscriminate *melee*, fought hand to hand, and with muskets clubbed; and ‘so terrific was the conflict where the cannon were stationed, that Major Hindman had to engage them over his guns and gun carriages, and finally to spike two of his pieces, under the apprehension that they would fall into the hands of the enemy.’ Gen. Ripley at length made a most desperate and determined charge upon both of the enemy’s flanks; they wavered — recoiled — gave way — and the centre soon following, they relinquished the fight, and made a final retreat. The annals of warfare on this Continent have never shown more desperate fighting. Bayonets were repeatedly crossed; and after the action many of the men were found mutually transfixed. The British force engaged was about five thousand men — the American thirty-five hundred: the combined loss in killed and wounded, seventeen hundred and twenty-two, officers and men.

“The battle commenced at half past 4 o’clock in the afternoon, and did not terminate till midnight.”

THE CUSTOMS OF OUR FATHERS.


FROM A SPEECH AT THE WILTON CENTENNIAL.

BY ABIEL ABBOT, D. D.

I LOOK around and ask, Where are the fathers? but nothing is seen but their precious remembrance in their sons. They were men whom I well remember, whom I have always held in high esteem and veneration. Their devout and venerable appearance in this holy temple, where they religiously and constantly worshipped, is now fresh in my memory. The impressions on my young mind at their piety and uprightness, and their friendly and heavenly deportment here, at home and every where, were a rich blessing to me, and rendered the memory of those venerable patriarchs most precious and lasting. I see here my sisters and their daughters, whom I hail and recognize as bearing the resemblance of our venerated mothers, of whom I ever think with the warmest affection and most respectful regard. They were worthy companions and helps-meet for our fathers. They were partners in all their toils, hardships and privations. They were patient, contented, and cheerful; and by their efforts alleviated the burdens of their husbands, and by their smiles encouraged them in their labors and trials. Their countenance and kind expressions are still fresh in my mind, though years have elapsed since they and their beloved companions went to their better home. They came to houses not finished, not painted, not ceiled, as we see them now; they had no parlor, no carpet, no curtains, no sofa; for some of these every-day conveniences they had no word in their vocabulary. But they were happy, — happi-

ness is the property of mind. They took good care of the household. They wrought flax and wool; the card, the spinning wheel, and the loom, were the furniture of the house. All were clothed with domestic products; articles were also made for the market. They were healthy and strong; they and their daughters were not enfeebled by luxuries and delicacies, nor with working muslins or embroidery; tea and cake were rarely used; coffee was unknown. Their dress was plain, and adapted to the season and their business; one dress answered for the day and for the week. Their living and dress produced no consumptions, as now. Our fathers and mothers were benevolent, hospitable and kind; the stranger was received, as in the most ancient time, with a hearty welcome. In their own neighborhood and town, they were all brothers and sisters. There was an admirable equality, a home-feeling and heart-feeling among all. Their visits were not formal, ceremonious and heartless, but frank, cheerful and cordial. Their sympathy for the sick, unfortunate and distressed, was expressed by their ready assistance and kindly affectionate help. When prosperous, all partook in the common joy; when sickness or calamity befell any, all were affected, the sorrow was mutual, and aid and relief, as far as possible, were afforded. They were, indeed, one family, — all members of one sympathizing body:

But what calls forth our warmest gratitude and most affectionate esteem, and is the crowning feature of their character, and, in fact, comprehends their other virtues, is, they were *godly women*; they were religious women; they carefully observed religious institutions. The duties of the Sabbath, of family and public worship, and family instruction, were conscientiously and faithfully performed. Bad roads, unpleasant weather, want of comfortable conveyance, were hinderances to public worship easily overcome. If the snow had blocked up the road, our mothers fastened on the snow shoe. The ox-sled was often used in winter to convey the family, especially our mothers and sisters, to the church.



The Sabbath was dévoted to the study of the Bible and other religious purposes. Blessed is the memory of our mothers for their early religious instruction of their children, and others committed to their care. After the service of the sanctuary, the children were called together ; they read in the Primer or Testament, as they were able ; they were taught to say their hymns, their prayers, and the catechism. Their prayers were repeated every night on going to bed. The mother began their instruction early ; she literally brought them up in the discipline and instruction of the Lord. I reverence and thank my mother for teaching me the catechism. Though it is hard to be understood, not fitting for babes, and in some parts erroneous, it was the best she knew, — and I thank her for teaching it, and my father for encouraging me to learn it. A deep reverence of God and sacred things was imprinted on my mind ; and I have no doubt of my being a better man and better christian for this instruction.

And much, very much of the prosperity, peace and high reputation of the inhabitants of this town, is owing to the faithful instruction and exemplary character of our fathers and mothers. Your well-fenced and cultivated fields, your neat and well-furnished dwellings, your domestic enjoyments, and the privileges of your children, are, in great measure, to be attributed to the love of truth and the practice of honesty, industry, integrity and piety, which were early impressed upon the minds of the young. Our fathers and mothers were careful to educate no domestic for the penitentiary ; and to their lasting honor be it said, that no one of their children has been imprisoned and punished for crime.

ANDRE.

BY CHARLES W. UPHAM.

[Born at Portsmouth, September 9, 1814. Died December, 1894.]

BESIDE his path the beauteous Hudson rolled
In silent majesty. The silvery mist,
Like the soft incense of an eastern fane,
Went sparkling upward, gloriously wreathing
In the sun-light. And the keen-eyed eagle,
From his high eyrie mid the crags, looked down
In majesty, where stood the lonely one,
In silence, musingly—

“Would it were thus
With me. My spirit shares not now, as wont,
In the wild majesty of nature here.
Methinks there is some weight within, sinking
My better thoughts. Would now that I might lead
Some gallant battle charge—where the wild trump
Enkindles valor, and the free winds swell
My country's banner.”

* * * * *

It was a lowly room;
And the stern heavy tread that by the door
Went to and fro, told it the captive's cell.
And he was there; the same, with his high brow,
And soul-disclosing eye;—and he was doomed;
But on his face a smile seemed gathering,
And the fixed gaze marked that a wakeful dream
Had borne him far away. And now he saw
His father's home, in its old stateliness,
Amid the bending trees; and the bright band
Of his young sisters, with their voices gay,
Echoing there, like some glad melody.
And then another form, bewildering
Each thought, came rising up in peerless grace,
But dimly seen, like forms which sleep creates.
His breath grew quicker, and his only thought
Dwelt upon her, as seen in that last hour,
Her full dark eye on his, and the closed lip
Just quivering with a tender smile, with which
The proud young thing would veil her parting grief,
And check her trembling voice, that did outsteal,

Like witching tones upborne upon the wind
 Of summer night — telling of her high trust.
 But suddenly a change was on his face,
 And then he paced the room in agony
 At one dark thought. 'T was not that he must die ;
 But that he should not die a soldier's death :
 Alas, and shall *she* hear it, that bright one
 That ever saw him, in her dreams, rise up
 Like the young eagle to the sun ?

* * * * *

The morning came,
 And he stood up to die ; — the beautiful
 And brave — the loved one of a sunny home,
 To die as felons die ; — yet proudly calm,
 With his high brow unmoved. And the full soul
 Beamed in his eye unconquered, and his lip
 Was motionless, as is the forest leaf
 In the calm prelude to the storm. He died ;
 And the stern warriors, to his country foes,
 Wept for his fate. And who, that e'er had hopes,
 Weeps not for him, meeting such misery
 In glory's path ?

TEMPERANCE AND HEALTH.

BY REUBEN DIMOND MUSSEY, M. D.

WATER is the natural and proper drink of man. Indeed, it is the grand beverage of organized nature. It enters largely into the composition of the blood, and juices of animals and plants, forms an important ingredient in their organized structures, and bears a fixed and unalterable relation to their whole vital economy. It was the only beverage of the human family in their primeval state.

In that garden, where grew "every tree pleasant to the sight and good for food," producing all the richness and variety of "fruit and flower" which an omnipotent and all-bountiful Creator could adapt to the relish of his senses, and the exigencies of his entire organization, it cannot for a moment be doubted that man was in a condition best suited to secure to him the uninterrupted, as well as the highest and best exercise and enjoyment, of his physical, mental, and moral powers. His drink was water. A river flowed from Paradise. From the moment that river began to "water the garden," till the present, no human invention has equalled this simple beverage; and all the attempts to improve it by the admixture of other substances, whether alcoholic, narcotic, or aromatic, have not only failed, but have served to deteriorate or poison it, and render it less healthful and safe.

Water is as well adapted to man's natural appetite, as to the physical wants of his organs. A natural thirst, and the pleasure derived from its gratification, were given us to secure to the vital machinery the supply of liquid necessary

to its healthy movements. When this natural thirst occurs, no drink tastes so good, and in truth none is so good as water ; none possesses adaptations so exact to the vital necessities of the organs. So long as a fresh supply of liquid is not needed, so long there is not the least relish for water ; it offers no temptation, while its addition to the circulating fluids would be useless, or hurtful.

It is a striking remark of the celebrated Hoffman, that " if there be in nature a universal remedy, that remedy is water."

Under a more perfect acquaintance with the functions of life, and with the influences exerted upon it by remedial agents, may it not be hoped that the period will arrive when not only ardent spirit, but all intoxicating liquors, will be regarded as not absolutely necessary in the practice of physic or surgery? It may, perhaps, be worth remarking, that throughout the wide-spread kingdoms of animal and vegetable nature, not a particle of alcohol in any form or combination whatever has been found as the effect of a single living process, but that it arises only out of the decay, the dissolution, and the wreck of organized matter, or of its ever-varied and wonderful productions ; and is it probable that the beneficent author of such a countless multitude of medicinal agents as exist in the products of vital action, would have left, to be generated among the results of destructive chemistry, an article essential to the successful treatment even of a single disease ?

The profession of medicine has an extensive scope. It looks into the structure of animal machinery, it investigates the laws of its vital movements, both in health and disease, and contemplates a variety of influences, by which its complicated processes are accelerated, retarded, suspended, or destroyed. It learns, that to the functions of life belongs a standard rate of action, beyond which they cannot be safely excited or driven ; that alcoholic and narcotic stimulants derange and confuse the healthy movements, exhaust the vital power more than nature intended, and induce prema-

ture decay, and dissolution. This profession claims the strictest alliance with the cause of humanity; it cherishes good-will, and proffers substantial blessings to men. It extends its hand not only to the exhausted, bed-ridden patient, and to the tottering and dejected invalid, but even to the healthy man, to save him from the pain and suffering which ignorance, or custom, or recklessness might bring upon him.

Let physicians, then, be true to their profession. Let them study the duties they owe to the communities with whom they live and labor. Let them teach the means of preserving health, as well as of combating disease; let them show, as it is in their power to do, that the taking of medicine in health in order to prevent disease is most absurd and mischievous; that the surest guaranty of health is a correct regimen, and that the best treatment of acute disease is often very simple.

Let them explain as far as practicable to those around them, the mechanism of their physical organization, and when it can be done, "knife in hand," the work will be easy. Let them expound, so far as known, the beautiful and harmonious laws enstamped upon this organization, by which its complicated movements and diversified phenomena are sustained; laws as immutable in their nature, and inflexible in their operation, as those that hold the planetary system together; and like them originating in the same incomprehensible and mighty mind, which, acting in the strength of its own philanthropy and unchangeableness, gave to man a moral code from amidst the smoke and and thunders of Sinai. No law coming from this high source can be violated with impunity; and he who infringes a law of the vital economy, receives, in an injury done to the machinery of life, the penalty of his transgression with no less certainty than he who leaps from a tower, heedless of gravitation. With all its given power of accommodation to circumstances, no possible training or education of this machinery can change the nature of its

primitive adaptations, and make an article congenial and healthful, which was originally repulsive and noxious. No human ingenuity or perseverance can render impure air as wholesome as that which is pure, or any form of intoxicating liquor as healthful as water.

So long as alcohol retains a place among sick patients, so long there will be drunkards; and who would undertake to estimate the amount of responsibility assumed by that physician who prescribes to the enfeebled, dyspeptic patient the daily internal use of spirit, while at the same time he knows that this simple prescription may ultimately ruin his health, make him a vagabond, shorten his life, and cut him off from the hope of heaven? Time was when it was used only as a medicine, and who will dare to offer a guaranty that it shall not again overspread the world with disease and death?

Ardent spirit — already under sentence of public condemnation, and with the prospect of undergoing an entire exclusion from the social circle, and the domestic fireside — still lingers in the sick chamber, the companion and pretended friend of its suffering inmates. It rests with medical men to say how long this unalterable, unrelenting foe of the human race shall remain secure in this sacred, but usurped retreat. They have the power, and theirs is the duty to perform the mighty exorcism. Let the united effort soon be made, and the fiend be thrust forth from this strong but unnatural alliance and companionship with men, and cast into that “outer darkness” which lies beyond the precincts of human suffering and human enjoyment.

THE SKATER'S SONG.

BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

Away! away! — our fires stream bright
Along the frozen river,
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
On the forest branches quiver.
Away, away, for the stars are forth,
And on the pure snows of the valley,
In a giddy trance the moonbeams dance;
Come let us our comrades rally.

Away, away, o'er the sheeted ice,
Away, away, we go;
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet
As deer o'er the Lapland snow.
What though the sharp north winds are out,
The skater heeds them not;
Midst the laugh and shout of the joyous rout
Gray winter is forgot.

'T is a pleasant sight, the joyous throng
In the light of the reddening flame,
While with many a wheel on the ringing steel
They wage their riotous game:
And though the night-air cutteth keen,
And the white moon shineth coldly,
Their homes, I ween, on the hills have been;
They should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
By the side of the winter's hearth,
Or at the ball or the festival,
Seek for their share of mirth;
But as for me, away, away,
Where the merry skaters be;
Where the fresh wind blows and the smooth ice glows,
There is the place for me.

THE ABORIGINES OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JEREMY BELKNAP, D. D.

WHILST the British nation had been distracted with internal convulsions, and had endured the horrors of a civil war, produced by the same causes which forced the planters of New England to quit the land of their nativity ; this wilderness had been to them a quiet habitation. They had struggled with many hardships ; but Providence had smiled upon their undertaking ; their settlements were extended and their churches multiplied. There had been no remarkable quarrel with the savages, except the short war with the Pequods, who dwelt in the south-east part of Connecticut. They being totally subdued in 1637, the dread and terror of the English kept the other nations quiet for near forty years. During this time, the New-England colonies being confederated for their mutual defence, and for maintaining the public peace, took great pains to propagate the gospel among the natives, and bring them to a civilized way of living, which, with respect to some, proved effectual ; others refused to receive the missionaries, and remained obstinately prejudiced against the English. Yet the object of their hatred was at the same time the object of their fear ; which led them to forbear acts of hostility, and to preserve an outward show of friendship, to their mutual interest.

Our historians have generally represented the Indians in a most odious light, especially when recounting the effects of their ferocity. Dogs, caitiffs, miscreants and hell-hounds, are the politest names which have been given them by some writers, who seem to be in a passion at the mention of their cruelties, and at other times speak of them with contempt.

Whatever indulgence may be allowed to those who wrote in times when the mind was vexed with their recent depredations and inhumanities, it ill becomes us to cherish an inveterate hatred of the unhappy natives. Religion teaches us a better temper, and providence has now put an end to the controversy, by their almost total extirpation. We should therefore proceed with calmness in recollecting their past injuries, and forming our judgment of their character.

It must be acknowledged that human depravity appeared in these unhappy creatures in a most shocking view. The principles of education and the refinements of civilized life, either lay a check upon our vicious propensities, or disguise our crimes; but among them human wickedness was seen in its naked deformity. Yet, bad as they were, it will be difficult to find them guilty of any crime which cannot be paralleled among civilized nations.

They are always described as remarkably cruel; and it cannot be denied that this disposition, indulged to the greatest excess, strongly marks their character. We are struck with horror, when we hear of their binding the victim to the stake, biting off his nails, tearing out his hair by the roots, pulling out his tongue, boring out his eyes, sticking his skin full of lighted pitch-wood, half roasting him at the fire, and then making him run for their diversion, till he faints and dies under the blows which they give him on every part of his body. But is it not as dreadful to read of an unhappy wretch, sowed up in a sack full of serpents and thrown into the sea, or broiled in a red-hot iron chair; or mangled by lions and tigers, after having spent his strength to combat them for the diversion of the spectators in an amphitheatre? And yet these were punishments among the Romans, in the politest ages of the empire. What greater cruelty is there in the American tortures, than in confining a man in a trough, and daubing him with honey, that he may be stung to death by wasps and other venomous insects; or flaying him alive, and stretching out his skin before his

eyes, which modes of punishment were not inconsistent with the softness and elegance of the ancient court of Persia? Or, to come down to modern times; what greater misery can there be in the Indian executions, than in racking a prisoner on a wheel, and breaking his bones one by one with an iron bar; or placing his legs in a boot and driving in wedges one after another; which tortures are still, or have till lately been used in some European kingdoms? I forbear to name the torments of the inquisition, because they seem to be beyond the stretch of human invention. If civilized nations, and those who profess the most merciful religion that ever blessed the world, have practiced these cruelties, what could be expected of men who were strangers to every degree of refinement, either civil or mental.

The Indians have been represented as revengeful. When any person was killed, the nearest relative thought himself bound to be the avenger of blood, and never left seeking, till he found an opportunity to execute his purpose. Whether in a state where government is confessedly so feeble as among them, such a conduct is not justifiable, and even countenanced by the Jewish law, may deserve our consideration.

The treachery with which these people are justly charged, is exactly the same disposition which operates in the breach of solemn treaties made between nations which call themselves christians. Can it be more criminal in an Indian, than in an European, not to think himself bound by promises and oaths extorted from him when under duress?

Their jealousy and hatred of their English neighbors may easily be accounted for, if we allow them to have the same feelings with ourselves. How natural is it for us to form a disagreeable idea of a whole nation, from the bad conduct of some individuals with whom we are acquainted? And though others of them may be of a different character, yet will not that prudence which is esteemed a virtue, lead us to suspect the fairest appearances, as used to cover the most fraudulent designs, especially if pains are taken by the most

politic among us, to ferment such jealousies to subserve their own ambitious purposes?

Though the greater part of the English settlers came hither with religious views, and fairly purchased their lands of the Indians, yet it cannot be denied that some, especially in the eastern parts of New England, had lucrative views only; and from the beginning used fraudulent methods in trade with them. Such things were indeed disallowed by the government, and would always have been punished, if the Indians had made complaint: but they knew only the law of retaliation, and when an injury was received, it was never forgotten till revenged. Encroachments made on their lands, and fraud committed in trade, afforded sufficient grounds for a quarrel, though at ever so great a length of time; and kept alive a perpetual jealousy of the like treatment again.

JACOB'S FUNERAL.

BY CHARLES W. UPHAM.

A TRAIN came forth from Egypt's land,
Mournful and slow their tread;
And sad the leader of that band,
The bearers of the dead.
His father's bones they bore away,
To lay them in the grave
Where Abraham and Isaac lay,
Macpelah's sacred cave.

A stately train, dark Egypt's pride,
Chariot and horse are there;
And silently, in sorrow ride
Old men of hoary hair.
For many days they passed along
To Atad's threshing floor,
And sang their last and saddest song
Upon the Jordan's shore.

And Atad saw the strangers mourn,
That silent, wo-clad band,
And wondered much whose bones were borne,
Thus far from Pharaoh's land.
They saw the chieftain's grief was sore,
He wept with manly grace;
They called that spot forevermore
Misraim's mourning place.

They passed the wave that Jacob passed,
His good staff in his hands,*
They passed the wave that Jacob passed
With his returning bands.
'T was when he met upon his path
His brother's wild array,
And fled, for fear his ancient wrath
Might fall on him that day.

*Gen. xxxii. 10.

IMPORTANCE OF MORAL SCIENCE.

BY REV. WILLIAM D. WILSON.

THERE is no such thing as having *no* philosophy of morals and religion, though we often hear “practical men,” as they like to be called, express their aversion, if not their contempt, for philosophy. It has been sneeringly asked in a public meeting, “if philosophy ever baked a single loaf of bread,” and that too by one who is recognized as a public teacher of morals and religion. We would answer him — no, my brother ; but then “It is written, ‘man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.’”

There is no one that speaks or acts, who has not a philosophy of morals, — of his actions, — though he may be unconscious of it. No one acts or speaks without motives and principles of some kind or other ; and it can be shown what those motives and principles are ; and when they are reduced to a system, they constitute the philosophy of that man’s morals — his moral philosophy. This philosophy he may have learned from his father and mother, though they never called their precepts and instructions by the name of philosophy ; he may have learned it from the wants and necessities of his condition, or from the impulses of his warm and generous, or cold and selfish heart, as the case may be. It is most likely that he received some part of it from each of these sources. But a philosophy he has, though he may never have reflected upon the motives and principles of his actions enough to have given them a name, much less, to have reduced them to a system.

Since this is so, the importance of making moral philosophy a matter of reading and study is obvious. The morals of a community will be low and selfish unless they do so. But alas for them, when the philosophy that is received and taught is itself low and selfish, and, instead of raising the character, would persuade men that there is no need of any thing higher; that in fact there is no height above them, and that those generous and enthusiastic souls, who reject its clear, judicious, and prudent precepts, are fanatical and righteous overmuch. We are no advocates for fanaticism or mysticism; but we would assert with all possible distinctness, that there is something to live for that the eye cannot see and the hands cannot touch; that there is a wisdom which Experience cannot teach, that there is a way that is right which Prudence cannot find. If then we must have a philosophy of morals, — and we have seen that we must, if not voluntarily, then in spite of ourselves, — how unspeakably important is it that we have one that will elevate and purify rather than debase and sensualize our souls!

The system, which has been most commonly taught in our community hitherto is Paley's, though we hope, for the good of our countrymen, that few if any of them have received that system entirely. It is a systematic embodiment of selfishness, which everybody knows does not need to be taught. This is precisely the system of Ethics which the worldly, selfish, unregenerate heart teaches. This system came from and tends to worldliness and selfishness. It is congenial to every soul, in which the conscience and the spiritual faculties are not sufficiently developed to counteract its influence, and force its way up to a higher view of things. But it is not every soul that has spontaneity and force enough to do this. There are many persons, also, whose thoughts are too much occupied with the business of their calling in life to allow them to give so much attention to the subject, as to discover the inadequacy and debasing tendency of Paley's system. These men would fulfil the

moral law ; but they are too busy to give much time to a study into its nature and requirements. They therefore take the most commonly received exposition of that law, as a standard of duty, trusting that those who make it their business to study into these matters would never approve and recommend a faulty or inadequate system. If this system happen to be a low one, the characters which they form upon it will be low too. The Ethical system of any age is the exponent of the state of morals in that age. If the morals were better than the system, the people would repudiate the system ; and if the system were much better than the morals, it would be regarded as extravagant, over scrupulous, and be modified or laid aside for another. Hence he that would labor most effectually for the improvement of a people's morals, must also labor to introduce a more perfect theory of morals. But as it is with a people so it is with individuals, — every man's theory is the exponent of himself. A man may borrow a theory that is higher or lower than himself, but the dress never suits him ; it can never be his. It is too small for him and he bursts it, or it is too large for him, and he is a David in Saul's armor.

“DO THEY LOVE THERE STILL?”

BY MRS. MARY R. PRATT.

“Do they love there still? for no voice I hear,”
Said a maid as she thought of her childhood's home,
Of the rural bower, and the streamlet clear,
And the flowery fields where she used to roam;
And she sighed, for no answering echo came
To tell that hers was a cherished name.

“Do they love there still?” in that ancient hall
Where the orient sun shed his golden light,
Where the moonbeams played on the painted wall,
And the brilliant stars decked the joyous night?
But no voice replied, for the tide of time
Had borne the loved to another clime.

“Do they love there still?” where the young and gay
With elastic step trod the mazy dance,
And words that the lips might never say
Spoke to the heart in the passing glance?
And the maiden wept when a stranger tone
Told that her friends were gone — all gone!

“Do they love there still?” where at early morn
They met to peruse the classic page,
To cull bright gems and the mind adorn,
And in high pursuits its powers engage?
And tones that the maiden's bosom thrill,
Tell of a love that is cherished still.

“Yes, they love *there* still!” and the golden chain
Has wreathed its links with a clasp so strong,
That the heart which its pressure would not retain
Must struggle against it hard and long,
Or, parting asunder all earthly ties,
By Heaven's high mandate to glory rise.

And then, O then, in the “better land,”
Where the good of earth shall together meet,
May all who compose that sister band
As sainted spirits each other greet;
Then what bliss divine will the bosom thrill,
As the echo rings, “*They love there still!*”

BURNS AND COWPER.

BY OLIVER W. B. PEABODY.

WHAT a history was that of Robert Burns ! From childhood to maturity, he is condemned by hopeless want to labor, till he exhausts a constitution of unusual vigor ; his verses are composed and repeated to those around him, while he is following the plough ; but the world goes hard with him, and he resolves to seek in another land the prosperous fortune which his own denies. In order to defray the expenses of his voyage, he publishes a collection of his poems ; and then, for the first time, bursts upon the world the knowledge of his power. He goes to Edinburgh ; there he is courted by the wise, the brilliant, and the gay ; the manly form and flashing eye of the young farmer are the attraction of the glittering saloon, while his conversation is the wonder of the philosophic circle ; but these are unprofitable honors ; and his country has no higher permanent reward for him, than the post of an exciseman. The principle, once superior to adverse fortune, melts beneath the morning sunbeams of prosperity ; his prospects are now shrouded in deeper gloom ; he retains virtue enough to lament his errors and infirmities, and too much strength of passion to correct them ; instead of submitting to the evils incident to his condition, he exhausts his spirit in the vain attempt to war against them, as the imprisoned eagle dashes himself against the iron bars of his cage ; till at length he sinks, in the prime of manhood, into an obscure and almost unhonored grave.

Dugald Stewart expressed the opinion, that the intellect of Burns, bold, vigorous and commanding as it was, must

have rendered him conspicuous, to whatever subject it might be applied. Others have believed that it was even better adapted to other departments of thought than that to which it was devoted; but it is on his poetry alone, that his fame will permanently rest. Much of this can be remembered only with regret, as the effusion of a reckless and ungoverned spirit, repelling by its coarseness more than it attracts by its power. He was formed for higher purposes than to grovel in rude invective, or to amuse a bacchanalian rabble with licentious songs. His heart was naturally a fountain of generous and manly feeling, whose waters gushed out in a sparkling tide, spreading around them a bright circle of living green. The secret of his attraction is his fidelity to nature. It is by this that he touches the most delicate chords of sympathy; and where shall we look for a finer example of this power, than in his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, so familiar, yet how beautiful! The peasantry of Scotland loved him; for he invested their feelings and sentiments, their joys and sorrows, with dignity and beauty; he redeemed their language from contempt; he made the heart of every true Scot burn within him, as he thought of the hills and valleys of his native land; he guided the footsteps of the pilgrim to the scenes of her traditional glories; he sung those glories in such lofty strains, that the world stood still to listen. "When the first shovel-full of earth sounded on his coffin lid," says his biographer, who was present at his funeral, "I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks, where tears were not usual." A just and touching tribute to the bard, who had led the Muses to dwell by the lowly cottage fireside; who had shown, by testimony not soon to be forgotten, that wherever human nature is, there are the elements of poetry. "Did you never observe," said Gray, ("when rocking winds are piping loud") "that pause when the gust is re-collecting itself, and rising on the air in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an *Æolian harp*? I do assure you there is nothing in the world, so like the voice of a spirit." In his better moments, in the pauses of

the storm, the melody of Burns was like the spirit's voice; nothing could be more touching or more unaffected than his strain; but the dark hour, the season of the conflict of his fiery passions, was his most familiar one; then he ran through every mode of the lyre, from the deepest tones of sorrow to the grandest strain of prophecy. With him, poetry was indeed the language of passion. Nature's sternest aspects gave him most delight, because they suited best the prevailing habit of his soul. "There is scarcely any earthly object," says he, "gives me more, — I do not know that I should call it pleasure, — but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me, — than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood or a high plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion; my mind is rapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him who, in the language of the Hebrew bard, walks on the wings of the wind." He composed the noble address of Bruce to his army at Bannockburn, while riding in a terrific storm of wind and rain. Would that he had never been unfaithful to nature, whether bright with sunshine or dark with storm! Would that he had never suffered the ashes to gather over his celestial fire; had never failed to remember, that the noblest way of fame is the way of virtue!

The brief and melancholy career of Burns terminated at the age of thirty-seven; but there is little probability that, with his fierce spirit and consuming passions, added to the misery of blighted hope, length of days would have much enhanced his renown, or that his later years would have fulfilled the rich promise of the spring. In beautiful contrast with him, stands his contemporary Cowper, — truly a man of God, — held in reverence by all, who love to see high talent in delightful union with the amiable virtues; by all who can sympathize with a meek and lowly spirit, crushed by the heaviest calamity under which humanity is ever called to suffer, yet always breathing out from the depth of his affliction, the accents of love to God and good will to man.

His multiplied biographies have made his personal history familiar to all readers. Year after year was his fine intellect shrouded by insanity, and when the close of life drew nigh, his condition realized the idea of the dark valley of the shadow of death. His peculiar sensitiveness, combined with the infirmities of a very delicate frame, compelled him early to retire from the agitation of the world, into deep seclusion;—there, like a river in the wilderness, unseen of man, but reflecting the bright blue sky of heaven from its bosom, his days passed tranquilly away. But his solitude was not the cold and selfish seclusion of the anchorite; it did not chill the current of his generous affections; and his sorrows, which were many, melted without hardening his heart. No man had ever a stronger hold on the hearts of those around him; his unobtrusive charities, his tenderness for others, made his whole life an emblem of the influences of the faith on which his soul was anchored. Nothing can be more touching than the love with which he clung to the remembrance of the mother, whom he lost in infancy; his allusions to her in his writings, remind us of those addressed by Pope to the venerable parent, who was spared to witness the noontide glories of his fame. And the memory of Mrs. Unwin,—the excellent friend who watched him through that painful suffering, when the burden of affection ceases to be light and easy, and the love of many waxes cold,—is indissolubly bound with his. Under every aspect, and in all its relations, the character of Cowper may be studied with delight.

His genius was as bold and original, as his character was pure and humble. There is not one of the poets of his country, who owed less to those who went before him; the path in which he adventured was his own, and he trod it with a just and manly confidence in his own powers. His poetry is a faithful transcript of his own thoughts and feelings, as his descriptions are living copies of the scenery and objects around him. Sometimes he ventures into the domain of satire; perhaps too frequently; though his ridicule is

never personal, it is not always in perfect harmony with the prevailing gravity of his theme. He makes no effort to produce effect; the effect which he does produce arises not from highly wrought passages, but from the general strain and tenor of his writings; indeed, he is so natural and unpretending, that the very absence of apparent effort sometimes causes the reader to lose sight of the extent and versatility of his genius. Yet his powers were vast and varied. Now he utters the grand and melancholy warnings of the Hebrew prophets; now his inimitable humor flashes out with singular attraction; presently, familiar scenes are brought most vividly before us in his graphic descriptions. Under all circumstances, he awakens a deep interest in the welfare of his race, and the loftiest aspirations for their intellectual and social freedom. Other poets have looked upon religion as the rock of the desert; Cowper struck that rock as with a prophet's rod, and made it flow with healing waters. He transplanted new subjects into the domain of poetry, and made them flourish with unwonted beauty. Who, before him, ever called up with such effect the images of domestic life and the recollections of the happy fireside? Who, before him, ever spread over outward nature the chastened light of religious feeling, which makes it lovely as our own autumnal landscape, under the sweet influences of the Indian summer?

The influence of Burns and Cowper has been direct and obvious. As the shades were closing around the eighteenth century, several stars of more than ordinary brilliancy were successively appearing above the horizon. Campbell had already published his *Pleasures of Hope*, the very best of all his poems; suggested perhaps by the *Pleasures of Memory*, of Rogers, which appeared not long before; and Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Scott had already exhibited their rich and various powers. It was upon this brilliant circle, that the influence of Burns and Cowper was chiefly manifested. Burns laid open the new world of Scottish scenery,

manners, language, and character, to other and more fortunate adventurers, and thus enabled Scott to gather an unfading laurel harvest from the heaths and mountains of his country. It is a circumstance worth remembering, that Burns himself appears to have foreseen the future glory of the mighty minstrel. When Scott was quite a lad, he caught the notice of the poet, by naming the author of some verses, describing a soldier lying dead on the snow. Burns regarded the future minstrel with sparkling eyes, and said, "Young man, you have begun to consider these things early." He paused on seeing Scott's flushing face, and shook him by the hand, saying, in a deep tone, "This boy will be heard of yet." Nor was the effect of his lyrical success less striking; there can be little doubt that the melodies of Moore, which are worth all his other writings put together, were suggested by those, by which Burns did so much for the fame of Scottish minstrelsy. Still less can it be questioned, that the diversified and brilliant character of all the later poets we have mentioned, may in great part be traced to the force and originality of Cowper's example. Of all the poets of his time, he is certainly to be regarded with the greatest veneration; his memory will be the very last to fail. It is well that it should be so; for his aim was to raise poetry to its proper elevation, by making it the handmaid of high and holy purposes, the nurse of lofty aspirations for virtue and religious purity, and of ardent sympathy with what is free and noble, the enlarger of the intellect, and the purifier of the heart. We do not deem it a vain and idle persuasion, that the day will come, when her celestial vestments and starry diadem will no more adorn the painted forms of vice and sensuality; when mankind will no longer do homage to the idols of perverted genius. Perhaps all the living generation shall not taste of death, before the eastern sky kindle with the day-spring, that shall herald the coming of an age, when poetry, instead of turning the waters into blood, like the burning mountain of the apocalypse, shall bear

some faint resemblance to the descending city of the same mysterious vision, over the light of whose towers and palaces darkness shall have no dominion, and into whose gates shall enter nothing but the pure and blameless.

HARVEST HYMN.

BY MRS. EUNICE T. DANIELS.

God of the rolling year ! to thee
Our songs shall rise — whose bounty pours
In many a goodly gift, with free
And liberal hand, our autumn stores.
No firstlings of our flocks we slay,
No soaring clouds of incense rise ;
But on thy hallowed shrine we lay
Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.

Born of thy breath, the lap of spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flower ;
And smiling summer joyed to bring
The sunshine and the gentle shower ;
And autumn's rich luxuriance now,
The ripening seed — the bursting shell,
And golden sheaf and laden bough,
The fulness of thy beauty tell.

No menial throng, in princely dome,
Here wait a titled lord's behest,
But many a fair and peaceful home
Hath won thy peaceful dove a guest ;
No groves of palm our fields adorn,
No myrtle shades or orange bowers,
But rustling meads of golden corn,
And fields of waving grain are ours.

Safe in thy care, the landscape o'er,
Our flocks and herds securely stray ;
No tyrant master claims our store,
No ruthless robber rends away ;
No fierce volcano's withering shower,
No fell simoom, with poisonous breath,
Nor burning suns, with baleful power,
Awake the fiery plagues of death.

And here shall rise our songs to thee,
Where lengthened vales and pastures lie,
And streams go singing wild and free
Beneath a blue New-England sky ;
Where ne'er was reared a mortal throne,
Where crowned oppressor never trod,
Here — at the throne of Heaven alone,
Shall man, in reverence, bow to God.

DUTY OF THE JUDICIARY.

BY JEREMIAH MASON, LL. D.

THE Constitution of this State, and that of the United States, apparently jealous of the encroaching tendency of the legislative power, have not only defined it with caution and exactness, but have also, in many instances, where from former experience the greatest danger was apprehended, guarded it with special prohibitions. But these "parchment barriers" will have little effect, unless carefully guarded, and firmly defended by the judiciary. The powers are divided, and granted to separate and independent departments, to the end, that each may, in its turn, be checked and restrained, in any attempt, to exercise powers not granted to it. To restrain the legislative department from over-leaping its boundary, the chief reliance is placed on the Judiciary.

That the courts of law, not only have the right, but are bound to entertain questions, and decide on the constitutionality of acts of the legislature, though formerly doubted, seems to be now almost universally admitted. But an erroneous opinion still prevails, to a considerable extent, that the courts, in the discharge of this great and important duty, ought to act, not only with more than ordinary deliberation, but even with a degree of cautious timidity. The idea is, that these are dangerous subjects for courts, and that they ought not to declare acts of the legislature unconstitutional, unless they come to their conclusion, with absolute certainty, like that of mathematical demonstration, and where the reasons are so manifest, that none can doubt. A court of law, when examining the doings of a co-ordinate

branch of the government, will always treat it with great decorum. This is proper in itself, and necessary to preserve an harmonious understanding between independent departments. So also, it ought to be, after the most careful deliberation only, that a proceeding of such co-ordinate branch should be pronounced void, — because the result is always important. But the examination is to be pursued with firmness, and the final decision, as in other cases, must be according to the unbiassed dictate of the understanding.

An act of the legislature must, necessarily, have the sanction of the opinion of a majority of a numerous body of men. It cannot therefore be supposed, that the reasons, against the validity of such an act, will ordinarily be so plain and obvious, as to leave no manner of doubt. To require then, that courts shall abstain from declaring acts of the legislature invalid, while a scruple of doubt remains, is nothing less than to demand a surrender of their jurisdiction in this particular ; in the due exercise of which consists the chief, if not only efficient security, for the great and fundamental principle of our free governments. Experience shows, that legislatures are in the constant habit of exerting their power to its utmost extent. They intentionally act up to the very verge of their authority : and are seldom restrained by doubts or timidity. If the courts, fearing a conflict, adopt a course directly opposite, by abandoning their jurisdiction, and retiring whenever a plausible ground of doubt can be suggested, the time cannot be distant, when the legislative department “ will draw all power into its impetuous vortex.”

The security of private rights is the only valuable and important advantage, which a free government has over a despotic one. If the rights of individuals must be liable to be violated by despotic power, it matters not whether that power rests in the hands of one, or many. Numbers impose no restraint, and afford no security. Experience has shown, where all the powers of government have been united, that their being exercised by a numerous assembly,

has afforded to private rights no security against the grossest acts of violence and injustice.

The legislature can make laws, by which private rights may become forfeited. But the courts of justice are alone competent to adjudge and declare the forfeiture. While the legislative and judicial powers are kept separate, it can never be competent for the legislature, under any pretence whatever, to take property from one and give it to another, or in any way infringe private rights. Were that permitted, all questions of private right might be speedily determined by legislative orders and decrees; and there would be no occasion for courts of law.

The deciding on matters of private right appertains, plainly and manifestly, to the judiciary department. It constitutes the chief labor of courts of justice. As then one department cannot exercise the powers belonging to another, it follows, that the legislature cannot rightfully assume any part of this jurisdiction, thus belonging to the judiciary department. The province of the legislature is to provide laws, and that of the courts to decide rights, according to the laws. Were the courts to assume the power of making the laws, by which they are to decide, their judgments would be arbitrary. Because, in making the laws, they could have no other rule than their own discretion. So when the legislature, whose right it is to make the law, assumes the power of adjudicating, the separate powers of government become united, and a despotism is created. And accordingly, it will be generally found, that where legislatures have attempted to interfere with private rights, they have decided with little or no regard to existing laws, but according to their own arbitrary discretion; or in other words, by the exercise of despotic power.

OUR MOUNTAIN HOMES.

WRITTEN AMID MY NATIVE MOUNTAINS, ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY MRS. SUSAN R. A. BARNES.

THE glad, green earth beneath our feet
The blue, bright heaven is greeting ;
And voiceless praise is rising up,
Responsive to the meeting ;
Yet wherefore wakes a scene like this
The warm heart's wild emotion ?
The slave may boast a home as bright,
Beyond the pathless ocean.

Why do we love our mountain land ?
The murmuring of her waters ?
Italia's clime is far more bland,
More beautiful her daughters !
Why pine we for our native skies ?
Our cloud-encircled mountains ?
The hills of Spain as proudly rise,
As freshly burst her fountains !

Alas for mount or classic stream,
By deathless memories haunted,
For there Oppression, unrebuked,
His iron foot hath planted.
The curse is on her vine-clad hills,
'T is rife upon her waters,
But doubly deep upon her sons,
And on her dark-eyed daughters !

Go fling a fetter o'er the mind,
And bid the heart be purer ;
Unnerve the warrior's lifted arm,
And bid his aim be surer.
Go bid the weary, prisoned bird
Unfurl her powerless pinion,
But ask not of the mind to brook
The despot's dark dominion !

Why turn we to our mountain homes
With more than filial feeling ?
'T is here that Freedom's altars rise,
And Freedom's sons are kneeling !

Why sigh we not for softer climes ?
Why cling to that which bore us ?
'T is here we tread on Freedom's soil,
With Freedom's sunshine o'er us !

This is her home — this is her home,
The dread of the oppressor ;
And this her hallowed birth-day is,
And millions rise to bless her !
'T is joy's high sabbath ; grateful hearts
Leap gladly in their fountains,
And bless our God who fixed the home
Of freedom in the mountains !

VINDICATION OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, OCT. 19, 1841.

BY GEORGE BARSTOW.

I SHALL pass no eulogium upon New Hampshire. I shall spread before you the page of history, and rest her defence there. If the dead could speak, if the slain could rise from Bunker Hill and Bennington, and all the hard-fought fields of the Revolution, there would be a cloud of witnesses to tell you, that in generous sacrifice of blood and treasure for the cause of AMERICAN LIBERTY, New Hampshire was not behind her sister States. She had but little commerce, and was naturally the favorite and pet of the mother country. Notwithstanding this close alliance and strong favoritism from the crown, she entered into the contest with a whole soul; and never stooped to the vile calculation of her interest in the result. Of the burdens of the revolutionary war, she bore one thirty-eighth part; while her proportionate share was but one forty-seventh. When the humble navy of the Revolution consisted of but seven ships, New Hampshire furnished one.* Have her calumniators forgotten that she gave brave M'Clary to die side by side with Warren? Do they forget McNeil, who bears about your streets the wounds and scars of Chippewa? Have they never read of Stark and his militia? Nor of Langdon and Sullivan, — Gilman and Thornton, — Cilley and Scammel, — Poor and Dearborn, — Reid and Whipple, and Miller? Are they unmindful of the services of New

* The Raleigh, launched at Portsmouth, May 21, 1776.

Hampshire regiments in the brilliant victory at Trenton—beneath the burning sun of Monmouth—and at Stillwater and Saratoga? Do they overlook the New Hampshire troops amidst the sanguinary scenes of Bridgewater? Search the annals of either war, and you will find that the sons of New Hampshire have contributed their full share to fill up the measure of the country's glory.

While such is the testimony of history, if any son of New Hampshire can be found recreant enough still to say that he is ashamed of *the State*, the State may well be ashamed of *him*. For my own part I glory in such a country. I wish for no prouder satisfaction than to be permitted to stand before this vast assembly and plead the cause of my native land. I claim for New Hampshire a share of all that constitutes our national character and honor. If we are known in foreign lands as a gallant, intelligent and powerful people, a part of that reputation belongs to New Hampshire. Memorials of the courage and prowess of her sons are scattered throughout America, and the world. Monuments of her genius adorn every department of learning and invention.

If I were to speak of talents *alone*, throwing aside all party distinctions, it would be sufficient to mention the names of Webster and Woodbury and Cass. If I were called upon for evidences of hardy enterprise, they abound every where. They have passed into proverbs. They may be traced from the winter encampment of the eastern lumberman to the hut of the western pioneer. Go to the army, the halls of Congress, and the learned professions. Is New Hampshire silent there? Follow, if you please, the wildest track of navigation into the polar seas. A New Hampshire mariner has been there before you. But it is unnecessary to wander abroad. Look around here. Call up in long array the fair merchants of Boston. Question them from whence they came. Select only those who are known as upright and generous dealers. Is New Hampshire unrepresented among them? No. And where were

the characters of these men formed? Not in the city of their adoption. Character is always formed in youth; and theirs was formed and completed in all its energy, brightness and purity, before they left their native hills. They brought it here with them. It was perhaps their only capital.

With what justice is New Hampshire stigmatized as an "ignorant and benighted region?" Enter the public schools. Examine the journals of legislation. You will find that no State has made more judicious and thorough provision for the education of the entire people. She furnishes fifteen common schools, with six hundred scholars; three students in college, and forty students in academies, for every two thousand inhabitants. If there be a log cabin in that State, I assure you it does not stand beyond the reach of public instruction. The poorest boy that comes forth from its rustic portals, enjoys all the advantages of a free school. I have said nothing of seminaries and higher institutions, for I would not dwell upon this subject in detail. But this charge of "ignorance and benightedness" has been rung in our ears till it can be borne no longer. It is a false, unfounded charge. It is time that it be silenced forever.

The State of which I speak knows little of the splendors or the miseries of crowded cities:

" 'T is a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord nor cabined slave."

It is inhabited chiefly by husbandmen who till their own fields with their own hands; whose debts and obligations are mainly due to the Power that rules the varied seasons; whose simplicity of manners and genuine social intercourse might be quoted as an instance of that happy state of society which is the constant theme of poetry. It is true they lead not a life of bloated ease. Their life is one of industry and frugality. But the virtues are all theirs; for these are companions of toil. Theirs too is freedom of

thought and of action. Who is independent if not the husbandman? He feels not the vile tyranny of patronage. No lordly dictator can withhold from him the rains and dews of Heaven. However unpopular his opinions may be, the earth will not yield less on that account; and he fears not to utter his whole mind. Of such men the population of that State is chiefly composed. They are fearless and free. They love freedom. And should the time ever come when Liberty is driven from the shores of Commerce, she will find a refuge and a resting place among the fastnesses of the granite hills. New Hampshire was one of the first States to aspire to freedom, and will be among the last to yield it up. A mountainous country, full of narrow defiles and rugged steeps, is the last to be stamped by the heel of Conquest. Liberty makes her last stand in mountain passes, and when vanquished in the final contest, ascends towards heaven, and is seen taking her last flight from the summits of the mountains.

NOTES.



NOTES.

HUGH MOORE.—Mr. Moore was a self-educated man, a practical printer. Most of his pieces were written at an early period of life, and, though deficient in the graces of learning and cultivation, possess much freshness and imagination. They evince a degree of native poetic power, which makes us regret his death, at the early age of 28 years, at a time, too, when he was just about entering upon a station of increased honor and responsibility.

It may not be amiss to remark here, how many of our writers of talent and promise have died in the prime of life. Buckminster, Wilcox, Haven, Haines, Abbot, Mrs. Danfels, Ward, Upham, Hildreth, Sarah Smith, and others, died at an age, when most persons have done little for fame; and a large proportion have been taken away from their labors in the very midst of their growing usefulness.

ROBERT DINSMOOR, THE RUSTIC BARD.—Mr. Dinsmoor was born at Londonderry, N. H., about 1755, and died at Windham, N. H., about 1830. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, and inherited not a little of their strong religious feeling, their humor, and their poetic temperament. At an early age he entered the army of the Revolution, and at its close settled as a farmer in Windham. He possessed not even the advantages of a common school education, and like Burns, of whom he often reminds us, found his inspiration and his subjects in his daily avocations and experiences. In 1829, a volume of his poems was published under the title of his favorite signature, "THE RUSTIC BARD."

MRS. EUNICE TRUE DANIELS.—The name of Mrs. Daniels, like many others in these pages, is probably unknown to most of our readers, but it merits a high rank in the list of native writers. A "farmer's wife, making no pretensions to superiority over her unassuming neighbors," performing all the duties of her station with exemplary fidelity, her poetical specimens here presented display a beauty, purity, originality and freshness, which, if needing the polish of art, are found only in the productions of true genius. When it is considered, too, that few if any of these pieces were intended for publication; that they were among her first efforts, and were written under the pressure of household cares, ill health, and bereavements, we sadly think what would have been the full developement and maturity of such a mind, and lament the blight of so rich promise.

The frequent allusions to the death of her children, which seems to have awakened the poetic inspiration, are very touching, and, as well as the "Spirit Land," were written immediately before her death. But the "Song of the Husbandman," which with the distrust and unconsciousness of genius, she declared "too hastily written" and "very, very faulty," is a noble lyric, and a fitting tribute from a "farmer's wife." In a letter to the editor of the *Farmer's Monthly Visiter*, she says: "The most potent spell operating upon the mind of man, and stimulating to good and noble exertions, is a spell woven in the sanctuary of home. Let a man go forth from a scene of domestic disorder and discontent, though the sun shine ever so brightly, or the dews fall ever so gratefully, the heart of that man will but ill accord with the harmony of nature. But that man whose house is the theatre of order and usefulness, whose bosom friend is the treasurer of his purse, presents a striking and happy contrast. Every effort within will be a new incentive to action and energy without, and prosperity the sure result of order, harmony, and concert." Such sentiments are as just and beautiful as the union of high poetic talent and a faithful discharge of household duties is rare and noble. It is the perfection of Woman; and may our young females not forget the example of *Mrs. Daniels*.

MILTON WARD.—Of this writer we possess little information. He died about 1825 at Hanover, N. H., of which place, it is believed, he was a native, at the age of about 20 years. In 1825, a volume of his poems was published under the title of "Poetic Effusions." Most of the pieces were written at the age of 16 years. "The Lyre" is said to have been written at that early age, and must be confessed to be an instance of remarkable precocity.

JOSEPH DENNIE.—Mr. Dennie, though not a native of this State, spent here several years of his life. In 1790, on leaving College, he commenced the study of the law at Charleston, N. H., where after three years he made a successful *debut* at the bar. He soon removed to Walpole, N. H., but owing to his literary taste and irregular habits, gained little business. In 1796, he became the editor of the "Farmer's Museum," a newspaper published at Walpole, and which became widely celebrated for its wit, talent and originality. Roger Vose, Thomas G. Fessenden, and other gentlemen in and around Walpole, were contributors to its columns, and in them first appeared the series of essays which afterwards, collected and published under the title of the "LAT PREACHER," became so well known and honorably distinguished in our early literature.

JOHN FARMER.—Mr. Farmer was a native of Chelmsford, Mass, but removed to Amherst, N. H., in 1805, at the age of 16. Here he passed five years as a clerk in a store. Here too he studied medicine for a time, and taught school many years, until constitutional ill health made him an Antiquarian. He became, says one who knew him well, "distinguished above all others for his minute and exact knowledge relating to the early history of New Hampshire, and in general of New England." He died at Concord, N. H., August 13, 1839, in his 50th year, more than 34 of which he spent in this State, and, though an invalid all his life, accomplished an amount of labor which is almost incredible. His *N. H. Gazetteer*, *N. H. Register*, *Notes to Belknap's History*, *Town Histories*, and *Genealogical Register*, are monuments of his talent and industry, and are unsurpassed for their peculiar excellences.

SAMUEL TENNEY HILDRETH.— Mr. Hildreth was a man of great promise, and at the time of his death teacher of Elocution in Harvard College. The articles selected were written while he was a member of college, at the age of 18, and he died at the age of 20 years.

CHARLES W. UPHAM.— He was the son of Gen. Timothy Upham of Portsmouth, and died at the age of 20. The articles selected were not intended for publication, and were written at the age of 18.







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